

SONG OF ARRIAN



THE LIFE STORY OF A
KOREAN REBEL

BY KIM SAN AND NYM WALES

**SONG
OF
ARIRAN**

**KIM SAN
NYM WALES**



**JOHN
DAY**

Song of Ariran

The life story of a Korean rebel

By KIM SAN and NYM WALES

Illustrated

Here for the first time is a personal account direct from a leader of the Korean rebels fighting against the Japanese who have ruled them for a generation. It is a story that fits the American tradition and the American wish to understand and support all peoples who have fought against their tyrants and oppressors. Perhaps not many know that Christianity was the mother of Korean independence, that Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points fired the Korean heart and that the betrayal at Versailles broke it. Kim San was a patriot boy then. Now he is one of the three younger chiefs of Korean revolt, and the Japanese, who had him in their grasp twice, would pay a high price if they could catch him again. Nym Wales (Mrs. Edgar Snow) found him in the far interior of China, and in many weeks of questioning set down his story in his own words — on her promise not to publish it for at least two years.

Kim San is an amazing figure, handsome, daring, emotional, shrewd, speaking every language he needs in his dangerous work, including English and Japanese, writing poetry in modern literary Chinese; an admirer of Tolstoi, a student of Marx, as much a connoisseur of revolution as André Malraux, as candid an autobiographer as Benjamin Franklin. He tells of his boyhood, his student days in Japan, his repulse of women who loved him and his final yielding to romance, his imprisonments and grilling by the Japanese, his secret underground work, the battles he fought, the faith and dream he still pursues. The book also gives, partly in his words and partly in appendices by Nym Wales, much new historical data about the Korean revolutionary movement, the Canton Commune, the first Chinese Soviet at Hailofeng, and other events in the unwritten modern history of the Far East. It also reveals the presence of 800,000 Korean rebels near Vladivostok, a fact that may soon be of importance to us all.

SONG OF ARIAN

KIM SAN *and* NYM WALES

SONG
OF
ARIRAN

THE LIFE STORY OF A KOREAN REBEL

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY

NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY NYM WALES

*All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, must
not be reproduced in any form without permission.*

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE CORNWALL PRESS, CORNWALL, N. Y.

TO THE RETURN OF THE EXILES
ACROSS THE YALU RIVER

Song of Ariran¹

*(Old Korean folksong of exile and prison
and national humiliation)*

Ariran, Ariran, Arari O!
Crossing the hills of Ariran.
There are twelve hills of Ariran
And now I am crossing the last hill.

Many stars in the deep sky—
Many crimes in the life of man.
Ariran, Ariran, Arari O!
Crossing the hills of Ariran.

Ariran is the mountain of sorrow
And the path to Ariran has no returning.
Ariran, Ariran, Arari O!
Crossing the hills of Ariran.

Oh, twenty million countrymen—
where are you now?
Alive are only three thousand li
of mountains and rivers.
Ariran, Ariran, Arari O!
Crossing the hills of Ariran.

Now I am an exile crossing the Yalu River
And the mountains and rivers of three thousand
li are also lost.
Ariran, Ariran, Arari O!
Crossing the hills of Ariran.

¹ Pronounced with broad "a's" and accented on the last syllable, thus, A-ree-ran'.

Contents

SONG OF ARIRAN	vii
INTRODUCTION, <i>by Nym Wales</i>	xiii
I RECUERDO	3
II KOREAN CHILDHOOD	11
III DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE “Cushioned-paw Imperialism”	19
IV TOKYO SCHOOL DAYS The Lumpen-intelligentsia and the Eggshells Earthquake and Pogrom	32
V CROSSING THE YALU RIVER A Trek of Seven Hundred Li The Korean Army of Independence	40
VI SHANGHAI, MOTHER OF EXILES General Li Tung-hui: an Officer, not a “Gentle- man” An Ch'ang-ho and Li Kuang-ssu	48
VII THEY WHO LIE IN WAIT The Yi Nul Tan and the Anarchists	57
VIII TERRORISTS SUPREME: KIM YAK-SAN AND WU SENG- NUN	61
IX I DECIDE NEVER TO MARRY Reflections on Women and Revolution	66

Contents

X	FROM TOLSTOY TO MARX	72
	Red Monk from the Kongosan	
	To Tolstoy: An Acknowledgment	
XI	IN THE RANKS OF CHINA'S "GREAT REVOLUTION"	79
	A Sect to End Sects	
	The Four Pioneer Paks from Siberia	
	An Assassin Pays Me a Visit	
	The Red Monk Falls in Love	
	I Meet Borodin, Thomas Mann, Earl Browder	
	The Northern Expedition	
	April 15 in Canton and an Execution	
	Canton Prepares	
XII	THE CANTON COMMUNE	91
	Encounters with the Enemy	
	By Will of the People	
	Three Days	
	Retreat to Hailofeng	
	White Terror	
XIII	LIFE AND DEATH IN HAILOFENG	106
	Retribution	
	Five Battles	
	Last Words	
	The Battle of Haifeng	
	The March to Leiyang	
	Escape	
	Hongkong and Ginseng	
XIV	REUNION IN SHANGHAI	127
XV	A DANGEROUS THOUGHT	135
XVI	RETURN TO MANCHURIA	140
XVII	FIRST GREAT LOVE	147

Contents xi

XVIII IMPRISONMENT	152
“Uncivilized” Conduct	
Legation Exhibit A	
The “Water Cure” in Six Doses	
Korean Interlude	
XIX PARTY AND PERSONAL WARS	167
On Trial as a Japanese Spy	
The Party Line	
XX MURDER . . . SUICIDE . . . DESPAIR . . .	173
XXI BACK TO THE MASS MOVEMENT	182
XXII JAPANESE PRISONER AGAIN	189
Blue Shirts and Renegades	
Expert Inquisitor	
XXIII MARRIAGE	200
XXIV THE FRONT AGAINST JAPAN	208
XXV “ONLY THE UNDEFEATED IN DEFEAT . . .”	211
POSTLUDE, <i>by Nym Wales</i>	217
ANALYSIS OF THE KOREAN REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT	221
HISTORICAL NOTES	237
PERSONAL CHRONOLOGY OF KIM SAN	247
PRINCIPAL PERSONALITIES IN <i>Song of Ariyan</i>	251
GLOSSARY	253
INDEX	255

Illustrations

FACING
PAGE

A rare photograph first printed on blueprint paper and carried on the Long March, showing the rapt attention of delegates hearing Mao Tse-tung's report to the All-Soviet Congress	110
A similarly rare photograph showing members of the Central Executive Committee giving the Red salute	111
Members of the Korean Volunteer Corps, including converted Japanese captives	210
The Central Executive Committee on the steps of the "Provisional Capitol of the Government of the Chinese Soviet Republic" in Juikin (now destroyed), during the All-Soviet Congress in Kiangsi, 1934	211
MAP	
The Scene of Kim San's story	page 2

Introduction

By Nym Wales

I MET HIM in Yenan. One day during my stay there, in the early summer of 1937, I was casually looking over the list of borrowers of English books from the Lu Hsün Library. Only a few books seemed to be in demand, including Lenin's *Left-wing Communism: an Infantile Disease* and Tanin and Yohan's *When Japan Goes to War*. One borrower's name led all the rest; he had taken out dozens of books and magazines on all subjects during the summer.

"Who is this omnivorous reader?" I asked, immediately interested, for I was always in sad need of someone who could talk with me in English.

"He is a Korean delegate to the Chinese Soviets. He teaches Japanese economics and physics and chemistry at the Military and Political Academy."

"Where can I find him?"

"At the Foreign Office."

I sent a messenger with a letter asking when I might talk with him about Korea. No reply. I dispatched another. Still no reply.

"He is a very secret delegate," someone informed me. "Perhaps he doesn't want to meet you."

"Oh," I nodded, and decided that I should not be able to learn anything about Korea that summer.

About a week later my bodyguard, Demmy-erh, came in and announced that a stranger wanted to see me.

"Bring him in."

A thin scholar's hand held back the blue padded curtain that served as a makeshift door to my room, and a tall, arresting figure stood poised in the shaft of light. He bowed in a proud and dignified manner and looked at me with steady composure as we shook hands. It was raining heavily, and the paper window panes did not provide much light, but I saw that his strongly profiled face was curiously un-Chinese and quite handsome in a semi-Spanish sort of way. For a moment I thought he was European.

"Did you send me this note?" he asked in English.

"Oh, yes," I said. "You're the Korean delegate I've been wanting to see."

"I've brought some information on Korea for you," he stated in a businesslike, impersonal way, putting a pile of notebooks on the table.

He was a forbidding personality and obviously did not want to be asked any embarrassing personal questions.

I pulled out my fountain pen, Demmy-erh lighted a candle, and we sat down to work. After an hour or so my hand cramped from writing statistics. It was cold, too, for this mountain capital of the Chinese Soviets is only fifty miles from the far northwest bastion of the Great Wall where it forms the border between China and Inner Mongolia and Manchuria. Demmy-erh brought in two bowls and a steaming pot of tea.

This Korean was definitely the conspirator type, I decided. An exile who had lived his life doing dangerous underground revolutionary work, he was somber, quiet, self-disciplined, but sensitive and nervous. Was that prison pallor on the thin, expressive face? The intelligent bright eyes encouraged me, however, for they seemed frank and understanding.

"I spent most of last summer in Korea and Manchuria." I ventured. "I went to Korea to climb the Diamond Mountains and to learn something about Korea. I didn't learn much, but I had plenty of mountain climbing. I was caught on the top of the highest peak in the Kongosan in the worst typhoon in years. Nearly all the bridges

and paths and chains were destroyed, but a Korean guide brought me down safely in spite of the torrents we had to cross everywhere."

"Yes, there was a big flood in Korea at that time."

"I saw it later from the bridge at Seoul. Chickens and pigs and cows and houses tumbling down the muddy river."

"But did you notice how clear and beautiful the streams are in Korea on ordinary days?" The question was not a little nostalgic. "I have never seen any clean rivers and creeks in China. We Koreans say it is a pleasure to commit suicide in a Korean river. Chinese rivers are too dirty for this purpose."

"Are you Koreans as fond of suicide as the Japanese?"

"That is one of the few dignities a colonial people should be able to claim, but we are not even free to choose this way out. On the bridge you speak of at Seoul, the Japanese put up a sign long ago. It reads, 'Please wait five minutes.' Hungry mothers often throw their babies into the river and then themselves. Special police are detailed to watch anyone who comes there alone and stares at the water with a certain expression. This is considered a fine courtesy to us Koreans. The Yalu River near Antung is also a favorite place for suicide. The alternative is to become an exile on the other side."

"I have no patience with a people who prefer suicide to fighting for their rights," I remarked unkindly. "Koreans are too gentle and resigned and tolerant. They seemed to me as pastoral as the landscape."

"You are wrong about that. Never a day has passed since 1910 that Koreans somewhere have not struck a blow against the Japanese. This is a long story. It has been impossible to overthrow the regime in the peninsula so far, and the armed struggle has been carried out from Manchuria. But thousands have been imprisoned and executed. The prisons are always full. Koreans are not resigned. They are merely preparing for the right moment. They are by nature gentle and tolerant, yes. But there is no anger like the anger of a patient man who has suffered a little too long. Beware the gentle water buffalo."

"That may be true," I said. "Beware the fury of a patient man, we say."

"In the Orient Koreans are considered a high-tempered race. They quarrel and fight easily, and they are proud and sensitive. They are quick to avenge, and they do not easily forgive. They nurse their

wrongs and never forget. Every Korean has bitter enemies and dear friends. The Japanese are individually much afraid of Koreans because we are too much like themselves. We are medium between the Japanese and the Chinese. Koreans are a peninsular people—half island and half continental. And a mountain people too."

"Do you think Japan is worried now about Korea?"

"Japan is always worried about Korea. The place is swarming with spies. They watch every minor symptom of dissatisfaction and revolt. Sometimes I almost think they read every letter that was ever mailed there. Japan has trained a whole army of secret-service men in Korea. No Japanese will ever rest easy until Korea is surrounded on every side by an army of occupation. They dare not press the military boot too heavily on internal Korea nor continue the past tempo of exploitation. That's one reason for wanting military occupation of Manchuria and North China. And one reason why Japan must seek new colonies and ease the pressure on Korea. Korea is a great storehouse of retribution for Japan. It does not require a Buddhist to see this. And today Japan's ruling class has another worry. It is afraid of co-operation between the people of Japan itself and those of Korea. Their common interests and geography are much too close for comfort. The Koreans are a vital ally of the Japanese revolution. Japan will spread her army in military adventures all over China and Mongolia before she will permit the bottled-up internal pressure at home to rise to meet that in Korea."

"But nothing is happening in Korea now."

"Nothing needs to happen there right now. History awaits its due moment. When the time comes, enough will happen. And it will not be long in coming, I think. Little things are going on in Korea that the world never hears about. When there is no censorship on news from Korea, I'll begin to lose hope. Japan never lets any news come out of Korea—have you noticed that?"

"I have noticed!" I exclaimed. "It's a closed country. While I was there I felt as if I were living in a hermetically sealed tube in which no sound could travel. The atmosphere was deadly. The missionaries would not talk about anything. They said every letter was read and that spies came to every gathering where Koreans were present. I could not even get any books on Korea. Before I went on my trip I wanted to read everything I could find on the subject, and three books were all Peking could produce. I got no information

out of any of them. I looked up the publishers' lists, and there was not a single volume on present-day political and economic conditions. I was very annoyed about it."

"Yes, I have read all the books on Korea too. None of them really touches any of the vital problems. There are only half a dozen worth reading at all."

"Then you must tell me all about the Korean-Japanese situation, or how else will I ever know anything about it?"

"I'll be very glad to do this—to the extent of my abilities. It is important to us Koreans that the world should know about Korea's problems. Whenever you are free, send me a note, and I'll come at that time."

I thanked him and made an appointment for the next afternoon.

Korea is in many ways the most beautiful country in the Far East, so rainy-fresh and green with beautiful sharp-profiled mountains and swift-moving rivers. It reminds one a little of Japan, but on full scale instead of miniature. The landscape has a rustic quality dramatically relieved by hills and valleys. The little grass-roofed houses snuggle together among crooked lanes in the quaint Arcadia village style. Along the bright-pebbled brooks women and girls are constantly washing their linen clothes to snowy whiteness. Only a nation of idealists and martyrs would suffer so much back-breaking labor in the name of white, white cleanliness.

Japan is gay and a little artificial with a postcard sort of design. Korea is pure and natural. Japan is a country of sound—*geta*, staccato voices, traffic noises, *shoji* windows and doors being always opened and closed, and tiny bits of furniture being moved back and forth. Korea is quiet and smooth-moving. No bobbing up and down in eternal bowing. Human relations seem unstrained and casual. Korean women are sweet and modest and shy in their white and pale blue flowing dresses fitted high at the waist, with hairdress simple and smooth in the madonna style.

I had decided immediately that the Koreans are far and away the best-looking people in the Far East. Tall and strong and muscular and always well proportioned, they make excellent athletes. While I was in Korea the news came that a young Korean named Sun Ki-cheng had won a contest in the World Olympics. The Koreans were highly excited and published the news everywhere. The Japa-

nese suppressed all the papers and put out a statement that the man was actually a Japanese with a Korean name! In Japan they heralded the feat widely as a Japanese triumph.

"Well, is he a Korean or is he a Japanese?" I had asked the clerk at the hotel desk.

"Maybe he is a Korean." The Japanese clerk smiled and drew in his breath. "But it would make them too conceited to publish this. It might cause trouble. They might try to start celebrations here."

Many Koreans have very handsome faces, with well-chiseled profiles. Their features are often a mixture of Japanese and Chinese. Koreans are much in demand in both Japan and China as movie stars. Some have curly hair and remind you of Sessue Hayakawa of the silent film days, the only Oriental man ever to become a film idol for American audiences. Philip Ahn, the Korean actor now in Hollywood, has a more typical face, however. The No. 1 film idol of China, King Shan, is a Korean—he was the hero in the movie *The Sable Cicada*, which was shown in New York. Korean women are often extremely beautiful, with a delicate ethereal quality.

It is somehow biologically incongruous to see such a comparatively beautiful, intelligent, and superior-looking race under the subjugation of the little Japanese, who are certainly not noted for their appearance. As I watched a squat bandy-legged Japanese officer arrogantly ordering some of these people around in Korea, almost tripping over his sword, I asked a missionary who was with me how such a phenomenon was possible.

"Maybe that's why," she answered. "An inferiority complex can be the cause of great accomplishments."

"But the Koreans must be stupid," I said.

"No, they are far more intelligent than the Japanese. I think the Japanese just happened to get a head start with modern armaments."

The missionaries in Korea really loved and admired the Koreans. They seemed to have none of the racial troubles which have marked their work in Japan and China.

Kim San—that is only one of his five or six *noms-de-guerre*—came the next afternoon at the appointed hour. And the next. And the next. I asked him many questions about Korea, and also about

Japan, that led to long discussions. I had thought to finish up within a few days, but felt myself getting in deeper and deeper.

"You know," I commented to reassure myself. "I am not at all personally interested in Korea. Of course, I am anxious to learn about it for general background on the Far East. But my time and energies are limited. I don't see how I can possibly use all this material. I am really only interested in vital immediate things, in movements that are making history. Affairs are moving so fast in the world today that one has no time for anything else. That's why I took the trouble to come here to learn something about the Chinese Soviet movement, and I intend to write a book on this as soon as possible.¹ I must concentrate on collecting and organizing material for this. I think we must finish up tomorrow, or I'll get lost in a thousand notebooks."

He looked a little hurt. "That is true, of course. I have always thought China more important than Korea, and the Koreans often call me a traitor for this reason. In fact, I have been either actively fighting or doing underground work for the Chinese Revolution since 1925. As soon as the war breaks out here in the Far East; however, Korea will be a strategic position, and before long things will begin to happen. Because of the close relation between the Japanese and Korean working classes, as well as between that of Korea and the Manchurian partisan movement, the Korean Revolution will soon become a vital factor in the Far East. We even have over 300,000 Korean workers in Japan itself now. I myself intend to go to Manchuria to lead the Korean partisans there against Japan as soon as the war situation comes about. My best friend is in Manchuria leading a division of the First Front Army right now, and he has written several times for me to join him. This division is made up of 7,000 Koreans."

"We must discuss all these things," I groaned, "I am really afraid I'll take too much interest in Korea. I am always getting involved in lost causes and oppressed minorities. I can find an oppressed minority by the scent. I suppose that's how I happened to find you here. I can't seem to miss. It's a very unscientific if not morbid type of interest, and I have made a firm resolution never to pay any attention to such things again. It simply distracts one's energies on

¹ Later published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York, under the title *Inside Red China*.

Introduction

relatively unimportant subjects. The world is full of them now."

"Majorities don't need help. And anyway Korea is not a lost cause—"

"Yes, I know. But I've got a big 'oppressed majority' on my mind right now. China's a large subject. I grant, however, that oppressed majorities command less sympathy than oppressed minorities. They ought to be able to hold their own. Anyway, I'll see you tomorrow."

The next day brought the sudden news of the incident at the Marco Polo Bridge. July 7 Yenan was astir with excitement and speculation. Had the war with Japan come at last? Or would there be more compromise and peace?

When Kim San arrived, I asked his opinion.

"War is inevitable, and I think it has come," he said. "If it is not started by this incident, it will be started by the next or the next. Because Japan has no surplus capital to carry out a program of slow economic imperialism, she must depend on the army for robber tactics and outright military and political seizure. She is too weak financially to make economic 'co-operation' with China possible. She must destroy China's power before she can begin to exploit the country safely."

"What do you think will be the outcome of the war between China and Japan?"

"There are only two alternatives: either the Japanese will occupy the whole of China and have a great victory, or they will lose everything and be destroyed. A small military adventure in north China will only rouse China, and if the mass movement gets started quickly it will engulf Japan. Therefore, the Japanese army is prepared for a big gamble before China can mobilize. If Japan is defeated, a revolution at home is sure. Then Japan will join with China and Korea in a strong democratic revolutionary union, and the center of world political forces will shift to the East, with Soviet Russia strategically in the middle. The British know this."

We talked for a long time that afternoon about the war possibilities.

"It looks as though you will be starting for Manchuria right away," I remarked as he left.

I was very busy the next few days, but my mind kept reverting to all this Korean had told me, and, although I had a long list of

unanswered questions on China, and Yenan was full of valuable information, I could not avoid the conclusion that this new subject was a highly important one. It was also apparent that Kim San himself was a unique personality and that I might never again have the rare opportunity of talking with such a person. He was one of the most fascinating characters I had met in seven years in the Orient. He had certain qualities that seemed unusual among the revolutionaries I had met—and I had with some pains and a good deal of writer's cramp written down the autobiographies of about twenty-five of them during the summer. I could not quite analyze these characteristics at first. Then I recognized what they were: He had an independent fearless mind and perfect poise. His opinions were decisive and showed that they had all been carefully reasoned out, both from theory and experience. He thought as a leader and not as a follower. I realized that, since he was one of the most important leaders of the Korean revolutionary movement, this was natural enough. And under the surface, though he was gentle-mannered and reclusive, there was *power*. Here was by no means a harmless person. I would not care to be his enemy, though he might make a loyal, devoted friend. I felt that he had not only no fear of death or of killing but was morally and intellectually incorruptible and without evasion. Here was a man who had been hammered and shaped in the white heat of the great tragedies that have molded recent history in China and Korea and who had emerged from the ordeal, not only as a steel instrument of tempered will and determination, but as a sentient being of feeling and consciousness.

I determined that I must not fail to learn more about him. The problem was how to win the confidence of this aloof, reserved personality. He was not likely to volunteer any personal information about himself. Such active revolutionaries are seldom free to tell their story, and I was not a little afraid to ask, for life and death might hang on the careless handling of the secrets of men whose lives are spent in underground activities. The offensive is sometimes the best tactic.

"It seems to me that you must be a very interesting person. Are you?" I came to the point directly.

He laughed, showing a set of strong white teeth in a stubborn

jaw—I think it was the first time. "I am not so simple as some and less complex than others."

"I think I'd like to write a book about you. You know, I must finish up here as quickly as possible and I have been a little sick and I am very tired, as well as being still busy with other things here, but if you are willing to tell me the story of your life, I am prepared to write it. I have always wanted to write a novel about someone like you, and I think you would make a good subject."

"It is dangerous for me to let my activities be known publicly. I have already been in a Chinese prison and in a Japanese prison, twice. The next time will be serious for me. I could perhaps tell you some of it but not all."

"You can think it over and let me know when you have decided. I don't see why you don't write a book about Korea yourself, there are so few."

"As a matter of fact, I have already started a book in Korean about a Korean exile in Manchuria. I call it 'Shadows of the White-clothed People.' I don't know when I'll ever have time to finish it. When I go back to Manchuria to join the partisans, I'll get the material for the last part."

"Why do you call your book by that title?"

"Because all Koreans like to wear white. We are always called 'the white-clothed people.'"

Next afternoon Kim San returned, happier than I had ever seen him. This made me realize that he had another characteristic rare in Yenan where everyone was cheerful and gay: he was serious-minded and unhappy, though not without optimism.

"I have decided that we should do the book," he announced. "In fact, I am grateful that you want to write about Korea. I only hope it is read by Chinese and Japanese and by Koreans abroad, as well as by Americans and British, to remind them that Korea is not a lost cause. For this reason I am prepared to tell you the whole story. It will be worth-while even though I may have to suffer for it. No Korean plans his grave, anyway. It may be anywhere, anytime. But if you will wait two years from now before publishing it, it will be better for me. Then I hope to be safely in Manchuria among the Korean partisans there. By that time all these things can be told without harm to anyone because the war will change the entire sit-

uation. Such a book will be really valuable then, especially when the Korean movement rises again."

So we started to work. The rain came down unceasingly every day for weeks. Nearly every afternoon I wrote down his story by candle light until my fingers were too cramped to continue. At first his English was halting and slow, but soon it was surprisingly fluent and expressive. His vocabulary was excellent—though many pronunciations were hardly orthodox—gained entirely from reading books. He was also a teacher of Japanese, knew Chinese perfectly, as well as a little Mongolian, and had studied German and Latin as a medical student.

"Your English is remarkable," I said. "Especially when you say that you have never before attempted to carry on a long conversation."

"All Koreans learn foreign languages easily for some reason," he replied dryly. "The Japanese say it is proof that we are a natural colony. And they say that the reason they cannot learn foreign languages is because they are a dominant race."

After I had got into the heart of the story, I saw that it was going to be dramatic and interesting. The breadth of his experiences amazed me. The book was going to cover, not only Korea, Japan, and Manchuria, but the exciting course of the Chinese Revolution as well. Only a wandering Korean revolutionary could have had such broad and differentiated experience, and only an outsider could have such clear perspective on all these movements and peoples of three countries. The story of his life gave a kaleidoscopic picture of the whole Far East. It was a new and fresh interpretation. Moreover, it did not take me long to realize I had been right in supposing that Kim San had an extraordinarily interesting and complex mind and personality. His intellectual life had not been simple and easy but full of every conceivable problem of political and revolutionary struggle. How he resolved them was of philosophical as well as practical interest. Rarest of all was the fact that he had not only gone through all these varied experiences but was able to tell about them in the spirit and style of good narrative.

Everywhere the intellectual is being put to the test today, and he is crumpling up between the fists of struggle like a piece of his own waste paper. These are the times that try men's minds. We must grasp a hundred years in a day. History moves faster than the vi-

brations of the brain cell. Nations collapse and empires shift before we comprehend. The meteoric rush of new worlds in creation leaves us dizzy in paralysis of confusion and fear, as we feel the old world cut from under our feet. Sandbags cannot defend the ivory tower, and the tears of self-pity merely add dampness to the dugout of despair and disillusionment. I often think of Kim San telling me his story simply and quietly in that miserable room in Yenan, and wonder how many American and British intellectuals could have survived his ordeal with philosophical objectivity. Kim San was a sensitive intellectual, at heart an idealist poet and writer, hurled into one of the bloodiest, ugliest, and most confusing cataclysms of our time. He had no illusions left but was not a cynic. He acknowledged things as they are but affirmed change and progress. Suffering and defeat had not destroyed his vision but fired his thinking with deeper meaning and significance. He was master of objective fact and not a slave of the subjective word. The body feeds on bread but the spirit on hunger and pain. The intellectual is capable of action and decision only when he ceases to think in symbols instead of concrete realities. Kim San overcame this weakness and did not fall victim to the pathology of intellectual defeatism. Actually, the intellectual cannot be betrayed. He can only betray himself and his profession. His job is not only to paint pictures of the future but to recognize and analyze the materials of historical change as they exist. What utter vanity to expect the multiform world to mold itself to his single limited design! History is not so dull in action and so narrow in plan as those who criticize it. From their Olympic seats of petty judgment they hurl not thunderbolts but firecrackers.

I have organized, rewritten, and cut down the mass of material in my seven notebooks on Kim San, but it is as nearly like the original story told to me as possible. It is strictly authentic in all details, including the conversations. I insisted on getting these from Kim San, while writing down the narrative, with much labor and prodding. He had a phenomenal memory and a good narrative sense, which simplified this task very much indeed. He had kept a diary for many years, written in code, and though he periodically destroyed these notes, it served to fix incidents in his mind so well that he had no difficulty remembering minor details. I dared not

spoil the authenticity of a valuable piece of research on a practically unknown subject, but have let the subject speak for himself without interpretation, aside from the necessity of converting it into readable English.

The virtue of this book lies, therefore, in its historical and auto-biographical value. It seems to me that it is a new contribution to our very limited knowledge of the mind, psychology, and experience of revolutionary leaders in the Orient, as well as a first-hand description of some of the most dramatic events of the period. It tires me even to remember the amount of clinical cross-examination through which I put this man so mercilessly during those two months in Yenan.

Very little of the detailed historical information contained in these pages has ever before been written in any language. Even Kim San's account of the Canton Commune is unusual personal experience. The story of Hailofeng has never before been written, and only three or four persons are now alive to recount the tragic tale. (André Malraux has written the only two novels about the 1925-1927 revolution in China: *The Conquerors*, dealing with the Hong-kong Strike in 1924-1925, and *Man's Fate*, describing the April events in Shanghai in 1927.) The files of the Comintern may contain the records, but it has been impossible for Chinese or Koreans to publish such stories illegally since the civil war in 1927. Most of the original leading participants are dead.

There are several things about which it has been literally impossible to obtain inside information: the Manchurian guerrillas, particularly Koreans, illegal Korean activities and prison records, and underground Communist activities in China or Korea. Kim San's story throws much new light on these subjects.

This is the record of the experiences of a typical leader in the vast interrelated social upheaval now spreading throughout the nations of the Far East, where history is moving a thousand years in a generation. It is primarily, however, the story of the Korean revolutionary movement from its early beginnings in Korea and Manchuria to its co-ordination with the Chinese struggle after 1925. Kim San's career followed closely the general trend of the movement, which now gravitates closer to that in Japan and Manchuria. It is also the story of three companions: of Kim San and his two best friends, Wu Seng-nun and Kim Chung-chiang, a trio now in the

Introduction

vanguard of Korean leadership—one the famous terrorist and man of action now leading a partisan army in Manchuria; one the ex-monk and theoretical intellectual; the other, Kim San, their one-time disciple in action and theory, ten years younger.

As our conflict with Japan approaches, we in the United States and Britain shall soon be as eager to inform ourselves about the potentialities of the underground opposition to Japanese fascism and conquest as we are today about a possible internal revolt against Hitler. Kim San and his Korean friends have spent twenty years in this opposition. The Japanese have always called Korea "the dagger pointing at the heart of Nippon."

As we started work, I said to Kim San: "First you must tell me the general development of your career and next about your early youth."

"My youth?" he answered quizzically. "It's true that I am now only thirty-two, but I have lost my youth somewhere—where I do not know. . . ."

SONG OF ARIRAN



The Scene of Kim San's Story

I

Recuerdo

I SUPPOSE THAT I must have been very young at one time or another. There was a small boy of eleven who ran away from home and lived his own life afterward, but I cannot remember that he was very young. There was a shabby eager student who carried a three-language dictionary next to a hungry belly on his travels to Japan and Manchuria and China. But I only remember that he was not young. There was a revolutionary romantic of sixteen and twenty-two who burned with the pure devotional flame. I know now that he was very young, but he did not know it then. He must have been very young before he went to prison, for he felt so very old afterward. I remember that he was young on the day he met his first great love. I know that he was old before he had finished with this subject.

Perhaps the reason he was never young is that Korea has no youth to suffer what she feels. She was a nation weeping in ancient bondage long before Japan made orphans of her sons. The widow of nations, still she stands, holding out sorrowful arms to her exiled children across the Yalu River. We shall return one day but not to weep.

Song of Ariran

I hated Korea when I ran away that autumn day in 1919, vowing never to return until the weeping was changed to fighting slogans. She wanted peace, and peace she got—after the “peaceful demonstrations” had been dispersed in helpless blood. She was a foolish old woman naïvely mouthing feminine please to the great powers for “international justice” and a promise of “self-determination.” We were betrayed by her foolishness. I resented the accident of birth that made me the child of such shameful helplessness. In Russia and Siberia men and women were fighting and winning. They did not beg for freedom. They earned it by right of hard struggle. I wanted to go there to learn the secret of human emancipation; then I would return and lead two million exiles in Manchuria and Siberia to recapture their homeland. I stole money for my trip but could not pass the lines of the foreign intervention in Siberia. So I studied military science in Manchuria, then went on to Shanghai to join the little knot of Korean revolutionaries there. I became an anarchist, placing futile hope in terrorist reprisals against both the conquerors and traitors of Korea. At least we would die heroically, flaunting our individual courage to the world in denial of the helpless impotence of the country of our birth. In that period I wanted to fight for ideas and principles with a nihilist disregard for those geographical expressions called countries. When these beautiful gestures in the name of justice failed, I saw the meaning of organized internationalism. We would emancipate all oppressed nations. China and Korea and later Japan together would bear the bright torch of liberty over the Far East. I became a Chinese citizen and a member of the Chinese Communist party. Gladly we went to Canton in hundreds to die for China in the name of internationalism. The flower of the Korean revolutionary leadership was annihilated there—and we failed. Some of my comrades committed suicide when they learned of this great sacrifice. In Hailofeng I had suffered more than those who died, but this only kindled my faith. For the Korean Nationalist movement the great tragedy of the reaction in China in 1927 was a blow from which it never recovered. With no ally, Korea went back to helplessness under the Japanese.

After 1928 my romantic days of action were over. Ahead was only a hard slow struggle full of ideological and tactical problems. I had to prepare myself for leadership and responsibility in a secret under-

ground movement where the slightest mistake meant death, not only for myself, but for others.

My life's purpose then became the strengthening and rebuilding of the defeated Chinese Revolution, and the co-ordination of the Chinese and Korean revolutionary movements in a common struggle. In 1929 and 1930 I took leadership in organizing the revolutionary work in north China and Manchuria.

Nineteen thirty-one was a year of political crisis in China like 1927. Japan had taken Manchuria. The crisis in my own life coincided with the general crisis—and these internal and external blows struck me with tremendous force. After my release in 1931 from torture and illness in a Japanese prison I had found that many old comrades did not trust me. This injustice angered and embittered me. I contemplated murdering a political enemy who had lied about me. Then I decided upon suicide. Next I thought of giving up revolutionary work and walking around the world for seven years. This brief period, however, was only a bookmark in my life where I found my way.

I went through a grueling self-examination and study of general revolutionary principles, and came out victorious, with complete confidence in myself and with moral and physical courage that has never since failed. Until this time I had never asked questions, never seriously thought of theoretical problems. I had been too busy taking action and following orders. Now I searched for answers and fundamental principles, both in philosophy and action. I was reinstated in the Chinese party and went into underground work in the mass movement.

In 1933 I was again a prisoner. But freedom was of little use when I regained it. The mass movement in White areas had failed, and the Chinese party in north China was broken. I was unhappy but not in despair, for I now had a solid philosophy to tread on. One must await the next forward movement in the ebbing and surging of history.

But the struggle against Japan was fast approaching, and a new day was near. In 1935 I went to Shanghai where I helped reorganize the Korean revolutionaries into an internal united front and into a common front with China against Japan. In August, 1936, these groups sent me as delegate to Yenan.

And now, Korea . . . Will not this war in the Far East lead to

Song of Ariran

the liberation of Korea at last? I think it will, and soon I must go back to the service of my own country and help to lead her forward, for now we are "crossing the last hill of Ariran."

In Korea we have a folksong, a beautiful ancient song which was created out of the living heart of a suffering people. It is sad, as all deep-felt beauty is sad. It is tragic, as Korea has for so long been tragic. Because it is beautiful and tragic it has been the favorite song of all Koreans for three hundred years.

Near Seoul is a hill called the Hill of Ariran. During the oppressive Li Dynasty there was a giant solitary pine at the top of this hill, and this was the official place of execution for several hundred years. Tens of thousands of prisoners were hanged until dead on a gnarled branch of that ancient tree, their bodies suspended over a cliff at the side. Some were bandits. Some were common criminals. Some were dissident scholars. Some were political and family enemies of the emperor. Many were poor farmers who had raised their hands against oppression. Many were rebel youths who had struggled against tyranny and injustice. The story is that one of those young men composed a song during his imprisonment, and as he trudged slowly up the Hill of Ariran, he sang this song. The people learned it, and after that whenever a man was condemned to die he sang this in farewell to his joys or sorrows. Every Korean prison echoes with these haunting notes, and no one dares deny a man's death-right to sing it at the end. The "Song of Ariran" has come to symbolize the tragedy of Korea. Its meaning is symbolic of constantly climbing over obstacles only to find death at the end. It is a song of death and not of life. But death is not defeat. Out of many deaths, victory may be born. There are those of us who would write another verse for this ancient "Song of Ariran." That last verse is not yet written. We are many dead, and many more have "crossed the Yalu River" into exile. But our return will not be long in the future.

When the Japanese took Korea in 1910, the fifth verse was added to the original song. Today we have a whole book of nearly a hundred different versions. We even have a popular "Love Song of Ariran." The "Song of Ariran" has been sung all over the plains of Manchuria, both by Korean volunteers and Chinese. In Japan also it is popular. There are three versions of the "Song of Ariran" on phonograph records. The word "Ariran" is such a favorite that inns

and cafés even use it as their name. Li Kuang-ssu has written a play on the subject.

Many of these versions are banned in Korea. The Japanese are almost as afraid of "dangerous songs" as of "dangerous thoughts." In 1921 a Communist intellectual wrote a "dangerous" version as he was about to die, and someone else wrote another secret revolutionary version called "Moving the Hills of Ariran." Middle-school students have been given six months in prison for singing these. I knew one who received this in Seoul in 1925.

"There are twelve hills of Ariran," the song says. When I first read Dante I was surprised to find that he used the same number—twelve heavens and twelve hells—and that his theme was also, "Abandon all hope ye who enter here." I suppose it is a universal number for misfortune like the mystical number seven.

Korea has crossed painfully over more than twelve hills of Ariran, however. Our little peninsula has always been a stepping stone from Japan to China and back again, and from Siberia to the south. She was for hundreds of years the center of culture in the north, and every barbarian invasion passed over on its way to China, devastating Korea's fair cities and fields of civilization. Yet, in spite of conquest, she retained her identity under temporary suzerainty and never submitted but waited the opportunity to rise again. Against the frail wall of our "twenty million countrymen"¹ fifty to seventy million Japanese have been pressing since the nineteenth century on their inexorable drive to Manchuria and China. We could not hold them back, and the iron-nailed boot is pressing hard on Korea today, but when Japan loses her stride the sunny green grass will grow again where darkness has been.

I have seen Korea climb several hills of Ariran already in my short life, only to find death at the summit. I was born at the time she was being trampled by foreign armies during the Russo-Japanese War. I saw the Korean Army of 70,000 men demobilized and forced to retreat across the borders after their country became a Japanese protectorate in 1907. I saw the country become a colony in 1910, and year after year I saw over a million exiles driven across the Yalu River into Manchuria and Siberia and China. There are now over two million Korean exiles, one million in Manchuria, 800,000 in Si-

¹ According to a census of October 1, 1935, Korea has a population of 22,898,695, of whom 561,384 are Japanese and 50,639 are other foreigners, mostly Chinese.—N.W.

beria, 300,000 in Japan, and the others in China, Mexico, Hawaii, America, and elsewhere.

I saw the whole country turned into a prison after the Christian "peaceful demonstrations" during the March First Nationalist Movement in 1919—50,000 prisoners and 7,000 killed. I was one of three thousand Korean students in Japan in 1919, four years before a thousand of them and five thousand other Koreans were massacred during the earthquake in 1923, a pogrom to warn the Japanese population against a repetition of the great rice riots of 1918, for they were murmuring that "the gods were punishing" the corrupt ruling class. I lived the life of the exiles in Manchuria in 1920, a few weeks before over six thousand of them (including all my friends but one) were killed by Japanese troops in revenge for the activities of the Korean Army of Independence.

I met the young terrorists in Shanghai who tried to avenge these deaths by turning to desperate personal heroism, and mourned the tragic result—three hundred Yi Nul Tan members alone executed by the Japanese from 1919 to 1927. I was one of three thousand Koreans who gathered in the French Concession in Shanghai to support the Korean Provisional Government organized there in 1919 in opposition to the Japanese set-up in Seoul—which collapsed in 1924 leaving only a coterie of old men with broken hearts and broken hopes.

With eight hundred other Koreans I joined the Chinese Revolution in Canton and saw the flower of Korean revolutionary leadership sacrificed during those two years from 1925 to 1927—two hundred Communist leaders participated in the Canton Commune alone, and most were killed. I fought in China's annihilated first Soviet, at Hailofeng, with fifteen other Korean comrades—and only two of us are alive to tell the story. Japan took the occasion to arrest 1,000 others in Korea as "Communists" at the same time, on March 15, 1928, though we had only 400 Communists in all Korea then. When our allies in the Chinese Great Revolution failed, we said, "the world is broken for Korea."

I returned to Kirin in Manchuria in 1929 to co-ordinate revolutionary activities between the Chinese and Koreans against Japan. And what happened to this? There I found the Chinese Nationalists under Chang Hsueh-liang vying with the Japanese in their efforts to

split up Korean-Chinese unity at a time when most Koreans wanted to become Chinese citizens! Two years later these efforts came to a crisis. Through the stupidity of the Chinese in taking out petty reprisals against Japan by attacking the anti-Japanese Koreans, the Korean Nationalists broke with the Chinese. At the same time Chang Hsueh-liang's government was executing as many Korean revolutionaries as could be found. The Chinese executed forty of my Korean Communist comrades at one time in Kirin. In 1932, 800 young Korean farmers were arrested from Kirin city to P'antzu in an attempt to destroy the Korean Communist movement. How bitterly the inexperienced Young Marshal learned to regret this! Long before the Sian Incident in 1936 he was begging Korean revolutionaries of all kinds to work with him, preferably Communists.

The Korean and Chinese volunteers now work together again, and every year hundreds of Koreans in Manchuria give up their lives fighting the Japanese.

I have seen scores of my countrymen in prison cells next to mine—many of them executed or mentally deranged from torture. There are now 6,000 political prisoners in Korea.

Every year since 1905 the story has been the same—hundreds imprisoned or executed somewhere: in Siberia under the Czars, in Manchuria, in China, in Japan, as well as in Korea. For a revolutionary to be a man with four countries is worse than to be a man without a country. All are only a passport to death. We Koreans are “legally” arrested by the Japanese, the Chinese, the British and French in Shanghai, and the Korean police. We have no protection anywhere. So Korea is the most religious and Christian nation in the Orient—hoping for surcease from sorrow in the Kingdom of Heaven, where presumably there are no prisons for people with “dangerous thoughts” of freedom.

Korea is a small country to lose so many men and to bear so much oppression and suffering. But the end is not yet. We can still hope that the last sacrifice will finish in victory. Korea still has strength to climb the last of the hills of Ariran and tear down her old gallows of death. I believe that the next “October” will be in Japan—and the Korean Revolution will either precede or follow in November.

As I survey these rugged contours of my life's experience, I see only a succession of hard-won defeats, and the highest mountain

lies wearily ahead. My life has not been a happy one. It has been lived close to history, and history does not dance to the piping of shepherds. It is moved only by the groans of the wounded and the sound of battle. To struggle is to live. All else is without meaning in my world. Within the oppositions of that struggle lies my identity with the life of man, my unity with his history. But let us get on with the story. We can philosophize as we proceed. . . .

II

Korean Childhood

I WAS BORN ON a mountain in the middle of a battlefield. The Korean villagers had all fled to the mountains for safety during the constant fighting, and my mother had escaped to the site of our ancestral graves. That was on March 10, 1905, and the Russo-Japanese war did not end until August.

My home in the little village of Chasanli on the outskirts of Phyöngyang¹ was under Japanese occupation, while the Russian base was farther north. The mountain which was the scene of my arrival into the world was near the sea. Russian ships could be seen in the harbor below, my mother told me. At the beginning of the war, the Koreans hoped for a Russian victory, she said, but their sympathies turned toward Japan during the struggle. For the conduct of the Russian troops angered the villagers. They oppressed the people, mistreated their daughters, and took their oxen. The Japa-

¹ Phyöngyang (also spelled Pyongyang, Pyengyang, and Pingyang), the principal city of northern Korea, is near Manchuria. It is now called Hcijo by the Japanese, just as Seoul, the capital, has been renamed Keijo, but the Koreans still use the old names. Phyöngyang is the third largest city in Korea and was for some years the most important munitions depot and airplane base which Japan had on the mainland.—N.W.

nese at that time wisely avoided antagonizing the population and always paid for anything they wanted.

My home life was not a happy one. My father was an independent farmer but very poor and always in debt. He owned only one *cho*² of farm land, though we also raised 60 or 80 yen worth of silk cocoons a year. I lived in a typical rustic Korean house with a grass roof. It had only one large room and three small storerooms at the side. The raised floor was made of stone covered with oiled paper and heated by a flue underneath for warmth in winter. We took off our shoes outside and sat on this floor on cushions. It was shining clean and comfortable. My pleasantest childhood memory is of snuggling close to that warm floor while the bitter winter winds howled through the thick grass roof. But it was not always warm. Fire was an expensive luxury, and the flue was hot only while food was being prepared on the kitchen stove. Even then coal was cheaper than wood; what forests remained were soon despoiled by the Japanese for their own use.

Those were stormy years for Korea. My first permanent impression of the outside world was of seeing people crying everywhere. Men gathered in groups and talked excitedly. Women stood in knots over the smoky kitchen fires and wiped their eyes endlessly as they fed the flames with bunches of dry grass. On the near-by hills you could hear war cries as swordplay and boxing were practiced.

"What is it?" I clung to my mother's skirts in terror.

"The Japanese are coming," she answered.

The word took on a sinister meaning for me. It was the bugbear of my childhood. That was a month or two before Japan occupied Korea on August 22, 1910.

I remember there were arguments among the men about whether or not to cut off the topknot, and the question seemed to be the most important thing in the world. Those who had cut the topknot were beings apart from the rest, and we children pointed our fingers at them excitedly as they passed. It meant they were members of the Korean Independence party. They opened new schools to teach the people the meaning of what was about to happen, and the villagers marched to these classes like troops, shouting and making speeches as they went.

² A *cho*, sometimes called *chobu*, is equal to 2.45 acres of land.

The first time I remember seeing one of the dreaded Japanese conquerors up close was when I was seven years old. Two policemen came to our house and slapped my mother's face until the blood ran down where the teeth had bitten into her lips. I ran out screaming and in tears and wanted to pound my fists against them, but my mother pulled me back.

"Hush, hush," she begged. "You must never strike back. Don't make any trouble."

"Why did they slap you?" I asked when the policemen had gone.

"The Japanese are forcing everyone to be vaccinated, and I did not go to have this done quickly enough to suit them. When I told them I had been too busy with my housework and that I would surely do it tomorrow, they got angry," she explained sadly. "They have no respect for women. But you must never do anything to annoy them."

It was always the same. You must never strike back no matter what the Japanese might do. It would "cause trouble." That was the commonest phrase I heard on the subject. I thought there must be some good reason for this attitude, but I could not see it. There were so many of us Koreans and so few Japanese. How easy it looked to drive them all into the sea!

That same week I learned that there were pro-Japanese traitors too, and I was angrier at them than at the Japanese. One of our village elders, who could speak a little Japanese, had a feud with another family. The old father of this family resisted vaccination and talked against it. The village elder reported this fact to the Japanese and asked them to punish him. I watched the Japanese police tie this old man of fifty to the wooden pestle of a rice mortar and beat him severely. After that the neighbors avoided the village elder and warned each other that they must not speak against the Japanese in his presence or he would report it.

Eleven of us lived in the same house. I was the third son. My eldest brother, whose wife and children lived with us, had gone to an old-fashioned school, but my second brother had finished at the new primary school. My father was an old-type Confucianist and could read a little Chinese as well as Korean. Mother had never attended school but could read a little Korean, which is very easy to learn. Nobody else in the house could read. My mother and my elder brother's wife were devout Christians and never missed going

to church. They prayed over every problem that came up, small or great.

Meals were prepared only twice a day because of lack of fuel for cooking. At nine in the morning our *atsembop* consisted of dry white rice, soup, salted sardines, and a vegetable—usually dried chopped radish or salted cabbage, with soya sauce. *Chengshim* at midday was exactly the same, saved over from the morning, except that it was cold to avoid heating. In the evening *chenakbop* was served at five or six in winter and at six or seven in summer. It was not much different from the other two meals, though two or three times a month we had a little chicken or beef. Our family was poor but not too uncomfortable. Poor peasants in Korea eat meat only at festival times—on the New Year, the Ch'ing Ming Festival, the Old May First Athletic Meet, and the Autumn Festival. Many women and children of the poor never get enough to eat at any meal and are always half-hungry.⁸ They cannot afford white rice except on holidays, even though they raise it themselves, but must eat millet. We have no sweet food in Korea, and ordinarily do not drink tea but only cold water.

Our eating customs are more like the Japanese than the Chinese. We always use a spoon and chopsticks made of metal or silver. If of wood, they are used only once and thrown away. This is a regulation in all Korean inns. No one ever uses the chopsticks belonging to someone else. Each has an individual little table and bowl and individual side dishes. Even a very poor man has his table, though his wife has none. We sit on the raised floor like the Japanese on *tatami*, and the mother serves. We never eat from a single common dish as in China, and this is one reason why Koreans have so much less sickness. I have never learned to like the Chinese habit. We never wait if others are late, and it is the custom not to talk during meals. The men smoke a very long pipe and talk afterward. In China there is constant chatter during meals. The Koreans are much more individualistic than the Chinese. In a Korean inn travelers never talk and get acquainted. All are served individually and privately.

⁸ According to a study in the *Oriental Daily News* in 1926, the average annual expenditure in a Korean family is 19.70 yen, while the income is only 16.30 yen. Always in debt, the farmer loses his land and goes hungry. The condition is now worse. The farmer makes an average of about six sen for eight days of labor. The Korean government estimates this at 13 sen, but this is incorrect, for he works only half the year and the idle six months must be reckoned in.—K.S.

I started primary school at seven and walked eight li to classes every day in good weather. After school I helped on the farm. In the cold winter months, I lived in a boy's dormitory near the school.

In school I learned three languages. It was compulsory in every primary school to study Japanese seven hours a week, Korean five hours, and Chinese characters three hours. No Japanese attended these schools. They had their own institutions. The Korean government supported both the Korean and Japanese public schools out of tax money. Some were entirely free, but others required a monthly fee of one yen. Few poor children could go to school for more than a year or so, though it was easier in the cities than in the country. The children of poor farmers had to work in the fields as soon as they were strong enough. Yet all Koreans have a great zeal for education, and if one member of a family learns to read he teaches all the others. The Christian churches held classes on Sundays, also, especially the Methodists and Presbyterians.

Often we children heard news of interesting happenings on the near-by Manchurian border.

"A ten-man group came two days ago and killed six Japanese near Shingishu," one of the boys would say. "Only one of our soldiers was shot, and the rest got away across the border."

"My brother came home last week and stayed with us two days," another would relate after pledging us all to absolute secrecy. "He came with five other soldiers, and they fired on the Japanese sentries near Phyöngyang. He had to hide in a paddy field for a whole day so they couldn't catch him."

Our eyes would grow big with hero worship, and we would decide anew to join the Korean Army of Independence in Manchuria when we were grown up and come back with the raiding bands into north Korea every month to ambush the Japanese invaders.

"There will be millions of us young men then," we said. "The Japanese will all run away like chickens."

And we would retell the stories of our boyhood hero, General Li Tung-hui—of how many Japanese he had killed and how many tigers he had stalked while hiding with his troops in the mountains. And we wondered how many new troops he was training in Siberia and Manchuria to come back and save their fatherland.

In the school dormitory on the long cold winter evenings, we

would talk of how An Tung-kun had shot Prince Ito in Harbin as he stepped down from the train with a large entourage and of many, many other stories of those who had done deeds daring and bold for Korean independence.

I was fond of athletics and always participated in sports, especially wrestling. All Korean boys wrestle and fight. Korea has had a long tradition in athletics and has produced some of the best athletes in the Far East. Every year there were national Olympic games. This was called the "Great Athletic Meet," on the holiday "Old May Fifth." It was an ancient planting time festival. On August 15 there was also a rice harvest festival, with songs and symbolic dances. If the harvest was good, everyone was gay and happy; if bad, there was no dancing. This autumn festival is uncommon now; there is little happiness to sing and dance about in Korea today.

I used to go to the games wearing an old-fashioned flowing linen gown tied on the side, which flapped in the wind like the wings of a bird. I never wore the long hair, though. The boy students now all wear foreign-style uniforms, black in winter and blue or white in summer. The girls wear white middies and black skirts.

The Old May Fifth holiday was always celebrated on the mountains, and you could see a long vista from the top. Everyone wore new clothes, and the father had to give spending money to each member of the family. The mountainside billowed with the men's wide pantaloons blowing in the wind and the women's three full skirts flying about in layers like the petals of a flower. The strong men of Korea gathered to show off their prowess, while the old gentry sat around as spectators with their topknots secure under their funny little black horsehair hats. Prizes were given. The farmers received farm implements and oxen. The first prize was the finest ox procurable, all covered with flowers like Europa's bull in Greek mythology. The first prize for little boys was a calf. I once threw six other boys at wrestling and proudly received as prize a notebook and pencil. Wrestling was the chief sport—but Korean wrestling is not the same as Japanese. It has no religion mixed up in it but is a healthy, natural sport.

I have always had a strong temper and a proud, stubborn disposition. It was not for many years that I learned to control these faults. As a child I could never submit to punishment. When my father struck me I never cried but ran away to the hills, refusing to

eat or speak with anyone except my mother, whom I loved dearly. I was always a leader and always inclined to dominate those around me. At the age of eleven I got into a fight with one of my rivals at school and broke his nose. Father was furious. I defied him and decided to run away from home forever. I have never gone back except for brief visits.

My second brother then owned a small shoe shop in the near-by city, and I went to him.

"Why do you run away now? In another year you can finish primary school," he said when I told my story.

He gave me eight yen to go back. I took the money but refused to lose face by going home. Instead I called on a rich man who was one of my schoolmate's relatives. This man took a liking to me and helped me prepare for the middle-school examination, but I failed. I worked in his house four months, never letting my brother or parents know where I was.

Then one day my brother happened to see me on the street as I was carrying a market basket for the woman whose husband I lived with. I tried to hide, but he ran up and talked to me sympathetically.

"Your mother is very sad, but your father is still angry," he said. "You needn't go home. You can stay with me and study at a preparatory school."

I went back with him and worked in his shoe shop to earn my way, while studying to pass the middle-school examination.

Both this brother and his young wife were very kind to me. He was a good man and later on often helped me during my troubles. The family always blamed him for encouraging my rebel tendencies. He was sympathetic with me because at nineteen he had also run away from home. He stole some money from father and walked to Seoul, where he earned his way through commercial school as an apprentice in a shoe shop. After two years, he had learned machine work so well that he returned to Phyöngyang and opened his own little shop, buying Japanese leather for shoes. This work prospered, as he was one of the first modern machine shops in the city, and when he died from illness fifteen years later, the shop had a capital of 30,000 yen. My family had no idea how much money he had. Father would never have anything to do with this truant son after he ran away. He was a stern master of his house, like others of the Confucian patriarchal tradition, and never forgave an offense against

filial piety. But mother came to see my brother and me secretly, and he often gave money to help her and my sisters. Father was always heavily in debt, so life was constantly difficult for the family.

My eldest brother, like most privileged first sons in patriarchal families, seemed to bear no relation to his younger brothers. He was arrogant, selfish, and cruel. My second brother and I never had more than polite, formal relations with him. The whole family hated him, while they secretly loved the truant second son. This eldest brother was a farmer and rice merchant, hulling his rice by machine. When he took a second wife, he left his neglected first wife and her four children to live with the family while the other went with him to a separate establishment.

When my second brother died later, he left 10,000 yen in trust at the bank for his two young sons and a total of 20,000 yen for his wife. My eldest brother was surprised to learn of this and set about greedily to take it away from her—trying to assert some medieval rights of primogeniture. The gentle, helpless widow did not know the law, and before she was aware of what was happening the rascal had stolen her 20,000 yen and was trying to get control of the trust fund too. My mother tried to defend her, and the widow begged me by letter to return for a little while to help, but I was busy with revolutionary work in Canton at that time. She and her sons always liked and had confidence in me, and she wanted me to direct the education of the two boys. But I have never been free to help any of my family members at any time.

III

Declaration of Independence

AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS of preparatory study while working in my brother's shoe shop, I was able to pass the middle-school examinations. I entered a Christian school of about three hundred students. The teacher of history and geography happened to come from my home village and liked me, so I was invited to his house for a meal every week. He also taught me literature, and we often talked about China.

We also talked of religion and similar problems. "You and I are both good Christians," he would comment. "We must never forget that Christianity provides the only unity in Korea today and that it has been a great educational force. It is a movement for human emancipation, and that is why Korea is a Christian nation. We Koreans are all idealists, and idealism creates history. The Chinese are too mercenary to be a Christian nation, and they will be destroyed by their materialism. The Japanese are too far backward in the stage of *samurai* feudalism. Korea will lead them both."

Brave words—I thought of my mother and sisters and sister-in-law—always praying in the church and receiving nothing but sorrow for their faith.

Song of Ariran

"But it is futile only to be a Christian and never to act. We have turned the other cheek long enough," I declared.

"You will see," he said mysteriously. "Christianity will be the mother of Korean independence. In Korea it is a symptom of revival, not a mere spiritual religious institution. In the name of religion many great historical happenings have been brought to pass."

Soon afterward something historical did come to pass: March First, 1919.

On that morning the teacher stood solemnly and dramatically before my middle-school class and made a speech full of fine phrases that I have never forgotten—how ironical they sound today:

"Today marks the declaration of Korean independence. There will be peaceful demonstrations all over Korea. If our meetings are orderly and peaceful, we shall receive the help of President Wilson and the great powers at Versailles, and Korea will be a free nation—"

The students shouted, and tears of jubilation streamed down our faces. We jumped up and danced with our arms around each other.

We gathered closely in a little knot to hear what more the teacher had to say.

"They cannot refuse to listen to the voice of a whole nation. President Wilson is fighting at the Peace Conference for the principle of the self-determination of nations and for the principle of democracy for all countries and all peoples. Behind him stands the mightiest nation in the world. America will not permit Japan to enslave Korea. We ask only for independence and democracy. That is the birthright of any nation. We do not oppose with arms or any kind of violence. Our just demand cannot be denied. Ten Thousand Years of Korean Independence!"

"Ten Thousand Years of Korean Independence!" We shouted the slogan again and again. "*Mansei! Mansei!*"

"How can we be sure the Peace Conference will help Korea?" we asked the teacher eagerly.

"Every newspaper in the world will carry the story of our great mass demonstrations," he declared fervently. "When they hear of this in Versailles, they will not forget Korea. Their consciences will be awakened. Japan has only a very small voice in the Peace Conference. The people will not permit their leaders to betray the weak

nations. A new world is beginning. You do not know what great things are happening for mankind. Listen: since 1914 millions of men have been killed in the Great War in Europe. The soldiers of the Allies died to make the world safe for democracy. After this great sacrifice of their sons the people of every nation are rising to demand justice and freedom for every other nation. Korea today joins hands with all the people in the world for liberty! The brotherhood of man will soon be realized! Even Germany will be a democracy with the rest of us. We will join hands with Japan too if she abides by the decisions of the Peace Conference and agrees to the equality of nations. We ask only for friends. We wish to make no enemies.

"You have all been told many times about President Wilson's Fourteen Points. He will defend Korea at the Peace Conference if we strengthen his hand by our peaceful demonstrations. The Armistice was granted only on condition that the Fourteen Points be realized. The Fifth Point says clearly that, on questions of colonial sovereignty, the interests of the colonial population shall have equal weight with those of the governments concerned." The teacher pulled a sheaf of ragged propaganda leaflets from his pocket and referred to them as he talked, though he knew by heart all the glorious phrases that had been spoken, as indeed who did not among the Korean intellectuals in those hopeful days. We students knew them too.

"President Wilson has declared that every arbitrary power everywhere must be destroyed to save the peace of the world and that the settlement of every question of sovereignty must be based only upon the free acceptance of that settlement by the people of the nation concerned and not upon material advantage of the strong military powers who want mastery over such nations.

"Six weeks ago the Peace Conference held its first meeting at Versailles. A few days ago President Wilson made a great speech before the delegates, standing firm on everything he has always stood for. He has said that 'governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed and that no right anywhere exists to hand peoples about from sovereignty to sovereignty as if they were property.' That means he will insist that the will of the people of Korea be respected. Let us make that will heard from heaven to earth! As soon as our patriotic Korean leaders read this speech, they

Song of Ariran

decided to organize a nation-wide demonstration today. We must all join it—men, women, and children—and we Christians must lead. Come with me now."

He led us out into the street where we formed in line with thousands of other students and townspeople and paraded through the city, singing and shouting slogans. I was so happy I thought my heart would burst. Everyone was jubilant. I was so excited I forgot to eat all day. I think millions of Koreans forgot to eat on March First.

One old white-haired man came out on the steps as we passed and shouted with a cracked voice, "Now I can see the independence of Korea before I die!"

A mass meeting was called in the city during the demonstrations, at which the new Declaration of Independence was read, patterned after the American document. I edged my way to the front of the vast throng and listened to it as if it contained the words of eternal destiny. It made the blood pound in my ears, especially the sentence, "If every Korean were to die for this sentiment, the last man would still demand independence." As I look back on this now, it seems strange that there was so much idealistic hope in the world. This manifesto was strongly international in feeling and upheld the principle of peace and common international moral support against that of armed struggle. It called upon China and India to join, and China soon responded after it was discovered that secret treaties between Britain and Japan had already arranged to give part of Shantung to the Japanese.

This was my first awakening to political consciousness, and the power of mass movement shook me to the very roots of my being. I ran through the streets all day and joined every passing demonstration, shouting until my voice was too hoarse to be heard. At night I helped edit a school paper, where we feverishly repeated again and again the grand phrases that were on everybody's lips and that burned into my very soul. I believed that I was an important part of a great world movement and that the millennium had come. The shock of the betrayal from Versailles that came a few weeks later was so great that I felt as though the heart had been torn out of me. What pathetic, naïve creatures we Koreans were then, believing in words!

I had many shocks during those few days. It was like living

through an earthquake. I learned the meaning of force and the futility of nonresistance. At first the Christian spirit of martyrdom seemed very heroic to me; then it appeared stupid. Several times I saw Japanese soldiers fire on groups of Christian women gathered in the street singing hymns and songs of national independence. They also attacked them with swords, and many of the wounded died later in hospitals. The women did not run but stood quietly and raised their eyes to the sky as they redoubled their prayers. When I saw this my first impulse was anger at the Japanese, but this was quickly followed by impatience and irritation at the Christians who would stand so passively waiting for death. My hands itched to take revenge.

One incident made a deep impression on me. I saw a Korean Christian leader crucified outside the west gate of the city. The Japanese nailed him to a cross "as a Christian so he can go to Heaven," they said. Many women came to kneel and pray beside the cross, but they only wept and did nothing. It was my first experience of cold, studied cruelty without provocation.

The next day the Christian congregations all held meetings to pray for the success of the demonstrations. They prayed for President Wilson at the Peace Conference. And they prayed that Japan would listen reasonably to Korea's demands so there would be no bloodshed. Then they marched through the streets singing hymns and other songs. The women and girls all joined. I think every Christian in Korea participated—about 300,000 of them.

At that time in Korea there were only two organized groups which formed the mass basis of the movement on March First: the Christians and the old T'ien Tao Chao (*chundo kyo*). The T'ien Tao Chao is a Korean political-religious organization founded on the struggle in Korea eighty years ago, just after the T'aiping Rebellion in China. Its peasant followers occupied south Korea in opposition to the corrupt feudal dynasty. This religion teaches that "Man is God" and is humanistic in feeling.

In 1919 the T'ien Tao Chao numbered about two million adherents, and had a Farmers' Union, a Women's Union, and Young Men's Union. It has been a Nationalist movement against the Japanese. The Young Men's Union and the Farmers' Union are revolutionary forces in Korea, but the Women's Union is much less so.

The T'ien Tao Chao called on all its followers to join the March

First demonstrations, and village after village participated from one day to another. The members also marched in formation through the streets, singing the old national song of Korea with grim determination. Each time the movement reached down deeper and deeper into the strata of society, beginning with the intellectuals and finally rousing even the remotest farm villagers and the lowest of the coolie class.

Even the Buddhist priests from the Kongosan formed a "Priests' Independence party" and went about among the people encouraging the Nationalist movement. Their land had become smaller and smaller every year, and they were in a strongly anti-Japanese mood. Many of these priests did not believe in Buddhism except as a philosophy and said it was the same as Hegelian idealism.¹ The Kongosan became a safe retreat for patriotic idealists, and after 1919 many young intellectuals went there to study and talk with the priests. Like all educated Koreans I myself like Hegel and Feuerbach and have studied all the old religions and philosophies. I understood early in life that at a certain stage religion is social idealism in practice and not merely spiritual fancy.

Altogether, not less than two million people participated in the demonstrations throughout Korea. Property, farm work, personal safety were all forgotten in the wave of patriotic feeling. I suppose it was one of the most peculiar movements the world has ever seen. It was a spontaneous uprising that was not an uprising, an idealistic "Christian" protest movement, ready for martyrdom but refusing any form of violence. The slogan of the whole movement was very simple: "Struggle Peaceably for Korean Independence." Peacefulness was insisted upon everywhere.

The movement was organized and led by a group called the "Thirty-three Men," who formed the Korean national committee. Most of the leaders were Christians. The rest were members of the T'ien Tao Chao. The head of the T'ien Tao Chao, Sun Pyeng-heui, was the principal mass leader, while an intellectual named Tsueh

¹ Some Kongosan priests later became Marxists, and many studied this philosophy. Others became Nationalists. I know four who became Communist party members. Two of these died in Canton in 1927. One of these, when he died from a wound, said, "Now I am twenty-eight years old, I have acquired no merit. Nor have I ever once kissed a girl. Yet now I must die." A Korean friend sent for his wife to come to kiss him before he died, but it was too late. The other, also not yet thirty, died in the Canton Commune, when sixteen other Koreans were killed by a machine gun. Both of these had been active priests in the Kongosan.—K.S.

Nam-sun, who was believed in by all the Korean intelligentsia, was the ideological inspiration. Tsueh Nam-sun wrote the Korean Declaration of Independence, and it was signed by the "Thirty-three."

Every year on the anniversary of March First, Koreans everywhere re-read this Declaration of Independence and retell the story of the Independence movement and the tales of later patriotic terrorist acts. They make speeches and cry and pray for future success. The police surround all the towns in Korea and detain all the "dangerous thoughts" suspects for this one day. In all the prisons the inmates shout and demonstrate for independence.

What was the result of this experiment in peaceful demonstration? It was as was to be expected:

The Japanese were very confused. They didn't know what to do. Such a movement puzzled them by its intensity no less than by its peaceableness. But they quickly decided. On the second day they arrested the leaders and up to May 21, when the movement stopped, arrested altogether 300,000 people. All the hospitals and schools were turned into prison camps. My middle school was one of these temporary prisons. Two-thirds of those arrested were freed after a short dentention, after having been beaten. The other 100,000 were "legally" arrested and sent to court. About 50,000 of these were sentenced to imprisonment. Not one was executed—there was no legal excuse for this. The Korean civil law forbade this, as the demonstrators had openly and insistently announced that, "We struggle only for Korean independence and not against Japan." Execution was legal only for murder, so the Japanese killed the people on the streets instead of arresting them—a nice Japanese technicality.

On March 7 I was arrested with some other students in a street demonstration and held for three days.

"Why do you demand Korean independence?" the police asked, striking me with a bamboo rod.

"I don't know why, but I do," I answered.

"Will you go out again in a demonstration? If you don't promise not to, you will never be free again."

The Japanese governor rushed through seven decrees, one after another, to suppress the movement. These provided punishment by imprisonment up to ten years for writing, making speeches, participating in demonstrations, or propagandizing in any way for

revolution. There was no Christianity in the methods the Japanese used.

Nearly seven thousand Koreans were killed during the period of suppression. Stories of new atrocities came in hourly. Many of them were doubtless exaggerated. Some of them were not.

Three villages near Suwon were burned. The Japanese burned the Christian church in one village and shot the people as they tried to run out. At Chenchu (Jyunju) the church was also the center of Japanese revenge. About 1,000 people were wounded and killed in these two incidents.

The American missionaries were very angry about this. One American, whom the Koreans called Mok Mu-shih, was arrested for hiding a Korean student in his house. The Japanese demanded a 10,000 yen fine or a year in prison. The American refused both. Finally he paid a small sum and was released.

Another incident occurred near the town of Taikyu, where about 2,000 farmers demonstrated before the police station. The police officer said to them: "I have telephoned the government to ask for Korean independence as you wish, and they will soon reply. Please wait thirty minutes, as the officials are now in a meeting. After that you may go back to your homes."

The simple, honest farmers believed these words. While they waited, Japanese troops sped up in three motor cars and killed thirty men before they could run away.

The Christian churches were special objects of Japanese fury because they represented a cohesive spirit of co-operation as well as of religious independence and they were the centers of American influence, too, which was then very strong in Korea. The Japanese occupied all the churches in our city and forbade religious gatherings.

Before March First I had attended church regularly. I had never questioned the fact that the Christian church was the best institution in Korea, though I thought praying futile. After this débâcle my faith was broken. I thought there was certainly no God and that the teachings of Christ had little application for the world of struggle into which I had been born. One thing made me angry in particular. That was hearing an American missionary tell the people that, "God is punishing Korea for the mistakes she has made. Now Korea is

suffering to pay for these. Later God will let her recover after penance is done. When God wills, Korea will get her independence, not before."

Why should Korea be the only nation to practice Christian ethics, I asked myself. In Europe the Christian nations did not turn the other cheek. Millions of Christians killed each other in the Great War. To fight was to gain victory. Only to pray was to insure failure.

I was dissatisfied with all the teachings of my youth. A torment entered my soul and mind. March First was the beginning of my political career. All over Korea, young men felt the same. The desperate terrorist movement followed logically from the tragedy.

"Cushioned-paw Imperialism"

Yet the movement did not fail completely. It came as a great shock to the Japanese and caused them to move more discreetly in Korea afterward. They had a new respect for our people and a new fear. Reprisals have never ended since—every occasion was made an excuse for new punishment.

Tokyo decided that the movement was not against the imperial government but against the local Japanese governor-general and his policy of armed force. Hence they concluded that it was better to establish a new political and cultural control instead of merely brandishing the sword. In September, 1919, a new governor-general was appointed—Admiral Saito.

He changed the policy to one of peaceful control and tried to utilize the Right Wing against the mass movement. This method we called "cushioned-paw imperialism." Formerly no Korean could open a factory without the permission of the governor-general. Saito changed the industrial laws so that factories could be started freely. He granted civil liberties and freedom of speech and the press in name, but in practice, of course, suppressed it as much as possible. This tactic served to do away with the explosion point. Until 1919 there was not a single Korean newspaper except the official organ of the government. (In 1910 there had been the *Korean Independence News*, but it was suppressed.) In 1919 the new *Oriental Daily News* was started, representing the *bourgeoisie*. Since

then it has been the most influential organ of opinion in Korea, and useful to the Japanese as a barometer of public feeling.²

Before 1919 there was very little collaboration between the Japanese and the Korean *bourgeoisie*. From 1910 to 1919 Japan had controlled the country by using the feudal elements as a buffer and a puppet bureaucracy. After 1919 the power of the Korean *bourgeoisie* was recognized, and Saito began to utilize the Right Wing of the *bourgeoisie* instead of the feudal elements. This policy cleverly broke the Right Wing away from the Nationalist movement.

While the immediate cause of the March First demonstrations was the news of President Wilson's speech at the Versailles Conference promising self-determination to all nations, it was the expression of a long, slowly cumulative Nationalist movement which began in 1907. The greatest driving factor was the Korean Nationalist movement across the border in Manchuria, where the active center of anti-Japanese resistance existed. This movement was led by exiled Korean soldiers and officers. When Korea became a Japanese protectorate after the Russo-Japanese War, the Korean Army had been demobilized. This started one day when about 3,000 Korean soldiers were drilling on the parade ground in Seoul. They were ordered to stack their guns, and each was given a letter from the Korean government and the Japanese saying that the army was to be demobilized and each man must return home. In each letter was ten yen. The soldiers were so surprised they could not speak. Tears rushed to the eyes of some of them, and every man tore up his letter. One officer committed suicide. The Japanese quickly gathered all the guns and put them in the ordnance room. Then some of the unarmed soldiers started to struggle against the armed Japanese, while others broke down the door of the ordnance room and grabbed guns. The Japanese killed three hundred within a few minutes, but the fight continued for three days.

The Korean soldiers struggled against the Japanese for three years until 1910 when a Japanese expedition occupied Korea. During that time the whole country rose to support the soldiers. When the

²In 1920 the *Choson Daily News* was also started, more Leftist in character. It was impossible to edit a revolutionary paper in Korea, and the secret *Korean Independence Daily News* was started by Li Kuang-ssu in Shanghai in 1920, with branches in Manchuria and elsewhere. Copies were smuggled into Korea from the outside. Later, in 1925, the *Chung-wai Erh Pao*, or *Inside-and-Outside News*, was established by a small middle group; it is a liberal paper between the Right and Left. Several other newspapers were started later.—K.S.

principal struggle had failed, part of the soldiers ran away to Manchuria. The commander in chief, Li Tung-hui, led several thousand soldiers to the mountains, and the next year they were driven away to Manchuria.

About 5,000 soldiers retreated to Kirin in east Manchuria. There they organized a military school with several hundred students. In the spring and summer and autumn these soldiers farmed the land to produce their food, and in the winter they studied and kept in training. Every year until 1924 small groups of five, ten, or twenty men came secretly to north Korea and fought guerrilla warfare against the Japanese.

The headquarters of this Korean Army of Independence was a mountain in Kirin Province, but they also had centers in Fengtien Province. They established many schools and training centers. During those years about a million Korean farmers migrated to Manchuria, so the army had a strong base among these exiles. Every one of them dreamed of recapturing his homeland some day.

A basic internal reason for the Nationalist movement was that, during the Great War, Korean industry developed somewhat, stimulated by war demands, and the Korean *bourgeoisie* felt strong enough to demand independence.

The idea of Korean independence and democracy came direct from America—just as the hope for its immediate realization in 1919 stemmed from President Wilson. When Japan occupied Korea in 1910, all the Nationalist intellectuals fled to America. There they studied political methods, and in 1919 they returned to Korea. These “returned students” were called the “American Democracy” group. Most of them were Christians. They represented a middle-class political group—nearly all were teachers, students, journalists, lawyers, and doctors.

Still another reason was that Japan itself was affected by the post-war wave of liberalism that flooded over the whole world and was considered therefore to be likely not to oppose some form of change for Korea.

The Chinese students and teachers in Peking were considerably affected by the news of the demonstrations on Korea, and even before the movement stopped, they organized the May Fourth movement in Peking, the first demonstration of the kind in China. The Koreans in the city participated in these enthusiastically. Korean

students and exiles in Peking did a good deal of propaganda there. They organized plays and lectures and had small demonstrations and tried to rouse the Chinese to common action. They gave copies of the Korean Declaration of Independence to the Chinese to read, underlining the words it contained: "Our struggle is breaking the sleep of four hundred million Chinese. China can join with Korea, and India will also rise. This is a world movement and it will carry on."

China was then having its own troubles with Japan and the Peace Conference. The powers seemed willing to give over Kiaochow in Shantung Province to the Japanese, who had taken it away from the Germans during the war, and the Chinese students rose to demand "justice" from Versailles.

The Korean movement served to waken the Chinese to the dangers of Japanese imperialism and also encouraged them to make similar demands and protests against the Peace Conference, which was betraying Korea and China equally. The movements were similar in nature. Both pledged themselves to democracy. Both were against Japanese imperialism. Both based their hopes on Wilson's promises to weak nations. Both were demonstrations organized to influence the great powers to render aid. In Korea, however, it was a mass movement throughout the peninsula, while in China it was merely a student uprising and cultural movement, only indirectly supported by the people in general, though its influence was widely felt after a time.

What a great disillusionment was to come for the eager peoples of the Far East—for Japan and China and India no less than for Korea! The solution of the colonial question was only a mockery. "Self-determination" was only a slogan under which the great powers consolidated their empires. America deserted the League of Nations, and Britain and France utilized it to maintain the *status quo* in their own interests. Youth in China and Korea soon turned to Soviet Russia for hope, and China redirected its wrath against the British.

The uncompromising Japanese response to a peaceful appeal for some basis of equality had the effect of rousing Korean youth to wild individual action and terrorism. Hundreds of them went to Shanghai where terrorist societies were formed to harass the Japanese. The Nationalists and the "American Democracy" group set

up their own exiled independent Korean Provisional Government in Shanghai out of the fabric of a broken dream.

Since 1919, there has been no other important mass uprising in Korea. Activities were carried on from exile.⁸ The movement at home went into a preparatory period for the day of final struggle. My own life has followed closely this tortuous double path.

⁸The Korean government in exile was revived in Chungking, China, in 1940.—N.W.

IV

Tokyo School Days

SHORTLY AFTER the March First movement had subsided, I decided to try to earn my way through college in Japan. Tokyo then was the Mecca for students all over the Far East and a refuge for revolutionaries of many kinds. Every Korean student wanted to go there for higher education, as no good colleges existed at home and Japanese schools were at that time liberal and full of postwar intellectual excitement.

Father had no money, however, and strongly opposed my desire. I decided that if no one should help me I would run away secretly. In the end, my second brother came to the rescue, as always—and was blamed again for making a rebel of me. He wanted me to study medicine and gave me 100 yen, which was enough for about five months' schooling.

The Lumpen-intelligentsia and the Eggshells

I found a room with a friend named Pak Kun and another student. We paid twelve yen a month for this. I soon found a job delivering eighty newspapers before eight o'clock in the morning, for

which I received ten yen a month. Another student tutored me in chemistry and algebra while I prepared to enter Tokyo Imperial University.

Over a third of the Korean students in Tokyo then earned their way through school by part-time jobs. Usually they pulled jinrickshas, delivered newspapers or milk, or corrected proof at printing houses. (So many hungry students stole the milk off the streets in the morning while still warm, however, that the Japanese installed little milk boxes with keys to prevent this.) Other students worked in the many little sweatshop factories. These Korean boys were a picturesque element in the life of Tokyo, though most of the Japanese thought them a very bad element. Six hundred of the students pulled jinrickshas. Several times I myself pulled one to meet the trains, and the fare from a single ride was enough to live on for a whole day. It was good money, but no Chinese or Japanese students would stoop to do this work. We bought their cast-off clothes at secondhand shops. Since 1910 Korean students had migrated to Tokyo and struggled through school in this manner. They were menials for the Japanese, but these wages made Japan pay for their education.

We poor Korean students sometimes went out in small groups to ask for old books and magazines and clothing at people's houses. All the Japanese housewives and girls were kind. They liked the Korean students and often even gave us new things. We did not beg but always paid a little for what was given us. If a pretty Japanese girl came to the door, the group usually tried to be invited in to sit down awhile—and got a very good bargain. If the owner of the house were rude and refused them, the students would become impudent and demand to examine the house to see if he were not lying. We divided all the old books, magazines, and newspapers collected in this way and sold them to secondhand bookshops and stalls.

I delivered my eighty newspapers early in the morning, went to school, then every afternoon at four put on working clothes for whatever job I happened to have.

Once when Pak Kun and I went to a house to "buy" old books, we got into a fight with the owner because he swore at us. This Japanese happened to be good at jiujitsu, and Pak Kun received a

broken nose. After that we always tried to call when the husbands were not at home.

Pak Kun was put into prison in 1929. Even in 1919 his attitude, often expressed to the Japanese, was that "we should confiscate the property of the Japanese to pay for all they have looted from Korea."

There were two definite classes among the Korean students in Japan—those who worked and those who had money. The one-third of the students who were poor "work-and-study" students were called by the others the "*Lumpen*-proletariat." We, however, usually referred to ourselves as the "*Lumpen*-intelligentsia" and called them "Eggshells," meaning that they had pretty white skin and nothing but softness inside. Korean workers traditionally refer to the upper class as "eggshells," and we borrowed this from them.

"One blow of the fist is enough to smash their pretty faces in," we said.

We also referred to them scornfully as the "hot-house class."

We 800 "*Lumpens*" dominated the entire body of Korean students and called our rule the "dictatorship of the proletariat." We ran all student meetings and lectured the "Eggshells" at will, with plentiful doses of proletarian philosophy. Our work-and-study section was far more advanced intellectually than the others. All studied Marxism. Poverty and struggle sharpen the brain and give reality to knowledge. The rich "Eggshells" were terrified of us and privately referred to us as "bandits."

Once, at a big festival, many rich students spent a good deal of money for a feast. We "*Lumpens*" went in a body to the restaurant, ordered chopsticks, and sat down to eat with them without being invited. Some rich students were smart enough to pay us tribute and often invited us specially to birthday dinners and such feasts—just as gangsters are paid off.

Sometimes we were more romantic. We would burst in on a feast and in high Tolstoyan phrases demand to know how the rich could eat while we hundreds were starving. Then we overturned the tables and walked out in great disdain—nursing our hunger and pride.

The Japanese hated to rent rooms to the "*Lumpens*" because they seldom paid their rent but moved out in a high dudgeon whenever it was suggested by the landlord, caring nothing about being arrested. We called the police station "the only free hotel."

The heyday of the student "*Lumpen*" period in Tokyo was during the days following the World War. After that the movement declined, and by 1927 it had practically disappeared. However, it revived in Japan later.

Many famous Korean leaders earned their way through college pulling jinrickshas in Tokyo. Three of these founded the Korean Young Men's Independence party in Tokyo just before I arrived.

Before 1919 there were usually from 1,000 to 2,000 Korean students in Japan, and in the years immediately following the number increased to about 3,000 or more. Since 1927 it has averaged from 2,000 to 3,000. From a third to half the total number either earn their way entirely or partly. When they have finished school, most Korean students can find no work. Under Japan Korea has little use for an educated class—yet what a vast need would be created if she had a free and independent existence for natural development!

Korean intellectuals and students have to work so hard to keep alive that actually they are half-proletarian. Their status is not at all the same as in other countries where the economic system can take care of its educated youth. We estimate that today 70% of the Korean students are Communist sympathizers. Most of those who return from Japan, Germany, and Russia would like to be party members. Those who study in America and France are not in this class—they are "gentlemen" and only want good positions and the "Christian" type of activity. They could never have gone abroad without money originally, and their economic status is usually good. Before 1919 the Nationalist leaders were mostly returned students from America, and most of the higher-educated intellectuals went to school either in America or Japan. After 1919 all the leadership came from Japan. The Communists are nearly all Japanese-returned students. They learn their theory in Tokyo and their tactics in organization and action from China.

I was surprised to find the Japanese in Japan so different from those in Korea. This was logical enough, as the clerks and agents of imperialism are naturally hired to suppress the colonials and their attitude becomes entirely different from those at home. I liked many of the Japanese I became acquainted with in Tokyo. In 1919 a revolutionary class began to develop in Japan. At that time the Anarchists were the principal radical element, but soon the Communist movement gained momentum. Japanese make very good

comrades. Japanese Communists are honest and strong and not afraid to sacrifice. They become passionately devoted to their cause. I like those I have known very much indeed. In China the nationalist tendency even in the Communist movement is very strong because of fighting against colonialism, but there is none of this tendency in the Japanese Communist movement. They never distinguish between Korean or other foreign comrades as the Chinese do, but are really international-minded.

Student life in Japan was very stimulating. Many excellent new magazines were being published there, dealing with all kinds of social science and any kind of orthodox and unorthodox economic theories. There was a big Korean Y.M.C.A. in Tokyo, which was a center of Korean student life, and also a large Korean Association. Tokyo not only harbored the 3,000 Korean students but 1,000 other Korean intellectuals, including revolutionary exiles of various kinds. About 200,000 Korean laborers lived in various parts of Japan. Relations between the liberal Japanese and the Koreans were good, and a spirit of Far Eastern internationalism was developing under the leadership of these Japanese. Both Japanese and Koreans watched eagerly for signs of new international democratic movements in the West. Japan relaxed its nationalistic vigilance for awhile, feeling relieved of the danger of threats from rival imperialist aggression after Versailles. Yet only four years later, with the Japanese earthquake, came the great pogrom, breaking this dream. . . .

Earthquake and Pogrom

The earthquake of September, 1923, was the greatest natural disaster in Japanese history. Nearly the whole of Tokyo and Yokohama were destroyed. Telephone and telegraph wires were broken, and the population was in a state of extreme tension.

After the earthquake, Japan went into a pathological state of fanatical terrorism, as sometimes happens there, and carried out a pogrom against the Koreans. Six thousand Koreans living in Japan were massacred, including 1,000 students, while 600 Chinese were also killed.

The reason is not difficult to explain. Japan was in the throes of a postwar economic crisis. When the earthquake came, the ruling class feared a new uprising comparable to the great rice riots of

1918, which would involve, not only the peasantry, but the factory workers whose livelihood had been destroyed by the disaster. Hence they quickly organized terrorist action against a minority in order to forestall such an uprising and frighten the Japanese people themselves. The government tried to divert the wrath of the people away from itself and to distract their attention.

On September 3 the government authorized a broadcast to the people by the chief of police in Tokyo, warning that Korean Anarchists and Nationalists, in co-operation with Japanese Anarchists, were burning houses, killing people, and stealing money and property. The people were asked to "use all necessary measures" to protect themselves and their property. This announcement was posted in all public places. It was a lie, and the majority of the people did not know what to think. But the reactionaries were already secretly mobilized in squads of 20 to 100 and lost no time in starting the massacre, using knives, bamboo poles, swords, hammers, and scythes.

Many Koreans were put to death by slow torture with bamboo stakes, while their torturers stood around and applauded. Young girl students and women were tortured with bamboo spikes, then tossed up and down on blankets by the men until they died. If a Korean were found on a train, he was thrown off when the engine was moving at high speed. In Tokyo, Koreans were asked to come to military headquarters for protection. Eight hundred went, and every one of them was killed inside the headquarters.

The 3,000 deaths occurred mostly in Tokyo, Osaka, and Nagoya—the industrial centers of unrest. On September 5, the Tokyo government ordered that the killing stop and that all Koreans must be protected by the police. They then deported about 100,000 to Korea.

During those days when our fellow-countrymen were being massacred, *every Korean family had to contribute free rice to help the Japanese*. Two million tan of rice we gave to save Japan from starvation! This is the pleasure derived from being a subject race. At the same time the Japanese government in Korea robbed the people indirectly by keeping the local price of rice low and making a good profit thereby. Rice sold in Japan for thirty sen was forcibly bought from our farmers for seven sen.

Since 1923 the Koreans have never trusted the Japanese, nor do the Japanese trust them. Some have had to work with their conquer-

ors because they must either earn a living or die, and a certain element has been degraded to the status of *ronin* mercenaries because of their economic helplessness. But in his heart every Korean is only waiting for "the day," and the Japanese know it.

The events of 1923 had many repercussions. Several important Japanese politicians became frightened at what they had done, realizing that after that treacherous massacre no nation in the Far East would be deceived as to the true content of Japanese "friendship." Korea stood out as an object lesson to all. For this reason, Japan began ardently promoting the "Pan-Asiatic brotherhood" idea and has been elaborating frantically upon this theme ever since. The reactionary movement which later became Fascist in Japan also dates from the fears and uncertainties of that year. At the same time, this affair had a great political influence upon all Koreans and led to an important political realignment: the radicalization of the Nationalist movement and the destruction of even passive friendliness for Japan. Everywhere in Korea you can find families whose relatives were killed in Japan in 1923. The Nationalists are so bitter that, when the Communists talk of co-operating with the Japanese proletariat, they always point to 1923, and it is hard to convince them that any Japanese can be trusted.

I remember that when we read in the papers that America had rushed nurses, doctors, food, and clothes by the shipload to Japan after the earthquake, we wondered how Americans could be so kind and friendly to a country which was reviling America with every kind of epithet and whose government was cruelly ordering the massacre of thousands of helpless Koreans who received no sympathy or aid from anywhere. That was the period of Japan's greatest antipathy toward America because of the Washington Conference a few months before.

After 1923 many students and other Koreans went to China instead of Japan, and for two years I think none went to Japan. Koreans turned to China for co-operation against imperialism and reaction. Most of these students participated in revolutionary activities, either for the Chinese Revolution or the Korean cause. Then, when the Kuomintang turned reactionary in 1927, few Korean students went to China, and circumstances forced them again to turn to Japan for education. Since 1927 I think there has been an average of

2,000 or 3,000 Korean students in Japan. Because the level of culture in China was low and no jobs for educated Koreans available, student life there was extremely hard, as one cannot live without money. Having no families, nor any source of support in China, it required the greatest sacrifice on the part of those Koreans engaged in revolutionary or anti-Japanese activities there. It was difficult even to keep alive.

The Kuomintang reaction had a very bad effect upon the Korean movement. Had it not occurred, a good revolutionary alliance would have been formed between China and Korea. With the combined forces of the proletariat, peasantry, and national *bourgeoisie* of both countries, including Manchuria, our mutual success might easily have been assured. Thus the Kuomintang reaction was of signal aid to the Japanese in destroying the spirit of Korea, a fact of which Japan was gratefully aware at the time. After the counter-revolution in China in 1927, Koreans of every political group said bitterly, "Our whole world has been broken."

I have seen much of class hatred, of racial hatred, of personal hatred, of hatred between nations—so much that cruelty no longer has any meaning for me as a moral value. I am stirred by victories and roused by defeats, but the cruelty by means of which these are achieved I take for granted. I would be greatly stirred by some historic change without cruelty, but this would be like the realization of a beautiful dream. Long ago I lost all the Utopian fancies of my youth.

V

Crossing the Yalu River

I DECIDED TO LEAVE Japan and try to make my way to Soviet Russia to attend school. I had discovered that Tokyo was merely a secondary intellectual center and that Moscow was the primary source of the "new thought." By this time I had studied a little social science, and Kropotkin, in particular, had influenced me. I then thought communism and anarchism were the same thing.

I went back to Korea to try somehow to get money for my trip. I had to be very careful to let no one suspect my intention. Luck was with me: I was staying with my second brother, and he entrusted me with 200 yen to take to my family. I ran away with the whole sum and took a small boat to Antung where I slipped over the border into Manchuria and escaped the officials. Freedom and high adventure lay before me. I had "crossed the Yalu River."

At a small station, I took the train to Harbin. There I discovered that no trains were running because of the war conditions due to the Allied intervention in Siberia. I decided to go instead to the Korean Nationalist military school in south Manchuria. In an unhappy frame of mind because of my failure, I set out alone to walk the 700 li.

It took me over a month. . . .

A Trek of Seven Hundred Li

I could have hired a Chinese cart the whole distance for only \$30, but my confiscated treasure now amounted to only \$130, and I hoarded it like a miser. I was only fifteen years old, and life seemed very precarious.

There were no Korean inns on the way, and I stayed at Chinese inns in the villages. For fifteen cents you could have all you wanted of *kaoliang*, *tofou* and *pai-ka'erh* wine, and spend the night on a communal *k'ang*. The inns were so dirty that I could hardly eat there and often went out to buy noodles and cakes at a street stall instead. There were as many men on a lice-ridden *k'ang* as it would hold, and I could not sleep. I was afraid of the rough men I consort ed with—muleteers and farmers and, I imagined, some robbers among them. They got drunk and snored loudly. This did not keep anyone but myself awake, however. Though I had a Korean-Chinese dictionary with me, I could not speak any Chinese, and they seemed suspicious of me.

I was in constant fear of bandits on the road and of robbers at night, though actually I had no trouble. Every night I went out and buried my money in the ground. Then at daybreak I dug it up and left the inn without breakfast.

Often I ran to hide myself at the side of the road from the curiosity of the farmers who came along. I could not answer their greetings, not daring to betray that I was a foreigner.

Day after day I stumbled through the deep cart ruts, stopping to rest in the bushes when I was too tired to keep on. The cold winter winds swept slowly over these broad plains, as slowly as the ancient peasant women, too poor to buy a new broom, sweeping the snow from their cottage doors inside the courtyard as I passed by.

Near the end of my trip I met a young Korean in one of the inns, and we traveled together. He took me with him to stay at the house of a Korean farmer next night. This poor farmer had a big family with only two rooms to live in, but he would not take any money from us and let us sleep with his boys in one room. His house was made of rice stalks, and he owned only one ox.

At one village we went to a Korean school. The teacher welcomed us and said to me, "In a few days our school will have to close. The

Chinese government has ordered that all Koreans must go to Chinese schools. If you will wait a few days, we will all go together."

I decided to wait, and the young farmer went on without me.

Everyone in the village was unhappy about the oppression of Koreans by the local Chinese governor, and the fifty students sat discussing it uneasily. A mass meeting was called, and some Korean farmers came to have tea and listen to the speeches. I learned that the immediate reason given for closing the school was this: A few days previously a group of Chinese bandits had passed on their way to hide in the mountains. That afternoon the government troops arrived in pursuit and demanded to know where the bandits had gone. There were two roads, and the teacher directed the troops to the wrong road so they would be sure to take the *right* one. The reason for this was that the troops always went in the *opposite* direction from what the people told them in order to *avoid finding the bandits*.

The troops took the road opposite from that indicated by the teacher, as he knew they would, and to their surprise met the bandits and had a fight. The troops retreated with many wounded and dead, and when they returned to the village again the commander accused the teacher of telling a lie and was very angry because he had accidentally met the enemy he did not want to find and had suffered a big loss. The result of his displeasure was the closing of the school.

All the Koreans in Manchuria wanted to go back to Korea and dreamed of the day of independence for which they were waiting impatiently. Their houses all leaked, and they did not trouble to repair them, for, they said, "Why should we make repairs? Soon Korea will be independent, and we will go back home." That was nearly twenty years ago! In every Korean community along the way the atmosphere was stiflingly religious, either Presbyterian or Methodist. The people were in an emotional state, and mass prayers for independence were held morning and night everywhere we went.

One of my experiences was very exciting. At Sanyuanp'u I was sleeping in the dormitory of a primary school near the river. This was a democratic little town. Together with 3,000 Chinese, there were about 1,000 Koreans living in the town, and 7,000 near by. The Koreans had their own "people's government" and court, and practiced real self-government. They were true nationalists and spoke

only Korean. The schools taught English and a little Japanese but no Chinese.

After midnight on January 3, we heard firing and the hoofbeats of horses. Bandits surrounded the school and held prisoner all eighty of the school children and the teacher. They brought also thirty Korean men as prisoners and demanded a ransom of \$200 each for every man and child or else the prisoners would be kidnapped. The Koreans immediately brought \$200 for each of the thirty men and for twenty of the children. These were all released, but there was no money to pay for the rest, and the bandits also released those who looked ragged and poor. But when they were convinced the village really had no more money, they released everyone and decamped at seven o'clock in the morning.

Eight hundred "mounted bandits" had occupied the town, all romantically riding white horses, and twenty Koreans were killed in the fighting. The bandits had demanded money from every shop and ordered pigs and chickens to be killed and the women to prepare good food for them instantly. Manchurian bandits have a very strict code. They never harm women, but only demand money. They always send a letter in advance telling the exact time they will arrive and stating how much money to have ready for them. This they estimate carefully. They never demand anything from the No. 1 feudal landlords because in Manchuria these pay a regular tribute to the bandits and sometimes give money and bullets to help the bandit raids—afterward sharing the profits. Also they do not rob by design from the poor but raid the middle class. When a person is kidnapped, they have a regular routine. First they send back the ears, then the fingers, and finally the head if no ransom is paid.

That afternoon, the Chinese troops arrived.

"We must stay to protect you," they said. "Perhaps the bandits will return."

Then they ordered food and drink, and the whole town had to pay for them—poor and rich alike. They stayed for a week, getting fat.

Of course, everyone knew the bandits would not return. No doubt the troops had an understanding with them all along.

These two raids "washed the town clean," as the saying was. Then it was to be left in peace until enough money and pigs and chickens had been accumulated to make another raid worth-while.

I lived for three weeks in the home of the pastor in this town. He took a fancy to me and offered to adopt me as a son, and said that if I did not want this he would like me to marry his daughter later, anyway. But I refused, saying that I had parents enough already and that I had vowed never to marry. He was very unhappy about my refusal.

I liked his daughter well enough. I was then fifteen, and the interest she showed in me suddenly awakened my awareness of girls. Until that time I had had no consciousness of sex. Now I found myself shy and tongue-tied in her presence. I wanted to talk with her, but every time I came near I felt oppressed and unfree and wanted to run away. I thought she was the prettiest girl I had ever seen, and my heart used to beat fast whenever I looked at her. Though she was only fourteen, I felt that she was mysterious and beyond my understanding. I wanted to know more about her but dared not talk with her on any personal things at all. Instead, I threw myself with silent devotion into helping her with her lessons. I wrote many essays for her and toiled over her mathematics every day.

I began to lose my appetite and to stay awake nights wondering if marriage were so bad after all. I decided that I might come back some day and that if I still liked her I might consider it. But she would have to be worthy of being a hero's wife. By that time, I reasoned, I would no longer fall in love with a pretty face, and unless she measured up to all requirements in education and intelligence, I would naturally not like her at all, and my problem would solve itself.

The two sons taught in primary school and also in Sunday school. I became well acquainted with them and with other teachers. I liked them all very much, and they offered to give me a job as a primary-school teacher. However, I clung to my resolution to attend the military school, and at the end of three weeks one of the sons took me to Hami-ho.

The Korean Army of Independence

At last I had arrived at my destination—the military school of the Korean Army of Independence at Hami-ho. The "New Development" School it was called—a more discreet title. But when I tried to enter the school they would not even consider me, a small boy

of fifteen! Eighteen was the minimum age. I was heartbroken and wept tragically. Finally, when the full story of my long pilgrimage was known, they decided I must be exceptional material and let me take the examinations. I passed in geography, mathematics, and the Korean language but failed in Korean history and in the stiff physical examination. Nevertheless I was permitted to enter the school for the term of three months, free of tuition.

The place was mountainous, and the school consisted of eighteen separate classrooms ranged along the mountainside for secrecy. Nearly 100 students were enrolled, from 18 to 30 years of age. I was the youngest ever to enter the school, they told me. Classes opened at four o'clock in the morning, and lights were out at nine in the evening. We studied military tactics and drilled with firearms. But the strictest requirement was to be able to climb fast up the mountains—guerilla tactics. The other men were iron-muscled and long skilled in climbing. I was able to trundle along after them only by courtesy. We practiced carrying stones on our backs so that we could run very easily when without any burden. Careful study was given to Korean topography, especially that of northern Korea—in preparation for The Day. In off time I dug into Korean history with a will.

I found that I could live the hard life after a little practice and enjoyed my training. The mountain was very beautiful in the spring. Hearts were buoyant with hope, and eyes were bright with expectancy. What could we not do for freedom?

Were there not nearly a million Korean exiles in Manchuria all eager to recapture their homeland? And hundreds of thousands of others in Siberia? Three hundred thousand of us were here together in the south, and other legions of hard-handed farmers in the north. Some had emigrated to Manchuria long before, during a great famine, pioneers in the wilderness where only tribes had roamed. Not until the overthrow of their dynasty in China in 1910 had the Manchus permitted the Chinese to enter—then they flooded in, about thirty million strong. After 1907 a million Koreans left their homeland for Manchuria. We have a saying that “for every Japanese who came to Korea, thirty Koreans left the country.” “One Korean in every twenty” was exiled from the land of his “twenty million countrymen,” as the population of Korea is roughly estimated. Most of these went to Manchuria and Siberia. Some became fishermen in the North Pole areas. Some went to China, others to America and

Mexico and Hawaii. Three hundred thousand workers were in Japan. Most of those who went abroad were Christians.

Every fighting Korean exile felt his power multiplied by a million. But it was not true. Space rendered us alien to each other. But it was a comfortable thought, and the tide of nationalism ran high.

On the first anniversary of March First, big memorial meetings were held. Our school had a holiday, and I went back to Sanyuanp'u where a memorial meeting was held. In addition to the 300 students at the middle school, other Koreans came from near by, and the occasion was tense with patriotic feeling. There were then three Korean middle schools in Manchuria and 1,200 primary schools, as well as the two secret military schools started by the Army of Independence to keep young men in training. Every winter the irregulars in Manchuria went back to Korea to fight against the Japanese and to get money to buy guns. The population in Korea were eager to help them, but the army did not know how to organize such support effectively.

When my three months' term was up in June, I stayed one week at the school just for the fun of it. Then I went back to Sanyuanp'u to see the pastor again—and his pretty daughter. I spent nearly a month there, playing tennis, swimming in the lake, and fishing with a net. And I liked the daughter better and better.

In June, the pastor secured a job for me as teacher at a primary school 80 li away which was under his administration. I received no money but lived in the homes of the students one month at a time. I taught everything except drawing and singing, and on Sunday I had to lead in prayer and teach Sunday school. Religion was very dear to these mountain farmers, and I could not criticize it but had to submit to the orthodoxy of the place. The church was not only a place of worship but the social center, and its value for this even I could see. I thought to leave the form and revolutionize the content. And here in Manchuria its content was already far more revolutionary than in Korea itself.

I did not intend to bury myself in any village, however idyllic in appearance, and after only three months of teaching determined to go to Shanghai to study politics and science and to join the revolutionary movement. Shanghai was then the new center of the Nationalist movement where the Korean provisional government was functioning. I still had \$80 of the money with which I had left

Harbin the year before, and this was more than enough to pay my traveling expenses.

I went to tell the pastor of my plan and to say good-by to his daughter. When I told him that I wanted to go away to study, he said, "That is good. If your father cannot help I will send you money when you need it, because I believe you are a fine boy and that you have a splendid future." He said that he also wanted to send his daughter to a good school after two more years and asked me to help her and to take care of her in Peking or elsewhere when the time came. I promised to do this faithfully.

There were tears in my eyes as I left the old pastor and his family, for I had learned to love all of them very much. He was a very kind and generous man. I think of him even now when I need a memory of true goodness to sustain my faith in human nature. But I never saw An Tung-hsi or his daughter again. . . .

It was lucky for me that I did not decide to stay with An Tung-hsi. A great tragedy was to befall all these good people, only a few weeks after I left:

At the end of 1920, the Korean Army of Independence occupied Hunch'un, killing nearly all the Japanese there. Tokyo sent two divisions of troops to destroy the Army, which, however, escaped to Siberia. In revenge the Japanese troops massacred the civilian population, killing over 6,000 Koreans. Women and babies were bayoneted, and many of the leaders were buried alive.

And what happened to An Tung-hsi and his family? He and his wife and daughter were forced to look on while his two sons were cut alive into three parts. Then the old pastor was forced to dig his own grave with his bare fingers and to lie in it while the Japanese soldiers slowly buried him alive. After being forced to witness these deaths, the wife drowned herself in a river. What happened to the fourteen-year-old daughter, my first schoolboy love, I never could find out. But I have always hated to think of it.

The only person who survived among the many I had met in Sanyuanp'u was Chao Ying, the school teacher, who told me about the incident when I met him in Peking two years later.

The Korean Army did not stop fighting the Japanese, however. Four thousand partisans fought during the winter with little food and no warm clothing, until only one thousand were left. During the fighting they had killed nearly two thousand Japanese troops.

VI

Shanghai, Mother of Exiles

As THE S. S. *Fengtien* moved slowly up the yellow Whangpoo River that winter's day in 1920, the great city of Shanghai reared its skyline challengingly at me from the bund. But I was nearly sixteen and unafraid.

I bargained with the driver of a horse carriage to take me to the office of the Korean provisional government for eighty cents. He had asked for \$1.00. When I arrived he demanded \$3.00 and would not let me get out of the carriage. There was nobody on the street to help me, so I firmly demanded to drive on to the Korean People's Association, where I nonchalantly handed him \$1.50 and hoped I had removed his impression of me as a country yokel. I had expected him at any moment to drive me to some side street and rob me of my money.

At the Association I introduced myself to one of the officers. He took me to a Korean hostel where I could get board and room for \$15.00 a month. There I ate at the same table with him, and we became well acquainted. Later this man figured in a terrorist bombing escapade with a beautiful actress, and after imprisonment for

this in Korea he joined the Manchukuo army and secretly released thirty Korean prisoners of war.

I easily secured a job as Korean proofreader and typesetter at the *Korean Independence News*, with a wage of \$20.00 a month. This was the secret radical Nationalist paper edited by Li Kuang-su, which was first established in Shanghai and afterward published elsewhere. Copies were smuggled into Korea.

In the evenings I went to the Korean Ying Seng School, where I studied English. I also studied Esperanto and the theory of anarchism, and in free time explored every phase of Korean life and activity in Shanghai, becoming acquainted with all the Korean revolutionary exiles there. On tram cars I rode all over the city just to look around.

Shanghai was a new world to me, my first glimpse of Western material culture and of Western imperialism at work. I was fascinated by this vast, polyglot city with all its opulence and all its misery.

After the March First movement in 1919 was suppressed by the Japanese, the French Concession in Shanghai had become the principal directing point for Korean revolutionary activity. Three thousand Korean political exiles had gathered there, where they had formed the independent Korean provisional government in opposition to the Japanese set-up in Seoul and to Governor-General Saito's spurious plans for Korean "self-government." The preliminary meetings for the formation of this government began in August, 1919, and in the winter of the same year the government opened its office in the French Concession, with the Korean flag flying proudly over the building. The principal organizers were General Li Tung-hui and some returned students from abroad, and the government received secret financial support from sympathizers in Korea and Manchuria. Rhee Syngman¹ was elected president and General Li Tung-hui, chairman or premier. The government had its own parliament and press, and established branch offices everywhere Korean centers existed abroad. It had a military school in Shanghai, which graduated 200 students the first term and 80 the second.

¹ Rhee Syngman is still technically the elected president of Korea. He went to Geneva after Japan took Manchuria on September 18, 1931, to demand more "diplomatic" solutions to the Korean problem.—K.S.

The French refused to suppress Korean activities, for the provisional government paid squeeze to the French authorities for protection and sent delegates to Paris to explain its reason for existence.² At that time France was anxious to extend "French culture" and influence in the Orient.

The first parliament was held on March 1, 1920, when a democratic constitution was adopted. Two slogans were for democracy and independence. I often went as a spectator to the meetings of this parliament.

From 1919 to 1924 there were two Nationalist groups in opposition to each other: The "American" group versus the "Siberia-Manchuria" group.

The "American" group gained its name from the fact that it had depended upon America and President Wilson to aid Korean independence. Its leader, the Ph. D. from America named Rhee Syng-man, had been a schoolmate of President Wilson and had complete confidence in him. We must use the diplomatic method and bring pressure on the great democratic powers to secure international justice for Korea, they said devoutly. Practically, they based their hopes upon the contradictions between Japan and America in the Pacific.

Most of the Koreans from Korea followed the "American" group, especially the Christians, together with returned students from abroad and intellectuals generally. These were all "gentlemen." Most of them spoke good English. They actually expected to get Korean independence by being able to speak persuasive English! They would not even help the Terrorists in their program for demoralizing the Japanese. The "American" group had a majority in the parliament, with 100 members.

The "Siberia-Manchuria" group had only 80 representatives. It

² After 1925 the French Concession was not so good, as the French were not sympathetic with the new Korean Communist movement. The French now no longer protect the Koreans, but they refuse to permit the Japanese to come in and arrest them secretly as is the case in other places. The French began to extradite Koreans in 1926 because of their participation in the Chinese Revolution—this frightened the French imperialists. The British had never protected the Koreans in Shanghai, and many were arrested on the streets of the International Settlement.

During 1926 and 1927 and up to the present the French and Japanese have co-operated in arresting Korean revolutionaries. After the Hongkew Park bombing by a Korean in 1932, the French arrested twenty, including old revolutionaries who had been living there over ten years, such as An Ch'ang-ho, Li W'en-hung, Chou Pong-am, and Hung Nam-pao.—K.S.

was led by General Li Tung-hui, the earliest Nationalist leader, who had fought the Japanese for years. This group wanted to organize open warfare with the Japanese. They said 10,000 Korean troops could cross the Yalu River in a month and annihilate all the Japanese in Korea. Most of its members came from exile in Manchuria and Siberia, where they had constantly waged partisan warfare along the Korean border.

When parliament rejected his program, General Li was so disgusted at their "gentlemanly" naïveté that he resigned and said he would never co-operate with the government again but would only do work for the Communist party.

General Li Tung-hui: an Officer, not a "Gentleman"

The most picturesque figure that I met in Shanghai was this old General Li Tung-hui, my childhood hero. He had been a folk hero of Korea before 1900 and was at this time over fifty years of age. General Li was tall and strong and full-chested, with a big bushy military mustache which made him look like the pictures of the marshals of France.

I often went with him and other friends to the French Park near Avenue Joffre, where he told us stories of his life and numerous adventures and made us pledge to keep up the good fight for freedom and independence that he had started so long ago. His life represents the period of the Nationalist and revolutionary movement from 1907 down to the formation of the first Communist party.

General Li told us that his father was a Confucian scholar and his family a feudal landlord house. He was born in Hankiang Province in north Korea, and I thought him typical of the best kind of Han River people, who are brave and eager for struggle, while the southerners are more cultured and passive. He was a very fine officer, but he despised the gold-braided "gentlemen" of the cadet school as much as he deplored the golden-tongued "gentlemen" of the diplomatic school, though he was himself a graduate of Tokyo Imperial Military Academy. He admired the hard-handed Korean pioneers in Siberia and Manchuria and had great faith in the people's volunteers and in any kind of armed struggle, though he had fought and failed many times in his life.

Upon his return from Tokyo, Li Tung-hui helped organize the

new army school in Seoul. He was one of the most promising young officers and even before the Russo-Japanese War was given command of one division in the Korean Army. By 1910 he was commander in chief.

When the Japanese troops drove General Li and his soldiers out of Korea in 1911, they fled to Manchuria. Li immediately started new resistance movements and schools among the Koreans in Manchuria and Siberia, doing educational work and organizing Korean co-operatives among the farmers.

Li Tung-hui was one of the first Koreans to become a Communist, influenced by the Russian example. Korea is very close to Soviet Russia, you know. Thousands of Koreans fought in the October Revolution. The Korean Communist movement is the oldest in the Far East. In 1918 Li organized the first Korean Communist party, called the "Irkutsk party," and went to Moscow, though he kept his membership secret. That was four years before China.

After the Great War and the Versailles Treaty, when Korea hoped to receive some justice from the victorious nations and the Nationalist Revolution broke out, the Koreans in Siberia organized a "Siberian Korean People's Association" of some tens of thousands of members and sent General Li to Shanghai as its delegate in 1919.

As leader of the Siberia-Manchuria group in the Korean Nationalist movement, Li was anxious to organize an army and start a war against the Japanese. He established the military school under the provisional government in preparation for this, and planned to develop a big Korean army in Manchuria and Siberia. At that time there were 6,000 troops in the Korean Army of Independence in Manchuria, and I don't know how many partisans in Siberia.

In 1922 a special parliament was called in Shanghai, and Li fought against the American group of the Nationalists and lost. He then cut relations with the provisional government, as he thought it useless, and went to Moscow to discuss Korean problems. His idea was that we must first organize a strong revolutionary mass party.

At the time Li first went to Moscow from Siberia in 1918, he had no theory at all but only believed in the mass movement and the Soviets. When Lenin asked him how many workers there were in Korea—in the factories, in the railways, on the farms—he could not answer. He had no idea. Lenin smiled and called in Zinoviev,

saying, "We must help Comrade Li here. He has hot blood for Korean independence but no method. This is a natural Oriental condition. They have no revolutionary base but only a background of terrorism and military action."

When Li returned to Moscow in 1922, he talked against the provisional government and also said it was too early to form a Communist party; that it was necessary for revolutionary elements to join a broad Nationalist party for independence and strengthen it. Lenin said this was correct. Li then asked for help, and Lenin promised him \$500,000. A Korean lawyer named An Ping-san carried \$300,000 of this money from Russia to Mongolia, but on the way he and three others were killed by robbers, and the money was stolen. In the winter of 1923 a Korean Communist named Kim Lib brought the other \$200,000 to Shanghai.

Kim Lib was a democratic leader of Korea who had studied in Moscow before the October Revolution. In 1919 the Comintern sent him to Shanghai. He aided General Li Tung-hui in organizing the Korean Communist party there and accompanied Li to Moscow on the 1922 journey. He and Lenin agreed on the party line for building up a big Nationalist party as opposed to the provisional government.

When Kim Lib returned to Shanghai he asked the provisional government to call a "Korean People's Delegates Congress." For this 600 delegates came from Korea, Russia, America, and Manchuria. Kim Lib refused the \$200,000 to the government but turned it over to the Preparatory Committee for the People's Congress. For a month during 1924 this meeting struggled to reach a basis for work, but in the end no unity was achieved, and it broke into two parts. The meeting had two antagonistic lines: (1) to reorganize the provisional government and strengthen it to lead the Korean revolution, and (2) to organize one big national revolutionary party for independence, because the government had demonstrated itself to be useless.

One June evening in 1924 as he was riding in a ricksha, Kim Lib was shot from behind by political enemies in the provisional government. After this the provisional government drew the \$200,000 from the bank and used it.

When Li Tung-hui heard of the death of Kim Lib he was furi-

ously angry. Li himself died in 1928 at his home near Vladivostok. He was over sixty years old then. After 1924 Li was very unhappy.

After this 1924 affair the provisional government lost all power and influence.

An Ch'ang-ho and Li Kuang-ssu

When I arrived in Shanghai in 1920 I was a Nationalist, with only a slight tendency toward anarchism. I met all kinds of people and was thrown into a maelstrom of conflicting political ideas and discussions. At first I fell naturally into the Nationalist cultural group, then, after a little study and observation, gravitated to the Terrorists and Anarchists for I sensed the impotence of the Nationalist program. The Communist movement was in its infancy, and I knew little of Marxism and nothing of Leninism.

The first influence I felt in Shanghai was that of the famous Nationalist pair, An Ch'ang-ho and Li Kuang-ssu, who had been close comrades since they were teacher and pupil together in Korea. Li was editor of the *Korean Independence News*, on which I worked, and also of the magazine *Young Korea*. He was also chairman of the committee formed to rewrite Korean history and destroy the myths the Japanese textbooks were trying to build up. An Ch'ang-ho was minister of labor in the Korean provisional government and leader of the Heng Sa Tan,³ which he had founded in 1916.

The influence of Li Kuang-ssu on me was not lasting, but that of An Ch'ang-ho was the second greatest total personal influence in my life. The most important personal influence was to be that of Kim Chung-chiang, a Communist ex-monk from the Kongosan, whom I did not meet until later in Peking in 1922, while the third personality to influence me was P'eng P'ai, a leader of the Hailofeng Soviet, whom I met in 1928. An Ch'ang-ho taught me practical politics. Kim Chung-chiang taught me Marxist theory. P'eng P'ai taught me revolutionary tactics in the field. No other individuals have deeply influenced my life, and after 1922 my theoretical background was determined, though I had then received no training in action and tactics.

An Ch'ang-ho and Li Kuang-ssu liked to influence Korean youth, and I went to their house nearly every day with a few other boys.

³The Heng Sa Tan still exists, and An Ch'ang-ho is still its leader, being now about sixty years of age.—K.S.

Occasionally Korean girls joined us. These meetings were like a forum or discussion class. We talked over political and historical problems at great length. Li and An said to us, "The revolution is very far away. You must study now in preparation for the future, and your families must help to pay your way."

I joined the Heng Sa Tan, which had eighty members in Shanghai and branches wherever there were Koreans. The name may be translated as the "Society for the Development of Scientists," though the word "Sa" was the old term designating a scholar of the highest rank. In old Korea, the Sa ranked first in society; second was the farmer, third the worker, and fourth the merchant.

An Ch'ang-ho was born in the Kan Seh district near Phyöngyang, of a middle landlord family. He received no formal education but studied by himself. An joined the Korean reform movement at sixteen, making fiery speeches to the public that were long remembered, and became its political leader, while Li Tung-hui became military leader. He was a persuasive and powerful public speaker, though habitually silent and noncommittal on small things in daily life. When determined on a line of action, however, he spoke out decisively and firmly, and usually carried his point.

An was a member of the "Three Days' Cabinet" in Korea about 1900 and was forced to escape after its fall. Later he returned and started the *Korean Independence Daily News* in Korea, which was eventually changed and taken over by the Korean government.

In 1907 An Ch'ang-ho was very active, organizing demonstrations and lecturing to the public. From 1907 to 1910 he was the leader of all the Korean Nationalists; then, when Japan annexed Korea, he escaped to Tsingtao and from there to California in 1910. In California he organized a Nationalist "Korean People's Association," and also a newspaper. This was his second visit to California.

An had learned many songs and stories in America. He loved Negro songs especially and taught me several. We used to gather with him in Shanghai and sing "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." His schools in Korea also taught these, and they became very popular there on moonlight nights. Koreans all love sad music dedicated to thoughts of bereavement, homesickness, and misery, so Negro melodies have a great appeal. I also loved these old songs. Another American song which I like is "My Blue Heaven," which I heard first in a café in

Korea just a few days after my release from prison in 1931. In Korean it is called "River at Evening," and we sing it very slowly in a melancholy tone. . . .

When the Nationalist movement rose in 1919, An Ch'ang-ho returned to Shanghai to join the Korean provisional government, but five years later he split with the government and went back to California. He was arrested in San Francisco in 1924 for having Communist books in his house, but he was not a Communist and was released next day. The next year again he returned to Shanghai and organized many groups there. In the spring of 1932, after the Shanghai War, he was arrested in the French Concession and turned over to the Japanese because of the bombing incident when several Japanese officials were killed and wounded, though he had no connection with this. He was sent to Seoul where the court released him. The police again arrested him, however, and he was sent to prison for a year because of his connection with the independence movement. Li Kuang-ssu mobilized all his newspapers and influence and secured his freedom. The *Oriental Daily News* in Korea wanted An to become editor, but he refused. Now he is inactive and silent, although he is in Seoul, still the most important political leader of the *bourgeoisie*.

An Ch'ang-ho represents a democratic mass movement following bourgeois principles, while Li Kuang-ssu represents a parallel liberal cultural movement of the upper *bourgeoisie* and bourgeois intellectuals. Li opposes the rise of the proletariat, but An Ch'ang-ho concedes its revolutionary role. Li tends toward paternal aristocracy, while An is a true liberal democratic leader. An became interested in Communist theory and tactics at the same time that Sun Yat-sen and the Chinese Nationalists turned to Marxism for solution of their complex problems. He never became a Communist, but he never opposed the young Korean Communist party.

I have already told how Li Kuang-ssu, in his early days in Tokyo, pulled a ricksha to earn his way through college. About 1924 Governor Saito invited him to return to Korea, and he became editor of the *Oriental Daily News* and of a liberal forum for youth called *The Light of the Orient*.

Li was the first modern Korean writer and is still the best. He has written nearly twenty books—novels, short stories, essays, poetry, and history. He is a Tolstoyan, full of the tragic spirit of sacrifice and paternalism.

VII

They Who Lie in Wait

IN THE MIDDLE of all the political argument in Shanghai was a little knot of youthful terrorists who shrugged their shoulders at talk and went in for direct action against the Japanese. Their activities fascinated me, as they did all young Koreans, and I myself became an Anarchist. I met nearly all the terrorist leaders and learned the whole history and background of this movement, so curiously Korean in character.

Terrorism has been an integral phase of the Korean struggle against the Japanese. Like anarchism it develops in a society of isolated peasant units where mass action is difficult. It is a reaction against constant suppression and revulsion against a sense of frustration and futility. It expresses the yearning for freedom that only slave races can really feel.

Koreans are a gentle folk, peaceful and quiet and religious. Out of the exasperation caused by this general passivity and toleration of unrelieved suffering, youth turned to direct action and seized the only weapons available to it for redress of suffering and injustice—the bomb, the gun, or the knife. Out of its gentlest people, society often produces its most fiery individual heroes, seeking immolation

in sacrifice. That is a dialectical process. Because of this spirit of daring and sacrifice, Koreans are renowned throughout the Far East as its most redoubtable terrorists. Whenever the Chinese want an act of terrorism done against the Japanese, they usually turn to the Koreans for volunteers.

The Yi Nul Tan and the Anarchists

In the winter of 1919 two terrorist groups were created secretly. One was the Yi Nul Tan, or "Practice Justice Bravely Society." This existed in Korea proper, in Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, and south Manchuria. The other was the Chê K'ê Tan, the "Red Flag Society," which centered in Manchuria and Siberia.

Of these two the Yi Nul Tan was the more active and carried out 300 cases of terrorism against the Japanese in Korea from 1919 to 1924. Their big plans failed, but the little ones often succeeded. From 1919 to 1927 the Japanese executed 300 members of the Yi Nul Tan alone. Only a handful are now alive. This group was dominated by Anarchist ideology, and the Korean Anarchist heyday was during 1921 and 1922.

The Yi Nul Tan had only a few members. It did not want many. The nucleus was a unit of fifty men, all strictly secret. Each of these was connected with some other group. Altogether the Yi Nul Tan had several hundred members at different times.

All the money to support the Yi Nul Tan came from rich men in Korea through the provisional government. The government floated bonds of \$30,000,000 to be paid in 30 years—after Korean independence was achieved. We were very optimistic in those days! Some Americans and missionaries joined the "Friends of Korean Independence" movement at that time also.

The Yi Nul Tan had twelve secret arsenals in Shanghai for making bombs, which were directed by Martin, a German, who was a member of the secret society.

The Koreans gave Martin a motorcycle, which he dearly loved. He used to ride around on it nearly every day from 1921 to 1924. His salary was \$200 a month, of which he spent only \$70, so he saved money. Sometimes he took messages to Korea and returned with replies.

I met Martin in Shanghai in 1923. He was about forty years old,

with very deep-set eyes and black eyebrows, tall and strong and very proud in bearing, but he made good friends with the Koreans. He had no political ideas but greatly admired the terrorists. He was a little sympathetic with the Italian movement, but hated Germany and the Japanese. He always said they were exactly alike.

Martin smoked all the time and loved to play cards. He also liked to drink, and spent most of his \$70 on brandy or beer. He ate with us Koreans usually or bought Russian food at cheap *émigré* restaurants.

When the Yi Nul Tan split in 1924, the party gave Martin \$10,000 as a gift of gratitude, and he went away from Shanghai. I never heard anything about him afterward.

In 1921 an Anarchist party was first started in Korea proper called the "Black Youth League." It was small and made up entirely of intellectuals. That same year a Peking branch was organized, which had both Formosans and Japanese in it, as well as a few Chinese. The Black Youth League was dissolved after 1924, though there is still an "Anarchist Federation" with a few members. As soon as the Communist party rose, the Anarchists lost all influence. The founder, Hsin Tsai-hao, is now in prison in Korea.

In 1924, at the time of the general reorientation in Korean politics when Korean class relations were plainly changing, the Yi Nul Tan split into three parts—into Nationalists, Anarchists, and Communists. These three elements, dominated by Anarchist philosophy, had existed within its ranks before, but the society had been a cohesive unit. The reason for this split was that the mass movement in Korea itself was rising to a high point and tended toward Communist ideology by 1924. This rise of the masses had a great influence upon the minds of the Yi Nul Tan members and gave a new validity to Marxism. It was no longer necessary to practice individual terrorism—the mass movement existed in which one could do political work. By that time the workers' and farmers' unions and the youth associations had large memberships. The Japanese did not suppress them because these unions opposed terrorism and the Yi Nul Tan—they concentrated their attention against the terrorists from 1919 to 1924 in an attempt to break them. The Japanese then feared bombs and guns far more than propaganda and mass movement. By 1924 nearly 300 of the best and most courageous members of the

Yi Nul Tan had been killed by the Japanese, and the society was demoralized by the sacrifices which showed so little result. The majority of the remaining Yi Nul Tan joined the Communists and wanted to enter the mass political work. Nearly all remaining former Yi Nul Tan members were killed from 1925 to 1927, fighting for the Chinese Revolution.

The most spectacular Korean terrorist act after 1927 occurred in Hongkew Park in Shanghai after the fighting with Japan in the spring of 1932.¹ But this was a spontaneous individual act. So far as I have heard, it was solely the idea of two men. The boy who carried out the bombing was only twenty-two years old. He was named Yün Pong-gil. He finished middle school in Korea, then went to Shanghai where he was studying English at the time of the incident.

While I was in Shanghai about 20 leaders of the Yi Nul Tan were gathered in the French Concession. I was not permitted to become a regular member, but after I had joined the Anarchist group I was accepted among them as a promising disciple and thereby entered into the life of their little circle.

The Yi Nul Tan members lived like a special cult, keeping themselves in perfect physical condition by swimming, tennis, and other exercises. They practiced sharpshooting every day. These young men also studied books and took recreation to keep themselves cheerful and psychologically fit for their particular duties. Their life was a strange combination of gaiety and seriousness. Death was always before them, so they lived life to the full while it lasted. They were a strikingly handsome lot. Yi Nul Tan members always wore good-looking foreign-style clothes of the sports type, took good care of their hair, and were at all times shining clean and fastidious in appearance. They were very fond of taking photographs—thinking them to be always their last—and of walking in the French park. All the Korean girls admired the Yi Nul Tan, and they had many love affairs. The girls from Vladivostok were part Russian and part Korean, very beautiful and quite intelligent. Affairs of the heart with these girls were short-lived but intense.

¹This was one of the most effective pieces of terrorism ever accomplished. All high Japanese diplomatic officials and staff officers were gathered on a platform in Hongkew Park to celebrate their "victory." Several were killed or wounded, including the wounding of the Japanese Minister to China, Mamoru Shigemitsu and the killing of General Shirakawa, head of the army in China.—N.W.

VIII

Terrorists Supreme: Kim Yak-san and Wu Seng-nun

LATER I WAS to become well acquainted with the two best Korean terrorists of all, Kim Yak-san and Wu Seng-nun. They are today among the most important Korean revolutionary heroes. The Japanese have long dossiers against each of them and would rather catch them than any other living Koreans.

Kim Yak-san was the classical type of terrorist, cool and fearless and individualistic. He was quite unlike the others I met in Shanghai. While they were very comradely, Kim was always silent and refused to participate in athletic exercises. He almost never spoke and never laughed but spent his time reading in the library. He loved Turgenev's story *Fathers and Sons*, and read all of Tolstoy. He did not like girls, though they all adored him from a distance for he was a very handsome and romantic figure. Many Korean Tolstoymans became terrorists. This is because Tolstoy's philosophy is full of contradictions which are never resolved, hence the necessity for direct action and struggle in a blind attempt at resolution. I loved Tolstoy all during my early youth but could find no method in his philosophy.

Kim's famous individual performance was in the summer of

1923 when he tried to assassinate Governor-General Saito. Dressed like a postman, with seven bombs in his mail bag, he walked into the governor's office in Seoul. Saito and a number of high officials who had come for a meeting had unexpectedly left just an hour before, however. Kim threw all seven of his bombs into the midst of the remaining group of Japanese and casually walked out of the building.

"What was that noise?" the sentry inquired as he passed the entrance.

"I don't know," Kim replied.

He hid in a little boat on the river for three days, pretending to be a fisherman, while airplanes and police throughout the country searched for him. On the fourth day he went to Antung and on to Manchuria.¹

When I met Wu Seng-nun in Shanghai he was about thirty and I was only sixteen, so we did not become intimate at that time. A few years later in Canton, however, he became one of the two dearest friends of my entire life.

Kim Yak-san had two distinct personalities. He was extremely gentle and kind to his friends but could also be extremely cruel. Wu Seng-nun was not cruel, but he was of a passionate nature. No man can be a terrorist whose blood does not run hot in his veins. Otherwise he could not forget himself in the moment of sacrifice. Kim became the leader of the Yi Nul Tan, and Wu sometimes struggled against him.

Wu had a very strong character and was a natural leader of men. Many followed him loyally, but he also had enemies. Wu liked me and made me his special protégé. After 1926 we worked together as a pair. He was the secret director, and I the open leader in our revolutionary work.

Wu was a secret, quiet type of man, not open. His whole life was lived in secrecy, and even I do not know the whole of his personal story, though we have been together in the face of death many times. He never believed in words but only in actions. He never trusted

¹ Kim Yak-san later became leader of the Korean Young Men's Revolutionary League in Canton in 1925-1927. Kim San told me nothing of his activities after that, but in 1938 he organized the International Brigade during the war and became its commander.—N.W.

men easily but only after long acquaintance. Once he had made up his mind he could not change it easily.

Of medium height and good-looking, but not handsome, Wu had high Mongol cheekbones and thick hair over his wide forehead. He was physically powerful and healthy. He liked art and literature and had once been a schoolteacher in his home village. He had been influenced by the Russian Nihilists and Anarchists and joined the Yi Nul Tan in 1918.

Wu carried out many terrorist acts in Korea and Manchuria and was one of the most important planners of a grand "armed demonstration" against Japan in 1922. He and the German, Martin, were detailed for the important task of blowing up the big Yalu River bridge. The Yi Nul Tan planned to destroy eight strategic buildings and assassinate Japanese officials in all big cities. For this purpose they secretly transported 200 bombs into Korea.

The bombs were shipped from Shanghai in boxes of clothing and consigned to a British company at Antung, being carried on the private steamer of this company. The Antung company manager was an Irish terrorist whom we Koreans called "Sao." He hated the Japanese almost as much as the British and supported the Korean independence movement enthusiastically at great risk to himself. "Sao" himself went to Shanghai and supervised the deadly cargo. He refused to accept any money for himself and helped Korea only out of sympathy. The Korean terrorists traveled on his boat for several years and hid in his house in Antung when in danger.

The Japanese discovered the plot and made fifty arrests, though they got only ten members of the Yi Nul Tan and most of the 200 bombs still lie buried in Korean soil. "Sao" helped the other terrorists to escape on his ship to Tientsin and Shanghai. Soon afterward the Japanese arrested "Sao," and he lost his job. After his release from prison, he came to Shanghai, and the provisional government had a big mass meeting to welcome him. "Sao" said he was proud and happy to have made this sacrifice for Korean independence. His wife had gone back to Ireland at the time of his arrest, and he soon went away. I don't know where he is now—probably working for Irish independence somewhere. Every Korean loves this Irishman, and he is now a tradition in our revolutionary movement.

Wu Seng-nun's big personal attempt, however, was in Shanghai when the Yi Nul Tan tried to assassinate General Baron Tanaka

in 1924. Tanaka was the main theorist of Japan's program of imperial expansion and the author of the famous Tanaka Memorial. He was deeply hated by all Chinese, Koreans, and liberal Japanese for his reactionary program of conquest. Wu told me the whole story in detail:

The Yi Nul Tan prepared three lines of attack, three men to be stationed on the bund as Tanaka was to walk from the ship. The first line was Wu Seng-nun with a pistol; the second line was Kim Yak-san with a bomb; and the third line was Li Chun-am with a sword. Each man carried a pistol for self-defense, of course.

Just in front of Tanaka, as he walked off the ship, was an American woman. When Tanaka was eight meters from Wu Seng-nun, he shot. The American woman was frightened, turned, and threw her arms around Tanaka. Wu had drawn a perfect bead and continued firing in a steady line, so the woman was struck by three bullets in exactly the same spot. Tanaka fell, pretending to be dead, so Wu Seng-nun thought he had succeeded and made his escape. When Kim Yak-san saw this he threw the bomb. A British sailor kicked it into the water. Kim Yak-san ran away, and Li Chun-am, who could do nothing with his sword, escaped.

Wu Seng-nun wounded several police following him as he ran and reached Hankow Road from the bund. There he got into a motor car and threatened the driver, but the driver refused to move the car, so Wu kicked him out. He tried to drive through the streets, though he knew little about motor cars. He reached Avenue Edward VII, but there he collided with another car and was arrested by the British.

The British police gave Wu Seng-nun to the French, as he lived in the French Concession, and they turned him over to the Japanese consul.

He was kept prisoner on the third floor of the Japanese consulate in a cell with iron bars on the door and window. In the same room were five Japanese. One was a carpenter and another an Anarchist. They were sympathetic with Wu and helped him to escape. A Japanese girl brought a steel knife, and Wu cut a hole around the lock of the door on the advice of the carpenter. One night he and the Anarchist opened the door and escaped over the compound wall, wearing the bright red clothes of the prisoner. The other Japanese did not want to make the attempt as they had only short sentences.

Wu went to the house of an American friend and hid for three days while the British, French, and Japanese police surrounded and searched every Korean's residence in the whole of Shanghai. His picture was scattered everywhere, and \$50,000 reward was offered.

He escaped to Canton, where he forged a passport and went to Germany. In Berlin a German girl fell in love with him, and he lived with her family for a year. After he had spent all his money, he went to the Soviet consul, who arranged for him to go to Moscow in 1925. There he was converted to Marxist theories and the tactics of mass struggle. He joined the Communist party and studied at the Oriental University.

In 1926 Wu went to Vladivostok and from there to Shanghai. He sent his luggage on to a friend's house, but just as he arrived the friend's wife warned him that the entire street had been surrounded by a cordon of police. He escaped, but the Japanese got his luggage. They took the photographs of his German sweetheart and his complete set of Lenin, as well as some modern art prints which he always carried with him. Wu was very much annoyed by this confiscation.

He went on to Canton to join the revolution, where he became a member of the Central Committee of the Korean Revolutionary Young Men's League. He was my closest comrade during the Canton period and Hailofeng days, and I shall have much more to tell about him later on. I once published some poetry about his escapades.

IX

I Decide Never to Marry

AN CH'ANG-HO HAD taken a good deal of personal interest in me in Shanghai and wanted to help complete my education. He secured a scholarship for me to go to Nankai University in Tientsin, together with five other Korean boys. When we arrived in October, 1921, however, an incident occurred which caused us to refuse to attend the University: A Korean student at Nankai named Kim Yen entered the running match at the autumn athletic meet. He was a fine athlete and was far in the lead during the race when he heard a Chinese shout, "No wonder he can run so well. He is a running-dog of the Japanese." Kim Yen whirled around in the middle of the race and went over and beat up the Chinese who had shouted this. The faculty was angry at Kim for this, and he was beaten, too, over the incident. Kim and the other six of us withdrew from the school immediately. Later Kim Yen joined the movies in China and is now considered the "king" of movie stars while Butterfly Wu ranks as "queen." He is very handsome and sings well and is called "King Shan" in Chinese.

We students had lost our scholarships because of pride and did not know where to turn. We decided to go to Peking. A friend of An

Ch'ang-ho gave us money for traveling expenses and tuition, but wanted us to eat at the Hsi Shan Orphanage, run for charity by Hsiung Hsi-ling in Peking, while attending school. The other five had no way to get money so they were forced to accept this arrangement. I refused to take charity from the Orphanage, however, and wrote a letter to my second brother. It was the first letter I had sent to my family in two years—ever since I had stolen money and run away. My brother replied that I would have to come home and discuss all my affairs personally, after which he might be able to help me. I agreed, and he sent me money to return.

The family were displeased with my years of adventure, and my mother insisted that I should marry. I had always sworn never to take a wife, but to please her and my brother I agreed to become acquainted with the girl she had already chosen. I found that, though very religious, she was pretty, intelligent, and fairly well educated, and she admired me extravagantly for no reason that I could see. In turn, I liked her. She was a typical Korean girl: modest, devoted, loyal. I did not refuse to marry her but agreed to let the matter hang in abeyance until I was out of college. Mother was delighted, and my brother offered to pay my way through medical college, but only on condition that I should complete the course and stop wandering about.

I had learned that one can do nothing effective in the world without some means of earning a living, and lack of professional ability handicapped one's revolutionary work as well as one's daily life. There were few doctors in our ranks, and I could aid the wounded terrorists and secure their admittance to hospitals. I knew that my future life would be lived in the midst of wounds and suffering and that medical knowledge would enhance my value to the revolution. Also I loved science of any kind, and medicine is one of the most social of sciences and of greatest value to humanity.

I therefore promised my brother to become a good doctor and went to the Peking National Medical College, which was one of the best in China. He had begged me to go to Tokyo instead, but I had no intention of giving up my political work during college. Except for a trip to see my friends in Shanghai in 1922, I remained a medical student in Peking until 1925 when the Canton revolution called me away. I did well in my studies, but was active the whole time in student work and in the study of political and social science.

Reflections on Women and Revolution

During my first year in medical school, I occasionally wrote to my proposed fiancée and received very affectionate replies. In 1923, however, I told her frankly that I could never marry any girl, for my life was to be entirely engrossed in revolutionary work and would have to be independent of any ties. I would have no money, and she could never live the hard life that was to be my voluntary lot. She seemed quite broken-hearted—but, nevertheless, only two years later, married someone else in Korea.

From the age of fifteen to the year 1923 I had had no decided opinions on the woman question, though I rebelled against arranged marriage. Those I had were determined by three influences: Christian idealistic training in respect for women; a natural human feeling for girls of my own age; and the inhibiting underlying thought that in a life of revolution I could never have a domestic life, so that, no matter if I loved a girl very much, it would be unfair to her to marry her. An Tung-hsi's daughter had first awakened my interest in girls, and after that I was shy and embarrassed in their company but secretly much interested in the opposite sex. In Shanghai there had been many Korean girls, but they were usually too much older or younger. I met several at the gatherings of young people with An Ch'ang-ho and Li Kuang-ssu and sometimes took them roller skating in the parks. An Ch'ang-ho taught us not to marry early but to have a healthy, natural friendship with girls in the modern co-educational manner. He believed in keeping this relationship purely platonic, with friendship between boys and girls exactly as if of the same sex. He said that the traditional Oriental separation of the sexes was unnatural and created morbid curiosities and unhealthy attitudes; that it was designed to keep women helpless and an instrument of propagation or amusement only, denying their right to equality and mutual respect. Men must help in freeing women by protecting and guarding their equal status and encouraging them to enter into all activities in partnership with men. Marriage was to be such a partnership, when both were old enough to choose wisely and with understanding of each other as individual personalities.

I agreed with An Ch'ang-ho, but I was more idealistic and had a tendency to worship from afar. When I became acquainted with the girl in Korea I saw that I could easily learn to like her very much,

even though she was not the ideal I had vaguely in mind. I did not then deny marriage absolutely but thought the matter could take care of itself in future. I was much interested in the general problem, however. There were several pairs of lovers in medical school, and I followed the course of these affairs with curiosity. They usually ended in jealousy and enmity, so I concluded that such love affairs were all nonsense.

Then—when I got into the study of physiology I saw that men's desires and necessities were not the same. The desires and necessities of animals were the same. But men could not make their wants and needs fit each other. And why should they? Rousseau taught the validity of the "natural man," but he influenced me in the opposite direction. The nature of man was not the same as that of the animal. It was natural only to itself. Animal desires are necessary to the animal but not to the man. Man can control his desires and thereby render them unnecessary, I decided. Man existed as such only when he had intellectual will and idea. In that he was not the same as the animal. His mind existed for the purpose of controlling his body as well as other forces of nature external to himself. Otherwise he failed to measure up to the stature of man as opposed to the beast.

I thought that women were physiologically passive and that their role in life was passive. They wanted peace and fulfillment. They were not active like men, and I did not like this. They were useful for their own purposes but not in a historical period demanding action and sacrifice external to material needs and the family group.

I decided that women and marriage were a biological and economic problem. In time of peace they were important. In time of fighting they were secondary and must be relegated to that position by will. I saw that no man can be independent if married and that to be in love was even greater bondage. In love a man loses, not only his freedom as an individual, but also the internal freedom of his own body. Girls were weaker than men, and I did not like any kind of weakness. My life was to be lived in revolutionary work and not in helping any woman. In 1923 I decided firmly never to marry and never to place myself in any position where I might become the victim of a love affair. For a long time after this I never talked with any girl and avoided coming into any contact with them whatsoever.

I did strong propaganda among the students in Peking on this subject though not all of it was effective. "Man is historical; woman

is not. Woman is immediate," I would quote to them. I was very expert on women then—when I knew nothing about them.

"You are worse than a monk. You are a puritan." Kim Chung-chiang, the Kongosan ex-monk, would say to me.

"What is love?" I would retort, quoting Tolstoy. "Love is only taking another baby's mother for your own child. One man takes a woman to save her from the arms of a cruel man into his own cruel arms."

"Ah, what a fine clean target you are for some girl." Kim would shake his head sagely. "You have no defense whatever. Don't you know that the only defense against women is more women? You are only keeping yourself vulnerable. Pity you when you fall in love some day. All the heavens will fall upon you. I think you should give up this theory before you are devoured by it. Come with me tonight."

"A great love is better than a mess of little ones, anyway," I would argue. "A great tragedy is not so harmful to a man as piece-meal destruction and demoralization. To be killed is better than to be ruined and still live."

"There is no more dangerous situation for any man to be in than to be virgin territory for the first woman," Kim would say. "I give you fair warning, for I was once a monk like you myself. I think that love may be either an injection, a transfusion, or a single blood stream. You can choose between them. I know nothing of real love myself, but I have decided that I must learn something of women."

"After his wife died when he was 25, Hegel refused ever to marry again. If I am no worse at dialectics than he, I shall not complain," I would remark. "To free the mind you must first free the body, even if handcuffs are necessary to do it in the dialectical manner."

"Hegel lived in abstractions. You must live and fight with the material men and women who are the real social forces. If you want to be a virgin ascetic go back to a cliff in the Kongosan," was Kim's argument.

But Kim agreed with me then that Korean revolutionaries should not marry. His argument was that you should let love destroy itself and thereby win freedom from it. All our close comrades pledged themselves to the principle of non-marriage because they knew our hard life and economic uncertainties in the future would be burden enough. We all lived together in one group in Peking and shared

I Decide Never to Marry

71

our problems in common. Most of us opposed having the others go out at night to nameless places and tried to prevent it. When they came back we said bitterly:

"It costs \$6 or \$7 a month for food for one of us, yet you spend \$10 on women while we are half-starved."

"You have no soul," these students would reply. "You care only for meat, not even for flesh. Is one *chin* of mutton enough to satisfy you?"

Our group finally had to take the position that it was a personal, secret problem. If the individual had money enough he could do as he pleased so long as it did not interfere with politics, but we watched those who spent it on such undesirable purposes with hawk eyes to detect the slightest political irregularity and made life unpleasant for them. If any one should contract a disease, this was to be considered an unpardonable crime against the revolution, so they had to go only to the best places which were very expensive, sometimes \$10 a night, and few could afford to do this often.

"Sing-song girls are a defense against marriage," Kim would remark. "For this we can thank them. They leave our revolutionaries free agents. The price is not too high."

But I was personally a strict puritan and was never able to rationalize this question. I held that a strong man could and must suppress his body and we wanted only strong men in revolutionary work. An Ch'ang-ho had convinced me of this first, and Tolstoy's ideas influenced me greatly too. From Tolstoy I learned the philosophy of sacrifice, not only of life, but of desire. I felt that the truth lay somewhere between Tolstoyan asceticism and Rousseau. Tolstoy liked women at first, but after he became creative he had nothing to do with them. I thought to dispense with that first stage and go direct to my work.

X

From Tolstoy to Marx

F

ROM 1919 TO 1923 Korean students were far in advance of Chinese in social thinking, partly because of our more pressing need for revolution and partly because of our closer contact with Japan, the fountainhead of radical movements, both Anarchist and Marxist, in the Far East at that time. It was from Japanese translations of Marxism that both Koreans and Chinese first became acquainted with this theory.

Korean students were being trained in Moscow long before any Chinese were sent there. And the Korean students and workers and peasants in Russia had participated in the October Revolution, the Civil War, and the period of intervention. Lenin had turned first to Korea and later to China for the development of Marxist revolution in the colonial lands of the East.

At that time there were 800 Korean nationals in Peking, including about 300 students. Two rival student groups fought for supremacy—the Right-wing “Chosen Student Association,” controlled by the Nationalists, and the Left-wing “Korean Student Union,” led by the Communists. Each union kept its membership exactly equal with the other. There was much quarreling over the question

of terrorism. The Chosen group were the pro-terrorist element, while the others opposed this, being followers of the anti-terrorist line of the Communist party. I joined the Korean Student Union and the Korean Social Science Research Society, also on the Left.

The few Koreans in Peking had seven magazines, probably more than any small group ever had before. All these journals were in the Korean language, and all edited by student intelligentsia. All fought violently on questions of theory and tactics.

All Koreans wanted only two things really, though they differed in how to achieve these—*independence* and *democracy*. Really they wanted only one thing—*freedom*. A golden word to those who know it not. Any kind of freedom looked divine to them. They wanted freedom from Japanese oppression, freedom in marriage and love, freedom to live a normal, happy life, freedom to rule their own lives. That is why anarchism had such an appeal. The urge toward a broad democracy was really very strong in Korea. This is one reason why we did not develop a strong centralized system of political parties. Each group defended its right to exist and its right to free expression. And each individual fought to the end for his own freedom of belief. There was plenty of democracy among us—but very little discipline.

As soon as I arrived in Peking in 1921, I began reading Marxism. I studied the *Communist Manifesto* first, then Lenin's *State and Revolution*, and a collection of articles called *The Story of Social Development*. Very soon I realized the importance of scientific mass struggle and the futility of *coups d'état* and terrorist acts. I still admired the heroic sacrifices of the terrorists and liked the free spirit of comradeship among my Anarchist friends. But I felt clearly that doom was upon them. In 1922 I returned to Shanghai to be with the Yi Nul Tan and Anarchist comrades there again. We drank a good deal of wine, but we were sad and not happy.

Upon my return from Shanghai I had made up my mind that the Communist movement was the only real hope of success for Korea. By the winter of 1923 the theoretical foundation of my political beliefs was laid, therefore, though I had no tactics and little experience, and I joined the Communist Youth that winter.

Red Monk from the Kongosan

It was Kim Chung-chiang who made a Communist out of me. He guided my theoretical training during that most difficult period in the lives of young Koreans—1922 to 1925. I was seventeen when I first met him in 1922, and he was twenty-seven. He is still one of my two dearest friends and comrades—the other being Wu Seng-nun, of whom I have already told.

Kim Chung-chiang had the greatest influence upon me of any individual I have ever known. This was not only because of his keen intelligence and superiority generally but because I came to know him at that important formative period of the youthful mind when it is most open to influence and new ideas.

I met Kim in Peking. It was at a student meeting in the Korean Y.M.C.A. I had heard of him, and his personality immediately arrested my interest. He wore dark glasses and looked old for his age. He was a sensitive, highly intelligent type, radiating mental energy, and also very handsome. At this time the struggle between the Communist and Nationalist tendencies was acute, and Kim was on the Communist side. He was the only one well grounded in theory and always won his arguments.

As soon as we talked with each other, a lifelong friendship was started.

I found Kim Chung-chiang to be a most extraordinary person. He was born at Tir San, or "Iron Mountain," in northern Korea. His father was a very poor farmer, and he did farm work as a boy. He was too poor to attend school but learned a good deal from the educated men in the village.

At sixteen, he became a Christian and studied the principles of Christianity earnestly, but they did not satisfy him. At sixteen also he ran away from home and went to the Kongosan—the "Diamond Mountains" of Korea—where he became a Buddhist monk. At the famous Yu Lim San Monastery in the heart of these beautiful mountains, he studied, not only Buddhism, but modern philosophy. There he remained until 1919.

During those years the young monk studied Japanese and read Kant, Hegel, and Spinoza in that language. Hegel was a revelation to him, and he embraced Hegelian idealism with enthusiasm,

reveling in its dialectical logic. He was not yet influenced by Marxism.

In 1919 Kim joined the Priests' Independence party, which then had about 300 members, and published a manifesto on Korean independence. During the March First movement, he went out to the villages to do propaganda work—wearing his priest's robe, of course. He was by then about twenty-four years old. Arrested in Seoul by the Japanese, he was imprisoned for a year. As soon as he was free, he organized a "Lecture Group" to continue propaganda work.

From the Hegelian dialectic he easily became interested in Marxism, and from his poverty and innate sense of justice naturally turned toward belief in social revolution. In 1921 he joined the "Korean Proletarian League" and from that time on sympathized with the Communist idea.

In 1922, together with five other young Buddhist monks, Kim went to Peking where there was freedom to carry on their political work. The six started a literary society, and their magazine was called *Huang Yeh*, or *Wild Plain*. It was devoted to philosophy, poetry, short stories, and literature generally.

During this time, three of the young monks, including Kim, became Communists, and the three others went back to the Kongosan, saying that revolution was all nonsense.

At the same time that I joined the Communist Youth, in the winter of 1923, I helped organize the first Communist magazine in Peking, together with Kim and eight others, which we called *Revolution*. I was one of the three editors of this bi-monthly student journal, which was supported by Communist sympathizers, Left-wing Nationalists, and Anarchists. It had thirty-two pages. The first issue numbered 800 copies, and within six months we had 3,000 subscribers. It was sent to Korean students in Korea, Manchuria, Siberia, Honolulu, California, and Europe, and continued publication until 1926. Kim was editor in chief and wrote many excellent essays for this magazine, which influenced my thinking greatly. There was no Korean printing establishment in Peking, so Kim wrote the whole magazine in his own calligraphy and printed it by the lithograph method on stone. He nearly ruined his eyes doing this work and had to go to the P.U.M.C. for treatment.

The next year, 1924, Kim and I and the other eight organizers of

Revolution founded the Peking Korean Communist party, as a branch of the Irkutsk party system.¹

In the winter of 1925 Kim decided to go to Canton to do revolutionary work. I wanted to go with him, but we thought it better to take different routes.

To Tolstoy: An Acknowledgment

From my first reading of Tolstoy in middle school to 1922 I was a Tolstoyan idealist. During 1919 and 1920 I was a Nationalist with vague Anarchist sympathies, and from 1921 to 1922, I was an Anarchist.

Out of Tolstoyanism anything can develop—his is a universal philosophy that can apply to any phase of a man's thinking. It was a logical step toward anarchism, and an equally logical step toward the Hegelian dialectic under Kim's tutelage, then forward to Marxist theory.

I still like Tolstoy, as one loves an old teacher. From 1921 to the Canton Commune in 1927 I carried a volume of Tolstoy in my pocket and read it nearly every day.

Tolstoy has had the greatest total influence in the Far East of any individual, I think, for he has had a broad popularity and following in China, Japan, Korea, India, and elsewhere, as well as Russia. He has had by far the greatest individual influence upon the modern literature of China, Japan, and Korea, followed closely by the other Russian writers. He has influenced both bourgeois and proletarian revolutionaries, as well as the great mass of nonpolitical intellectuals, and even reactionaries, for many years in those countries. He paved the way for Leninism, which has had perhaps the second greatest total influence among elements both for and against it. There is hardly a modern thinker and writer in the Far East who has not been a Tolstoyan at one time or another. I think this universal philosopher will live a long time in history.

Why is this? In my own case I explain Tolstoy in this way: For me Tolstoy represents truth and an approach to universal truth, but

¹ During this period I also met several of the earliest Chinese Communists, including Shih Tseng-tung, who was one of the founders of the Chinese Communist Youth in 1920 and became its first secretary. In 1923 I met Li Ta-chao, a founder of the Chinese C.P. He used to write for our magazine *Revolution* and often gave us advice and criticism. Later on I also knew Ch'u Ch'ü-pai.—K.S.

not movement. Yet in physics inertia is also a force, is also movement. Tolstoy describes and mirrors reality as a conflict between contradictions. When you understand this dialectical fact of reality, the way is clear for action.

Tolstoy's characters are always in struggle, never reaching agreement and resolution. Every book he wrote is a study of such dialectical forces. His mind was open and objective, receptive to every fact and change. He mirrored human life and activity as it occurred in the days of his writing, and this picture of Russia was equally true of Oriental countries in their first period of change. I think he would have turned to revolution had he not died too soon. He was always seeking solutions, but was too honest to create them when the reality around him had not yet demonstrated their validity. I often think what a magnificent epic of the October Revolution he would have written had he lived through it. He would have told the whole story in a dozen volumes, with all its dialectical contradictions and struggle, with all its justice and injustice, with all its heroism and weakness, with all its ideals and disillusionments. And I think that such a book would have awakened millions of men to social consciousness as nothing except the fact of October itself has done. No Tolstoy has yet dramatized and described October in terms of human experience, and that is one reason why its total potential influence has not yet been felt among the masses of the earth. They need an interpreter to bring that great revolution to life and meaning for them.

Tolstoy believed in the equality of all mankind, and he discusses all the problems of man and the nature of his historical development. I like best his *Reader of Humanity*, which I read again and again in four volumes in Japanese translation. This was the book I usually kept in my pocket.

He affirms the validity of the morality of sacrifice and opposes cruelty very much. He is a humanitarian and a lover of mankind. This philosophy has been of vital importance in the awakening of the Orient, where cruelty and selfishness and callousness to suffering have existed for so long. His great contribution has been to awaken his readers to humanitarian consciousness of the suffering around them and to give them a new idealism. I hated cruelty very much when I was young, and I have seen so much of it that I have learned the great historic value of humanitarianism. Now I no

longer hate cruelty. I accept it as a phase of truth. It exists. To like it or not is no longer my personal problem. It is to kill or be killed. To hate the truth is only a diversion of emotional energy. My job is to create justice where cruelty has been. Tolstoy also gave up his hatred of cruelty and concentrated on exposing its existence.

Tolstoy wanted to save the peasants and give land to the farmers. There he touches the basic problem of the Orient. Therefore, his books have a special meaning for Orientals in this stage of their history.

He was an idealist. *War and Peace* demonstrates historical determinism. Yet it demands that man must struggle against this determinism. That is one of Tolstoy's contradictions which prove his grasp of the truth. For me, Tolstoy says that the will is not free. Yet he never denies that that will exists and can be creative in action. He has vision and the long view.

He understood nature and was able to express this understanding for others to grasp. I like nature, especially in its manifestations of change. I accept green nature as it is. Human nature I demand to change, and I believe that this is an attribute of human nature.

Tolstoy was a Spartan, derived from the Greeks. We Koreans all like this. He had dreams—but not too many and not too foolish ones.

He wrote carefully and with deep thought. One thing I liked about him was his idea of study: he never read anything that he wanted to look at only once. And I liked him because he had an honest mind and an honest personality and an honest heart.

Tolstoy was unhappy all his life. In my opinion, he was brave when he ran away just before his death.

XI

In the Ranks of China's "Great Revolution"

T

HE COURSE OF my political life has followed very closely the general trend of the Korean revolutionary movement. At the time I became a Communist, a general change was occurring in all Korean political thinking. The year 1924 marks the sharp curve to the Left which the Chinese Revolution took under Sun Yat-sen during his Soviet Russian reorientation. Not only Korea and China, but also Japan, began to look to the Red Star for guidance.

The Chinese Revolution was rising rapidly. Sun Yat-sen reorganized the Kuomintang along the lines of the Russian Communist party and made an entente with the U.S.S.R. He died in Peking in 1925, but Canton became the seat of the new revolutionary sovereignty and after the May Thirtieth Incident that year affairs moved speedily. Soviet military and political advisers arrived in Canton, the Whampoa Academy was established to train military cadres for revolutionary work, and preparation was made for the Northern Expedition to destroy the feudal warlords.

All Koreans, Right and Left, were delighted with this new upsurge in China, considering it the first step in the emancipation of

their own country. Among the first to flock to Canton to volunteer in the fighting were Korean revolutionaries of all varieties.

When I arrived in Canton in the autumn of 1925, only 60 other Koreans, mostly Yi Nul Tan terrorists, had gathered to fight in China's "Ta Ke Ming," or "Great Revolution," as it was called. By 1927, over 800 Koreans had come to Canton. The flower of our active leadership joined. All were political revolutionaries, and most were intellectuals. About 20 were labor leaders from Japan. Many Communist Youth members came from Manchuria. The average age was about 23. Some middle-school students were 14 or 15, and the oldest among the 800 was under 40.

Nearly 400 men from the Army of Independence in Manchuria volunteered. Over 100 came from Siberia, with a history of struggle even from the October Revolution in Russia, as well as years of experience with the Siberian partisans. From Korea proper 100 arrived. Thirty trained Marxist students came direct from Moscow on Borodin's staff.

All of these 800 were sympathetic with the general Communist idea except the majority of the 400 from the Army of Independence, and some of those were Communists. The Nationalists and Communists came mostly from Siberia and Manchuria. The Korean Communist Youth numbered 70 members.

Made up of so many varied groups, both politically and geographically, no unified leadership could be developed easily. Each group blamed every other for not understanding the situation correctly, and the Chinese C. P. thought it should give orders to the lot. The eternal curse of cliquism and exaggerated Anarchistic democracy in the Korean movement seemed to be nearly as bad as ever. As soon as I arrived in Canton I set about urging the folly of using sect against sect which would prevent effective common action.

I was overflowing with youthful enthusiasm and energy and wanted to have a finger in everything. I joined the Chinese Nationalist party, the Kuomintang. Koreans were permitted to join this, but only six of us did so. It was decided that the Korean C. P. in China should become a branch of the Chinese C. P. The party ordered me into the Korean cell in the Chinese C. P., and I became one of its five members.

A Sect to End Sects

Three of us set ourselves the task of fighting against sectarianism and of forming a mass movement cleared of cliquism. The other two were Kim Yak-san, the famous No. 1 terrorist and leader of the Yi Nul Tan Nationalist wing, and my friend, the ex-monk from the Kongosan, Kim Chung-chiang, who led the group from Peking. "All of us are revolutionary workers on a basis of equality," we proclaimed.

We prepared the way gradually and in the late spring of 1926 held a meeting for the purpose of creating a central union representing all Korean groups and parties—the Korean Revolutionary Young Men's league. It was very successful and immediately numbered 300 members. Its elected central committee was made up mostly of Communists. It included the founders, Kim Chung-chiang and Kim Yak-san. I was a member of the organization committee, which determined the membership, and was in 1927 elected to the central committee also.

Kim Chung-chiang's pen was soon active, and when the league created its own organ in 1926, called *Revolutionary Action*, he became editor in chief, and I was one of the subeditors. Kim wrote the manifestoes for the league, and by this time his essays were famous and influential.

Within the league, however, cliques still struggled for hegemony—the Yi Nul Tan Nationalists versus the cell in the Chinese C. P. versus the Shanghai System of the Korean C. P. versus the Siberia System of the Korean C. P. Further measures were needed to achieve centralization. Therefore a group of eighty Communist members from Manchuria, Siberia, Shanghai, Peking, and Korea came together, and we organized a secret group known as the "K. K."—from the German words meaning "Korean Communists." Our program was to break down all sects, and, when this had succeeded, to dissolve our own "sect to end sects."

It was next decided necessary to create a unified Korean Nationalist party. This was done. We saw that this could not be formed in Korea but must develop outside with the Yi Nul Tan as center. The Yi Nul Tan changed its name to the Korean National Independence party and elected a new committee of eleven.

Victory over sectarianism was achieved at last. The two open or-

Song of Ariran

ganizations were the Revolutionary Young Men's league and the National Independence party, while the secret "K. K." kept the threads of underlying unity. The K. K. had a direct relation with Borodin and the General Staff from Moscow.

The Koreans were very active in all branches of work among the Chinese. Some were advisers, some teachers at Whampoa Academy and Sun Yat-sen University, some on the Revolutionary Military Staff. Others fought in the armies.

In addition to my multifarious political activities, I taught at Whampoa Military Academy and studied economics at Sun Yat-sen University.

The Four Pioneer Paks from Siberia

Typical of the best Korean revolutionaries who came to Canton were Pak Chin and his wife and two brothers. All three brothers had black, black eyes and long thick eyelashes. Pak Chin's eyes blinked when he talked, which gave an impression of earnestness. They were real northern Oriental types, all handsome and stalwart. They filled a room with an atmosphere of power and activity like a Siberian storm from the tundra.

I wanted to get better acquainted with this interesting foursome as soon as I met them. Pak Chin told me about conditions in Siberia, and I asked him to write a report for us on this. I soon learned to love him as my own brother, and he taught me many things about fighting and practical work.

From 1919 to 1921 Pak Chin and his young brothers fought with the partisans in Siberia against the White Guards and the Japanese during the Allied Intervention. The Soviets captured Vladivostok seven times and lost it six times. Pak was in all seven campaigns. In a campaign in 1920 a bullet took out all his front teeth, and he had to wear false ones after that. He had been wounded many times during his life.

Pak's old parents and grandfather died of hunger and cold during the Intervention in Siberia, but when the warfare was ended Pak and his brothers received land from the Soviets as reward for fighting so well.

In 1921 a Korean self-government authority was established in Siberia as a department of the Siberian Soviet, under the Korean Soviet Committee. There were about 700,000 Koreans in Siberia

then. (Today we estimate that there are 800,000 Koreans in the U.S.S.R.—a large percentage of the whole population of Siberia which totals about 4,000,000, including Russians, Koreans, Chinese, Eskimos, a few Japanese, and some Mongols.)

In 1921 he was elected to the Soviet committee of a district near Vladivostok. One day they were going to a meeting across a frozen river, and one of the young girls fell down on the ice. Pak helped her to her feet. Until that moment he had never once paid any attention to any woman, but during the meeting he kept glancing appraisingly at the girl, who had said, "Thank you." On the way back across the ice he arranged to walk beside her and inquired bluntly if she thought she could love him. The girl was a little surprised, but after a few minutes replied: "Yes, I think I could." Two days later this little romance of the snows ended in marriage. That was the way Pak did things. The pair were very devoted to each other, and their marriage was a model one until Pak's death.

Pak's wife, who had worked in the Red partisan movement and was an active member of the local committee in Siberia from 1921 to 1925, came of an interesting family. Her father was a well-known hero of northern Korea. He was known as the "masked bandit." Thirty times he robbed rich families to get money to support his school for poor children; then, having been captured, escaped from prison, only to die in Siberia.

The K. K. wanted all the good leadership that came, so we immediately took the Paks as members of our little group. Every Saturday night some of us met together. None of those living in school dormitories or military barracks could afford extra hotel bills, so this one night every week we stayed up from eight in the evening to eight next morning, holding a political meeting and discussion. We talked furiously the whole time. This is the Korean character—much lively argument and discussion and attempt to demonstrate superior knowledge and ability. Pak Chin would get tired and sleep through a long discussion, then casually wake up and try to carry on where we had left off when he fell asleep, and make us all laugh.

"You four are all so happy together," I said one day to Pak Chin. "Why is it you don't want a peaceful life now after so much struggle?"

"While the Korean revolution is unfinished, peace is only a pain to me," he replied. "Struggle is life. Passivity is death. I like to fight."

Among Koreans there is always a tense struggle for leadership, but Pak cared nothing for this. "Leadership is punishment," he always declared.

But he was a first-rate leader of men. After April 15, in 1927, he went to Wuhan to do revolutionary work and returned to Canton with General Chang Fa-kuei as an officer of the Chao Tao Tuan. His two brothers were with him all during this time, while his wife became pregnant, and he was very happy as he thought this was to be his first son. During the Commune, Pak was in command of the gallant "Doomed Battalion" at Lingnan and was killed there. His loyal wife was broken-hearted and went back to their farm in Siberia with her child yet unborn.

The two younger brothers went to Hailofeng as officers in the Chao Tao Tuan. What happened to them I shall tell later.

An Assassin Pays Me a Visit

The 80 members of the K. K. had come from several different places, and there were many enemies and much rivalry among us. One day we lost one of our young members named Kim, who was my close friend. He had been secretly killed by the Ping Yin Yi Yung Tui because they thought he had given secrets to the K. K. To know too many secrets is dangerous for any man in revolutionary work. They also wanted to get rid of me.

A few nights later one of the members of this Tui came to my room at twelve o'clock. The door was locked, and I pretended not to be at home. He waited outside until three o'clock then went away. Had I opened the door I would have gone the way of poor little Kim. This so-called "Brave Army of 1925" had been organized in Shanghai to oppose both the C. P. and the Yi Nul Tan. About twenty members came to Canton in 1926. We discovered that they had a plot to kill all the important leaders of the Young Men's League so the League sent them individual warnings by name to leave Canton within a week.

The Red Monk Falls in Love

From the winter of 1925 to the end of 1927 Kim Chung-chiang and I worked together closely in Canton in journalism and in the

leadership of the Young Men's League and the Communist movement. Then, when the famous terrorist, Wu Seng-nun, arrived in Canton in the winter of 1926 from Moscow, where he had become a Communist, he joined with us, and we three became intimate friends. Wu came to live with me in the little inn where I stayed. Kim was our political theoretician, Wu was the man of action, and I was their young disciple in all things. I was then twenty-two, while Wu was about thirty-seven and Kim was thirty-two. I was their "open leader," while they were the power behind the scene.

Wu taught Russian to a military class at Whampoa Academy. He also wrote essays on the class struggle and national problems and gave talks about the U.S.S.R. He hated poetry and thought I was very youthful because I wrote it sometimes, but like me, he loved sad things though he never showed any emotion. He became a member of the K. K. and was elected to the central committee of the Young Men's League.

In the late summer of 1927 Kim fell helplessly in love. His first love and a very tender one. The girl was a beautiful Cantonese student at Sun Yat-sen University, very modern and bourgeois. Kim felt that Wu and I considered him a traitor, but he could do nothing about it.

"When you fall in love, it will be a worse case than mine," he said to me, groaning. "You see what happens to a man who has been a monk. It is irrevocable."

Wu and I kept hoping that this love would cure itself, according to Kim's previous diagnosis in Peking, but it showed no sign of abating.

Kim continued to work as hard as ever, but his enemies accused him of being romantic. Every day he went with his girl to the park at the Place of the Seventy-two Martyrs. Every single one of his friends wanted him to cut with this girl except myself. I supported him in his "nonsense" and helped the lovers however I could. "A revolutionary is also a man, a human being," I retorted to those who criticized Kim. "Anyway it will pass. You are all jealous because no girl is in love with you."

I decided that the solution was for the girl to go to Tokyo to school. She and Kim agreed to this, and she went to Japan. But she wrote to her lover every day and after three months was back again—Kim had not replied to her letters for three weeks.

When she could not find Kim in Canton she came to me, greatly alarmed.

"He is in Wuhan," I said. "But keep this secret. He will return in a month." Then she wanted to go to Wuhan.

I really envied Kim's happy love affair, though I regretted that the girl was not a real revolutionary. My opinion on the marriage problem changed to read: Love is all right but only with the ideal girl. Kim's girl tried hard to convert me to marriage and introduced many of her friends to me, but I did not like any of them. I taught German to a Korean girl student in medical school in Canton, but when Kim and Wu made the remark that I was falling in love with her I cut the lessons immediately.

I Meet Borodin, Thomas Mann, Earl Browder

In Canton I met all the foreigners who came to show solidarity with the Chinese Revolution. They were very friendly to the Koreans especially, as we were volunteers too. I loved old "Tom-man," as we called him.¹ Wu and Kim and I and eight others had our pictures taken with him.

Earl Browder from America was there for a short time in January, 1927. He looked like a scholar, but his speeches were easy to understand. He talked against American imperialism, and everyone liked him very much also.

Borodin I had met earlier. He was middle-aged and stout and did not look like a revolutionary type to us Orientals, accustomed only to fiery youth in the Communist movement. But he had a slow, quiet method of organizing things that commanded confidence, and we felt that he had his feet solidly on the ground and admired his grasp of theory and tactics. He was like a rock in a wild sea of inexperienced youth and enthusiasm.

We took photographs of everyone and were very happy to have so much international solidarity in evidence. A very good Communist from Indo-China, educated in France, also came. In 1926 we had organized a "League of Oriental Nations," which included the Korean Young Men's League, the Indo-Chinese Nationalist party, Formosans, and individual Indians. This organization held a con-

¹ This refers to old "Tom" Mann, or Thomas Mann, the famous British labor leader, not to the German author of that name.

gress. When the Formosan delegates returned to their island they were arrested by the Japanese, including Lin Sun-ki who is still in prison. He had organized the "Proletarian-Peasant Emancipation League" in Formosa. In Formosa then there were many Anarchists and Communists, and they had a good relation with us Koreans—because we had the same master, Japan. At that time all Oriental revolutionary groups had good relations, but this is not true today.

The Northern Expedition

The Korean volunteers were noted for their bravery and leadership during the Northern Expedition to crush the warlords. Every Chinese general begged them to join his troops. Most of the Koreans were with Chang Fa-kuei's "Ironsides," the best army of all. Others were with Chu Pei-teh and with Chêng Chên's Sixth Army when it captured Nanking. The secret of the brilliant success of the Northern Expedition lay in the good political work, and Koreans were usually active in this.

It is difficult for me now even to remember the exhilaration and high enthusiasm that all revolutionaries felt during the triumphant onward sweep of the Northern Expedition, which reached the Yangtze Valley within six months. On to north China and Korea—our hearts exulted! "Twenty million Koreans are waiting at home and in Manchuria to take up arms against imperialism for the freedom of all Asia," we told the Chinese confidently.

Then came the counter-revolution led by Chiang Kai-shek on the Right, and the split between the Communists and the Kuomintang, just at the crest of victory when success was within sight. Not only was China split open and the revolution broken, and Korea, Russia, Japan, and other nations split off from revolutionary solidarity, but every individual revolutionary felt himself riven asunder by the shock. We Koreans saw a black cloud cover the horizon of our own revolution and could foresee no future moment when it might be dispersed.

When the reactionary Nanking regime was set up by Chiang Kai-shek against the Leftist Wuhan government, every Korean immediately left the Rightist forces and went to Wuhan to support the Left.

After the Wuhan government fell, what remained of our Korean

group scattered. One hundred of us stayed in Canton to aid in the future recapture of revolutionary sovereignty there. A few on the Right Wing gave up hope after the Kuomintang reaction and returned to Korea or Manchuria. By the end of 1927, 200 had regathered in Canton to fight in the Commune.

April 15 in Canton and an Execution

I did not leave Canton during the whole 1925-1927 period. On April 15, 1927, three days after Chiang Kai-shek's order for the massacre of the factory workers in Shanghai, the reactionaries in Canton started their "purge." All the workers were disarmed and many arrested. Twenty Koreans were sent to military prison, including Communists in the army and military schools. Only six Koreans were in the prison when we opened it during the Commune. All the rest had been executed.

On April 18 I witnessed an incident that made a deep impression on me. Three Chinese members of the Communist Youth were publicly executed, a girl of sixteen and two boys twenty-one and twenty-two. They were bound and carried through the streets in rickshas to show to the population before being taken to the execution ground. Four hundred soldiers followed the rickshas, and I followed the procession.

All three were workers, but they looked like students, for they had fine, intelligent faces. The girl, Lo Liu-mei, was very pretty, with short bobbed hair, thick and glossy black. They had been arrested and condemned to death only for doing propaganda work and passing handbills for the general strike that was being prepared.

The three sang the song of the C. Y. Internationale as they were carried through the streets, and were brave and poised. I never hear that song now without thinking of them.

Hundreds of people followed to the execution grounds, but nobody cried but myself. Tears streamed down my face as I ran along the street, and I didn't care whether the police arrested me as a sympathizer or not. I was very excited because I could do nothing to help them and angry at the callous attitude of the curious spectators. They seemed to think it only a form of amusement. "I can't

live in this cruel country," I said to myself. "I can't. I can't. These people are not human."

When the rickshas stopped, it was three o'clock. The heavy chains were taken off the prisoners, and they walked slowly to the place of execution. One boy's shoe fell off, and he reached down to put it back on, taking a long time to do it. "He wants to live a few seconds longer," I thought as I watched.

All three were calm. You could tell that they were afraid and yet not afraid to die. When they reached the death spot they shouted slogans, as ten soldiers lined up to shoot: "Overthrow imperialism and the Kuomintang! Long live the Chinese Revolution! Strike down Chiang Kai-shek!"

In the middle of the last slogan they were shot by rifles not five feet away.

I went up to the bodies and saw tears in the glazing eyes of these brave young people. I stood there for a minute and whispered to them: "I will finish your last sentence—strike down Chiang Kai-shek!"

I went home afterward and wrote a symbolical poem—about having seen myself reflected in the tears in Lo Liu-meï's eyes after death. I called it "Humanity at Tungchiaoch'ang."

From April 15 to 18 in Canton many Communist and mass organizations were broken by the reactionaries, and many arrested to prevent the general strike. The whole leadership of the Workers' Association was arrested, and at Sun Yat-sen University 300 were taken. Only the three were executed in the public square, but many others were killed secretly. From April 15 to the time of the Canton Commune in December we had the record of the execution of 200 students of Sun Yat-sen University alone.

During those dark days, I saw men sending their personal enemies to death, testifying them to be members of the C. P.

Canton Prepares

After the fall of the Wuhan government, the Leftist elements gathered forces, and on August 1, 1927, two Communist Ironsides commanders led the Nanchang uprising in Kiangsi and started marching south to recapture Kwangtung Province as a base for the future revolutionary movement. We waited eagerly for news. This

new Red Army was almost annihilated near Canton. In spite of this defeat, it was decided to carry out the uprising in Canton and take the city. Near-by P'eng P'ai had already organized the first Soviet in China, and we were depending upon this peasant movement for support.

General Li Chi-sen had been in control of Canton since 1926. Now General Chang Fa-kuei had arrived in the city and was planning to oust Li Chi-sen from power. On November 17, Chang Fa-kuei carried out his *coup*, and civil war between the two armies was imminent. The Communist party decided to carry out the insurrection as soon as possible to take advantage of the disrupted situation.

Chang Fa-kuei had brought the Chao Tao Tuan, or Special Training Regiment, made up mostly of radical cadets from the Wuhan Military and Political Academy. This was under Communist influence and was to be the backbone of the uprising. Of the 2,000 troops in the Chao Tao Tuan, 80 were our Korean comrades.

Every Korean in Canton joined the Commune uprising except four women and ten persons who were old residents, and we estimated that we numbered 200.

When action began on the night of December 10, the Koreans from the Academy and Chang Fa-kuei's troops gathered secretly and began the armed struggle, together with the Chao Tao Tuan. Next morning all the Korean students at Sun Yat-sen University also came to join the fighting.

XII

The Canton Commune

THAT EVENING of December 10, 1927, was one of the most eventful of my life. In my little inn we had a secret meeting of twenty Koreans. Wu, the famous sharpshooter, was fondling a new pistol as he drowned it in oil. We drew close together in tense expectation, jubilant at the thought of the great mass struggle about to begin. We talked about the chances for success and of how to keep power once we had secured it.

We never mentioned that any of us might be killed within the next few hours but spoke only of how to destroy the enemy. Wu gave us instructions about the handling of a gun.

As we thought of Korea, our hearts leaped forward to tomorrow—for we felt this battle was in defense of our own people too.

Wu and I and an artillery expert named Yang Ta-fu started out for the Chao Tao Tuan headquarters, which was to be the first center of action. The sentries there had not yet been overpowered, and we had to climb secretly over a wall. It was a dark moonless night. . . .

Inside the headquarters we found that the leaders of the uprising had just arrived—Yeh T'ing, fresh from his defeat in the province,

Chang T'ai-lei, the famous Communist Youth leader, Hsu Kuang-yung and Sun Tai-ying. (*See Historical notes.*)

Nearly 2,000 cadets stood around, talking in groups, ready for the signal to start.

Twenty or thirty Rightists had already been gagged and bound and placed in one room with a sentry on guard.

We three soon found ourselves surrounded by sixty-seven Korean comrades, including the three Pak brothers. They put their arms around us and welcomed us warmly. I could not speak, so deep was my feeling for the historic moment. I was happy and heavy-throated at the same time.

Chang T'ai-lei stood on a table and talked to us: "Comrades, tonight we put an end to the old history. Tonight we conquer the last icy mountain in our path forward."

Yeh T'ing also made a speech and read off the names of the cadets participating. Each group elected its leaders, and the names of the Revolutionary Committee were announced.

Yeh Yung was elected as the new commander of the Chao Tao Tuan, and Li Ying, a Korean graduate from the Red Academy in Moscow, was appointed by the Communist party to be Yeh Yung's military and political adviser, or chief-of-staff.

In all branches of work, Koreans were put into responsible positions because they were more experienced and many had had good political and military training in Moscow. They acted as a network of party agents during the Commune, though many Chinese did not know they were Koreans.

The name of the Chao Tao Tuan was changed to the "Red Army," and several big red flags were brought out to be carried during the uprising.

Yeh T'ing then gave orders, telling each unit where to go and how to disarm the enemy troops. He was commander in chief of all the armed forces and head of the Revolutionary Committee in charge of the uprising.

It was necessary to capture the headquarters of the enemy commander, the arsenal, and the artillery station and to disarm the troops guarding various parts of the city. The workers were to disarm the police and capture the police station. The enemy troops inside the city were much larger than our armed forces, while at Honam, across the Pearl River on the outskirts, were seven of Li Fu-

lin's regiments. Our main forces were only the 2,000 cadets and new volunteers of the Chao Tao Tuan and 2,000 armed workers, aside from the soldiers who came over to us from the enemy. We were also depending upon the arrival of peasant detachments from the Tungkiang region which never came. (See Historical notes.)

Silence fell over us, as the men talked quietly in little groups. Soon we heard the rumbling of many trucks and motor cars at the gate of the compound—bringing the armed factory workers. Then we started out on our various missions.

Encounters with the Enemy

Wu Seng-nun and Pak Chin and his two brothers climbed into a truck with the detachment whose duty was to arrest Chang Fa-kuei and his staff. They surprised the headquarters staff, but General Chang himself escaped to Lingnan University in his nightclothes and from there into Li Fu-lin's lines across the Pearl River. Ch'en Kung-p'o and Huang Ch'i-hsiang escaped in the same way.

I went in a car with a Korean named Yang Ta-fu, attached to another unit which was detailed to capture Sa Ho, the big artillery station about ten li away. Yang and a Chinese were in command of this expedition. Yang had gone to school in Moscow and was a fine military man as well as a good secret Communist organizer. He was a famous artillery expert, much respected by Chang Fa-kuei and other Chinese commanders. He had been in charge of Chang Fa-kuei's artillery during the fighting in Honan and had reorganized the whole artillery unit captured from Chang Hsueh-liang at that time. He did not speak Chinese very well, and I was to act as his interpreter when necessary.

At a distance of 600 meters the motors were stopped, and we moved forward with our guns and swords ready. We had from 200 to 300 men, while the enemy post was made up of two *tuan*, or 2,000 soldiers.

We surrounded the post and stood at attention near every door and room. Nobody could fire without orders. When the order came we fired, killing only thirty men. The station soldiers fired in response, but not one of our men was killed. The commander of the post came out and said, "It's no use to fire. Wait!"

Yang knew the commander well and talked with him. This post

commander was bound, and his men disarmed. The captured rifles were put into the cars and some big guns were dismantled and carried away, while others were brought on their carriages.

Yang knew the mutinous temper of the captured men and that they were not anxious to do any fighting for Chang Fa-kuei, so he said: "Only fifty men are enough to guard the prisoners. The rest of you must hurry back to the city to help in the capture of Chang Fa-kuei's headquarters."

The 2,000 men were ordered to march back to the city as prisoners, moving slowly along with the big guns. We left our guard of fifty men and went on to other duties.

Yang and I and the leader of our detachment got into a small car and raced back to the city. It was four o'clock when we arrived. There was intermittent firing, but generally silence over the city.

When we reached the headquarters of the Revolutionary Committee to report, Yeh T'ing was there and also Heinz Neumann, the German Communist, who didn't know any Chinese. He was the only occidental foreigner in the Commune. The Soviet Consul did not participate in any way.

The police station had been occupied and turned into headquarters for the Revolutionary Committee. The workers had been most active in this place, overpowering and disarming the police one by one.

As we reported, a line was drawn on the big map in front of Yeh T'ing, showing the points taken.

We went out into the compound of the police station to wait for the arrival of the 2,000 prisoners. They appeared at five o'clock and sat down in the street, as the big guns came up in the rear.

"At least we have a few big guns," Yang remarked with satisfaction. He took a flashlight and went out into the street to talk with the captured soldiers, asking them if they recognized him. Yang chose 200 reliable men, whom he had known. They were given guns and ammunition to join in the insurrection.

After this we set out in motor cars for Chang Fa-kuei's headquarters which was guarded by the enemy Twelfth Division. By this time every main strategic point on the campaign map had been occupied except this.

General Li Chi-sen's big house was near the Twelfth Division. As we approached this, Yang said:

"There are many good new guns inside there, just brought from Czechoslovakia on German ships. We must quickly occupy this place and get hold of them."

We tried to take the position by assault. It was well defended, however, and we had to retreat after losing some of our men in the street. Yang and I got into the car again and started back for reinforcements. Just outside this street our 200 rearmed recruits were waiting orders.

"Do you men want to join the fighting now?" Yang asked them, as I interpreted for him.

"Yes," they all shouted.

"We want all 2,000 of you people to volunteer," Yang continued. "But we have not enough guns to give the rest. When we capture guns, both your regiments can fight with us. Come and help us get them."

The rest of the 2,000 prisoners were waiting on another street near by, and they were glad to hear about the invitation.

We drove back to the fighting with the Twelfth Division, hidden from rifle fire by rice sacks in the windows of the car. The enemy was shooting at us from the gate, and Yang and I stayed at the entrance while thirty men took hand grenades and threw them into the first room of the headquarters. The enemy retreated but started to throw bombs from the top story, which was very dangerous for us.

"Come back! You'll all be killed," Yang shouted. "Come back into the street again."

We had seven cars in the street and hid behind them, as the firing continued back and forth. We retreated again but held both ends of the street.

The enemy took up a machine-gun position in a side street, which swept the main street ahead with bullets. We could not cross this line of fire, so went back. Yang decided to bring up the big artillery for attack. We went to headquarters, and Yeh Ting agreed but said, "Don't harm the houses near by when you fire."

"All the buildings are close together. We couldn't avoid hitting some others, I'm afraid," Yang stated, "but I'll try."

Some of the 2,000 prisoners pulled one big gun and five shells along the street. When we got back to the scene of action again, we sent a letter to our men at the far end of the street to leave in order

to escape our fire. By now it was clear dawn. We could see that Li Chi-sen's house was just in front, and behind it the Twelfth Division headquarters. Yang saw that it would be impossible to fire only on Li's house and the headquarters. So the German, Heinz Neumann, came over to discuss the matter.

"Never mind the other houses. Fire!" was his decision.

Yang's first shell tore down the top story of Li Chi-sen's house, leaving the way clear for a shot at the Twelfth Division. His second shot missed the Twelfth Division, but landed very close by. The third struck fairly on the second floor of the Twelfth Division headquarters.

Our troops were then prepared to rush the Twelfth Division and took all the machine guns in the small side street. In the meantime, however, another unit had made a mistake. They had used benzine flame throwers around the headquarters, and our men could not get through the fire to enter the building. By seven o'clock we had occupied every near-by place except this Twelfth Division headquarters. The surrounding buildings were burning.

The revolution was now in control of all important districts within the city, with the exception of this headquarters, which was near the river. The Honam district across the river was in possession of Li Fu-lin's seven enemy regiments. No troops had been sent against him when we began action. The enemy troops remaining in Canton who had not been disarmed were only this Twelfth Division and the few soldiers of Chang Fa-kuei's headquarters staff, together with Li Fu-lin's seven regiments, and the New Second Division of 3,000 men, which had run away to the country at the mountain Kuan Yin Shan. In the West River areas not so far away were concentrated thousands of troops, which had been recently engaged in the fighting between Chang Fa-kuei and Li Chi-sen.

At seven-thirty Yang and I went back to headquarters. Yang was given command of the Artillery Division, made up entirely of the captured soldiers except for some Koreans to strengthen it; and I was given a post in the "Department for Arming the Workers and Peasants."

By Will of the People

At nine o'clock a mass meeting of about 30,000 people was held to elect a Soviet government—with big red flags waving. I was

there. Most of those who came were workmen. A few soldiers participated, who happened not to be fighting at the front. There were a great many students and a few spectators such as merchants. I saw a sprinkling of girl workers. Those present were all happy and excited. We sang the Internationale and shouted slogans—though the slogans were not spontaneous but initiated by the leaders.

I walked over and stood on the spot where the three Communist Youth victims had been executed several months before and shouted my slogan for them, "Strike Down Chiang Kai-shek!" My pledge to the dead was fulfilled.

The meeting elected eleven officers as a Soviet government, the chairman of the new Soviet to be Hsu Chao-chêng, a Cantonese worker who had led the Hongkong strike in 1925. He was not present at the meeting, as he had left for Tungkiang to organize an army of farmers to rush to Canton and join the workers' uprising. These farmers never came, as they could not arrive in time, and Hsu had sent a telegram explaining this. Hsu Chao-chêng was a good labor leader, and all the Canton workers were his loyal followers.

The slogans of the Commune meeting were: "Land to the Farmers!" "Food to the Poor People and Workers!" "Peace for the Soldiers!"

The program adopted was this: For the workers—an eight-hour day, good labor laws, unemployment insurance, and reform of labor conditions; for the peasants and soldiers—land, to secure which, all the landlords' land was to be redistributed; for the poor men—guarantee of enough food to eat; for the women—guarantee of the same wages and same legal status as men. There were ten or eleven points, embodying the same principles decided upon by the Sixth Congress of the Comintern.

It was to be a "Workers' and Peasants' Democratic Dictatorship." The "Soviet government" had its title, but the work was, of necessity, very poor. There was no time to organize Soviets of workers, peasants, and soldiers, so this was not done.

Three Days

After the mass meeting I took up my duties in the Department for Arming the Peasants and Workers (though no peasants arrived). There were seven of us in charge of distributing arms, of whom I

was the only Korean. All guns had to be captured from enemy troops, and during three days we were able to give out only 4,000. These were insufficient, but we could not get more because we could not occupy the Twelfth Division headquarters where the new arms were kept. Our people had occupied the arsenal, but nobody knew it as they didn't get communications through in time.

We did not separate the good guns from the inferior ones but let each volunteer choose his own weapon. On the second day, however, I gave the good guns only to the workers connected with the Strike Committee.

The workers gladly joined the uprising, and after the mass meeting hundreds came to the government to ask for arms. A few pounced upon the guns as a new possession and took them home to keep instead of using them to defend the Commune.

Before the uprising it had been estimated that 6,000 armed workers could be mobilized, but actually we had less than 2,000. This armed force was called the Sze Wei Chün, or Red Self-Protection Army.

On the night of the tenth, when the workers had been led by their own leaders, their action had been excellent. On the eleventh, however, the military were put in command, and the workers did not know how to follow their commands and had confidence only in their old leaders. Some even deserted the armed struggle because of this.

After the initial action, when peace and order were restored, the workers saw nothing further to be done, so most of them went back to their homes. This is the common failing of a spontaneous mass army. They forgot that the enemy was quietly biding its time near by to retake the city unaware.

During the Commune I learned the bitter lesson that the party must never be a brake on the mass movement. A mass uprising must succeed, no matter how many may be sacrificed on either side. If we do not destroy the enemy, the enemy will annihilate us. To fail is death for all who participate.

This was a mistake of the Commune. On the morning of the eleventh, orders were given to the workers not to kill any of the population but only to arrest some reactionaries and bring them for trial.

Less than 100 persons were killed by the revolutionaries during the

whole Commune. Only thirty of the worst reactionaries brought before the Revolutionary Committee for trial were executed. These were all Kuomintang officials. No merchants were killed and no rich men, though some were arrested by the workers who had been oppressed by them. Only three women were killed in the street-fighting, and these were brought to the government office for identification. I saw a ragged little boy beating the head of one of these dead women with a stone. He was probably a child-slave and she his cruel mistress, I thought.

Had the workers not kept discipline they could easily have eliminated their enemies, but they stood by their orders not to kill private individuals. Contrast such generosity and discipline with the orgy of brutality indulged in by the Reaction three days later when nearly 7,000 were killed. All during the period of revolutionary sovereignty the city was calm and peaceful.

There were only sixty men prisoners in the police station when we retreated on the thirteenth, and not one had been mistreated. As soon as they were freed they got arms and went out into the streets, killing every poor man they could find.

How many soldiers were killed in the fighting at the front was never reported, but it could not have been more than a few hundred as most of the enemy troops ran away or submitted to being disarmed.

During the Commune there was no student struggle. They did not actually participate either in the mass movement or in the armed struggle, but some of them took guns as ornaments and patroled the streets. Intellectuals in China usually try to preserve themselves for future reference after the fighting is over. Their attitude of self-preservation annoyed me, and when about fifty C. P. and C. Y. intellectuals came to ask for guns, I said to Chang T'ai-lei: "It's no use giving guns to these people just for ornamentation. We have enough only for real fighters."

Only about fifty individual C. P. and C. Y. intellectuals were armed during the Commune. They were incompetent even at trying to arrest people and exposed themselves in the most dangerous way. When the Reaction came, they ran into houses to hide, where they could be easily surrounded and killed by the enemy. A soldier always runs in the open to escape. Yet many students and girls were

Song of Ariran

anxious to help, but we had made no provision to utilize them correctly.

A few reactionary students were killed as spies and traitors by the Chao Tao Tuan during the Commune. The Chao Tao Tuan itself, of course, was made up, not of professional soldiers, but of student cadets, and many were intellectuals.

Those who showed up best in the struggle were Comrades with previous experience in arms and those well grounded in the revolutionary idea. The Workers' Strike Committee did the best work among the civilians and carried on heroically. No women fought in the Commune. But the nurses particularly distinguished themselves. (*See Historical Notes.*)

None of us had time to eat anything until the evening of the eleventh. On that night I went with Yang and Wu, my Korean friends, to the police station where we found a big jar of wine and cooked a chicken. We invited Heinz Neumann to eat with us.

On the night of the twelfth when we went to headquarters to look at the map we saw no change in the situation. The Twelfth Division had not yet been taken. Neither had the Staff Headquarters, nor Honam on the south of the Pearl River.

During the whole silent day all homes had been closed, and only the small food shops were open. I stayed on duty at my department, but the guns had all been given out, and I had nothing to do. In the afternoon I went alone to the Fourth Army Hospital where the head doctor was a classmate from Peking Medical College. I had seen the wounded returning from the front with no doctors or nurses to care for them, so decided on my own initiative to win over the nurses for our side. At the hospital I made a talk to the staff and asked them to vote. All, including both men and women nurses, volunteered to join the revolution. I took my friend, Dr. Chung Ying, to Yeh T'ing and Chang T'ai-pei to introduce him and arrange to organize a hospital for the wounded.

Several of us volunteered to help the food department, taking a motor car around to confiscate rice from the merchants. They gave what we asked, and we took our "gifts" back to aid the fighters. On the way I saw a kodak in a big store near Shameen and suddenly realized that we needed pictures to commemorate the Commune, so I went in and asked for it. I think I am the only one who took

pictures then. I never saw or heard of any others. I could not get these printed, and all were lost.

Yang went to the telephone office and the electric light company to organize the workers there and found they were not opposed to the Soviet. The Commune got good support from all the workers as soon as they learned the meaning of it, but it took them by surprise.

Yang and Wu and I got into a motor car in the evening and went through the streets, giving the password as we were challenged by sentries. Yang was very worried because there had been no advance all day, and he felt that Yeh T'ing was not fully conscious of the terrible consequences which would inevitably result from failure to succeed, for there was no preparation for retreat. (*See Historical Notes.*)

"We Koreans will all be killed," Yang said. "We are too enthusiastic. We are prepared to sacrifice everything. We only know how to march to the front, not how to retreat and save ourselves."

Late that night we Koreans came together to ask who had been killed and wounded and what action had been taken by our Korean group. One of our best party men, Li Pin, was dead. (*See Historical Notes.*)

We got no sleep until the thirteenth, except for occasional table napping, and were in a state of increasing nervous tension.

On the thirteenth the Korean Young Men's League held a meeting at Sun Yat-sen University. I was chairman, and Yang and Wu and Kim made speeches.

There were twenty present at the meeting. We decided that we had not been very scientific in our action and that we must take better responsibility for leading all Korean comrades. We arranged to have a motorcycle for common use. We decided who should stay in Canton if the uprising failed and who should leave. Yang and Wu and I would go with the troops in event of failure.

A sense of failure crept up like a low-lying fog. The C. P. had very poor organization then and called no meetings or demonstrations. Even on the thirteenth Chang T'ai-lei had said to Kim, "Never worry about failing. Think only of winning." He had no preparation whatsoever for retreat—and that was the reason for the great débâcle when it came.

Shortly before six o'clock on the thirteenth I went back to the Department for Arming the Workers. Some Korean comrades reported that Yeh T'ing had gone to the headquarters at the police station and changed to civilian dress. When someone tried to find Chang T'ai-lei, others said, "No matter—he must have gone to the front."

At headquarters we could find nobody in authority except Sun Tai-ying, the secretary of the government. Even Heinz Neumann was gone. When we asked Sun what conditions were, he merely repeated our question to us. No other important men were left of the C. P. committee.

About six o'clock Hsu Kuang-yung came to headquarters while we were there and ordered everyone to go to Huang Hua Kang, to the Place of the Seventy-two Martyrs. He said the British warships were preparing to fire to help Li Fu-lin and that the British consul had told Li Fu-lin he could settle the whole thing in twenty-four hours and would then turn the place over to Li. The British troops had already crossed over to Chinese territory from the concession in Shameen, and the Japanese had also landed in the city.

Wu and I together went to Sun Yat-sen University to find our comrades but could discover nobody. Returning to headquarters we found Yang waiting for us. Then I went to find Kim Chung-chiang. I wanted Kim to leave with me and go outside the city with the Chao Tao Tuan. He wanted me to stay with him and try to hide in his Chinese sweetheart's home. "Go or stay, we must die anyway," we said. We were depressed and unhappy, but I saw that Kim was not so unhappy at parting as I was. "You still have a sweetheart. . ." I said as I left him.

Retreat to Hailofeng

Wu and I went together to the Place of the Seventy-two Martyrs. Many cars were headed there with men hanging on the sides. There we waited awhile. No important leaders were present except Yeh Yung, commander of the Chao Tao Tuan, and his regiment.

At seven o'clock we marched with the Chao Tao Tuan to Ta Ko Ling Mountain. Next morning we moved on the town of Fanyu. Two thousand tired, confused marchers we were—none had really

slept for four nights, and we hardly prepared enough food to keep ourselves alive. Only a handful of workers had retreated with the Chao Tao Tuan.

Then we marched on. Upon reaching Huahsien on the night of the fourteenth, a meeting was held at which Yeh Yung said we would stay there to await orders from the Canton Provincial Committee and prepare to occupy Canton again. We slept in the *hsien* government compound, and heard *min tuan* firing outside the wall. Still no orders from the Committee. . . .

By the afternoon of the fifteenth no news had come, so in the evening we left for Chunghua *hsien*. Next morning at ten o'clock, as we crossed a mountain, we were attacked by *min tuan* with machine guns. We counterattacked at a run, and the enemy retreated.

Chunghua *hsien* was sympathetic. Even the Merchants' Association sent a delegate to welcome us because they were afraid. They had incense burning before the Gods of Welcome and firecrackers popping.

We took time here to make a new red flag—we had forgotten to take one from Canton. At a meeting it was decided to go to the Hailofeng Soviet as there was still no letter from the Committee.

We had left Canton on the thirteenth of December and arrived in Hailofeng on January 7. During this march we had no important fighting, but we openly asked people along the road about directions instead of questioning only friends. In this way the enemy knew our plans and where to wait for us.

The Cantonese are a very special kind of Chinese. Even the women are *li hai*. All the peasants like to get hold of a gun and never hesitate to kill in order to get it. It was dangerous to lag in the rear, as both women and men attacked stragglers with chopping knives to capture their guns. The people along the way took their food and ran to the hills, so we could find nothing to eat.

Along this hard march we were tired, and many were bitter. All were confused and did not know what to think, blaming the Committee for sending no orders. But as we neared Hailofeng spirits rose. Thousands of people from the Hailofeng Soviet came from a hundred li around to welcome us. We sang the Internationale and the C. Y. Internationale, and all troubles were forgotten. . . .

White Terror

What was happening in Canton? I did not learn the full story until months later.

The Koreans had a good picture of the last days of the ill-fated Commune because they had no money to run away after the seventeenth and no friends to borrow from. Those who were not killed were spectators of what happened, while the revolutionary Chinese either ran away or were killed. All the house doors and gates of compounds were closed, and the Koreans had nowhere to hide. There were a few Formosans willing to aid the Koreans, and three Sun Yat-sen students hid with them. Kim later told me most of the story; he had stayed safely with his sweetheart's family.

After the Chao Tao Tuan left Canton, Chang T'ai-kei led the workers' defensive struggle until his death on the seventeenth, when the enemy troops occupied the city. Yeh T'ing had been ordered to Hongkong by the party. Nobody knows why the party failed to give orders at the eleventh hour. It is usually blamed on Yeh T'ing, but the real reason was simply lack of a co-ordinated central command.

The White army began the occupation of the city on the thirteenth. On the seventeenth many workers still had their guns, but they were completely surrounded and could not use their arms effectively. The workers fought behind telephone poles, and in small desperate groups. When the White soldiers killed the workers as they ran through the streets the *bourgeoisie* came out from behind their doors and clapped.

The workers knew that if they gave up their guns they could not live any longer than it took to make the gesture, so they fought bravely to the very end. On the evening of the eighteenth the massacre was finished, and the bodies were gathered into motor cars and dumped in the Pearl River.

The Whites killed, altogether, nearly 7,000 persons from the thirteenth to the eighteenth of December. The mass killings occurred on the seventeenth and eighteenth. Everyone with a white arm band could kill at pleasure. When it recovers power, class hatred is the cruellest passion known to man, and the Kuomintang civilians, together with the troops, stopped at nothing. Two thousand rickshamen were killed. Most of the victims were workers, men and women. Only a few were students.

On the eighteenth the soldiers surrounded the U.S.S.R. consulate and bound the Consul, the Vice-Consul, and his wife and three children. The Consul wore glasses, and the officer grabbed these and smashed them on the floor in petty spite.

An American bystander asked the Consul for permission to take a movie of the arrest as they left the consulate.

"Yes," the Consul agreed, "you may if you will please get me a new pair of glasses. I cannot see without them. Please go to the German consulate and report this."

The American promised and was told what kind of glasses to order. Later he took the new glasses to the police station, where the family and the Vice-Consul were taken and put into a room to sit upon a cement floor, with no food or extra clothing.

In the morning the Chinese took the Vice-Consul away to be executed. He told his wife to give his children a good Soviet education and went calmly. He was killed in the public street so the populace could witness it. They left his body in the street for three days with the phrase on his back "Russian bandit."

The other Russians were freed and ordered to leave within three days. The Consul went to the German consulate, then took a German ship.

Believing that the British were largely responsible, the U.S.S.R. protested to the British government, and broke diplomatic relations with China.

XIII

Life and Death in Hailofeng

ALL OF US from the Canton Commune were very much excited to find the Hailofeng Soviet thriving so well. We had lost Canton, but here in the countryside victory might still be ours. (*See Historical Notes.*)

The Soviet district included all of the two *hsiens*, Haifeng and Lofeng, collectively called "Hailofeng," and part of Huailai and Fuling as well. Neighboring farmers came to look at the new Soviet society, wagged their heads in approval, and went back to their villages to organize an armed struggle there.

We fifteen Koreans were especially interested in everything we saw—we dreamed of leading the same movement in our own country some day. The people in Hailofeng were surprised and pleased to have us fighting with them, and on the day after our arrival had a big "welcome to the Korean Comrades" meeting.

When the Chao Tao Tuan moved on to the front again, only Wu Seng-nun and I among the Koreans were asked to remain in the rear. Wu was made a member of the military headquarters staff and taught in the Communist party school. I was also given a job at the party school, where I taught the history of the labor movement

and of the Comintern and its activities, and directed propaganda methods. I also had a post in the party organization department under Cheng Chi-yuan, where I worked closely with him and P'eng P'ai.

Retribution

I was asked to be one of the seven members of the Revolutionary Court in Hailofeng, because they said that, as I was a foreigner, they thought I would be more objective and just, and not influenced by local class hatred and sentiment. I hated this work and tried to escape to the Economic Committee, so after two weeks they released me. While I was on the court only four were condemned to death, but the experience unnerved me considerably. One of these was an intelligent-looking young man whom the peasants brought to court. There was no proof against him.

"Look at his white hands and face," the peasants said. "There is no mistake. He is a counter-revolutionary landlord's son and a class enemy."

I liked his face, which was open and innocent, and said I thought there was no crime on it and that perhaps he would be glad to join with the revolution against his own father. P'eng P'ai smiled and took me by the hand.

"You are just as young and innocent as he," he said. "Class justice is not personal but a necessary measure of civil war. We must kill more, not less, in case of question. You don't know the cruelty in Hailofeng under the landlords. If you had seen what I have, you would ask no questions. The peasants are a hundred times less cruel than the landlords, and they have killed very, very few in comparison. The peasants know what is necessary for self-defense, and if they do not destroy their class enemies they will lose morale and have doubt in the success of the revolution. This is their duty and yours."

When this young man was sent to be executed, his mother and sister took his hands on either side and walked along to comfort him.

I thought of the three young C. Y. members whom I had seen executed in Canton and could visualize logically that this was only impersonal class justice, but my humanitarian Christian and Tolstoyan training was strong and I was unhappy. I determined, how-

ever, to be strong in my duties and not to let personal sentimentality stand in my way. In the case of the three others, it was not so difficult to condemn them to death, for they were old men with the marks of cruelty and corruption clearly visible on their faces, though we had no proof of recent counter-revolutionary activities. They had formerly been cruel, vengeful landlords. One of these landlords was arrested by the partisans as we were on the march, and they brought him to me to decide his fate in a few minutes. I looked at his flabby hands that had never earned an honest dollar and at the honest faces of the poor hard-working peasants who had captured him. Class justice was clear enough, but I could not bring myself to condemn him. So I said, "Quickly, gather round in a meeting and let the majority vote on his guilt or innocence." We had only a few minutes to spare, but the partisans halted. The peasants who had arrested the landlord stated the case, and I asked the accused if he had any answer to their charges. He kept his head down and said nothing. The meeting voted unanimously that he was guilty.

How to condemn by looking at a man? For me it was hard. For the local people it was not, but I felt sure that they never bothered to arrest a man whom they did not consider dangerous, for they were as *ma-ma-hu-hu* in this matter as in summary condemnation. During my months in Hailofeng I saw several death lists. These names were checked or dismissed so easily with a flick of the pen that it frightened me, yet I knew that the Kuomintang was far worse in these things. The difference was that the Kuomintang killed the best and bravest of China's people, the socially desirable, while the revolutionaries killed the degenerate and the parasites, the socially harmful.

The Red Army in Hailofeng was humane and only killed as kindly as possible, with a gun. But the local peasants who had suffered torture under the landlords were not kind to their class prisoners. They preferred to cut off the ears and gouge out the eyes and hang the victims on a tree. Once, after the farmers had besieged the town of Tze Chin for a month, we occupied it and arrested the magistrate and heads of the Merchants' Association and of the Department of Education. The partisans claimed these men, and, after their deeds had been proven, we turned them over to the farmers, who took thin wire and bound the three together by the thumbs.

The magistrate was a military man, brave and proud. "You peasants can't kill me," he exclaimed. "Only the Red Army has the right to do this." Then he begged the Red Army men to shoot him, for he feared torture at the hands of the peasants.

As I was in the political department, I asked the division commander to kill the prisoners with a gun, but he said: "No, the farmers have fought for a month for this. These are the people's prisoners, to render justice as they like. How many of them have been killed during this month? If you want to know what real torture is, go to the prison in Tze Chin and ask the walls to talk. The people want to kill only three. If these three had power, they would kill 3,000."

Then I thought again of the three young workers I had seen executed in Canton. It was only human retribution. Those who fail must die. Those who succeed can live.

That night we slept in a Catholic church. There were some books there, and as I had nothing to do I picked up the Bible and read the New Testament. I wondered what Jesus would have commanded in the name of justice in Hailofeng. "I come not to bring tears but a sword," He might have said. He hated the landlords and money-changers who robbed the people. He loved what is good and not what is evil. It is good to destroy evil. It is not good to let it remain in power and destroy mankind.

Next day, as we marched along the road, we came upon a large gathering. Everyone was happy and smiling, and the small boys were cheering.

"This is the end of the cruel beast," the people were saying to each other.

"Why do you kill him this way?" I asked faintly, sick with horror.

"Last year this magistrate ordered the leader of our Peasant Union killed in this same way," one of them replied, "and his father and brother were forced to watch it. Now they are handling his case. It is only fair. Let him feel what his victim felt. He is responsible for the execution of a hundred other farmers in Tze Chin besides. If he caught you now he would treat you the same way."

I couldn't move. My head was so heavy it dropped on my chest. I felt that humanity was a stranger to me. I was not of it.

I thought how much kindness there was among comrades and how much cruelty among enemies. What would a humanitarian like

Tolstoy say and feel at a time like this? No doubt he had seen the Russian peasants flogged to death against a tree. Would he see that it was cruelty to end cruelty? Where was there light to illumine these dark things?

Since that time I have seen many killed and executed, and I am always affected by it. Yet a man fighting in civil war must formulate his personal philosophy to make such things endurable. I could suffer such a fate more easily than to have to do the same to others, but I do not oppose this. I know that the question is only who is being killed. The ruling class began this killing; they have carried it on for generations. We only fight with their own weapons.

Five Battles

The Chao Tao Tuan had rested for three days after arrival, then gone off to the war front again.

There were several armed forces in Hailofeng: (1) the Fourth Division of the Red Army, numbering 2,000 men, led by Yeh Yung, which was made up of the Chao Tao Tuan survivors from the Canton Commune and new volunteers; (2) the Second Division of the Red Army, of 800 men, commanded by Tung Liang, consisting of survivors from the armies of Ho Lung and Yeh Ting after their complete defeat while attempting to capture Swatow several weeks earlier; (3) the Workers' and Farmers' Revolutionary Army, recruited from the local masses; (4) the peasant Red Guards. Altogether there were usually from 70,000 to 100,000 men in the fighting services, though we had less than 10,000 rifles. All the young farmers joined the fighting, armed or unarmed. There was an arsenal which made bullets, the machinery for which had been taken from General Chen Chiung-ming. And some skillful iron workers made iron guns which could shoot 200 meters. Many of the fighters were armed with these.

P'eng's military slogan was, "*Chien Pi Ch'ing Yeh*," which means, "Strong Wall and No Food Left for the Enemy." Fifty thousand enemy troops had surrounded the Soviet nearly two months before they dared attempt to enter P'eng's living wall.

Soon after the arrival of the Chao Tao Tuan, the White armies began to send reinforcements to Hailofeng. Li Fu-lin, Yu Han-mou, and Li Chi-sen surrounded the Soviet area with troops, but no one

第二次全蘇大會代表毛主席報告中央執行委員會二年來工作時攝影一九三四年一月廿五日



Like two other of the photographs in this book, the above was originally printed on blueprint paper and carried on the Long March, which began soon after it was taken. The rare originals are among several collected by Edgar Snow. Above, rapt attention is being given while Mao Tse-tung reports to the All-Soviet Congress at Juikin.



Another rare photograph, originally printed at Juikin on blueprint paper, showing members of the Soviet Central Executive Committee giving the Red salute on February 1, 1934. It was then that the Soviets decided to evacuate the southern provinces and march to the northwest.

of them wanted to enter first and be destroyed by us. There were then nearly 100,000 troops against our little "Iron Guard" of 2,800 soldiers, supported only by the tens of thousands of mostly unarmed partisans.

The first time the enemy dared enter Soviet territory was when Tsai Ting-k'ai¹ came from the west to lead an attack in February and occupied Chih-shih district. The masses struggled valiantly when he entered Chih-shih village with 2,000 men. Three hundred of the Chao Tao Tuan rushed to help the people's self-defense. The people shouted and waved red flags as they fought, while women and children on every hilltop furiously flaunted more red flags in the air and screamed encouragement. When the Chao Tao Tuan arrived, they stood by for awhile, smoking cigarettes, waiting to see where the people's ranks would break first, so as to move in where most needed. The enemy broke ranks and scattered, and the Chao Tao Tuan rushed into the sectors where the people's front had broken to annihilate enemy troops. Our people killed 500 enemy soldiers, and the Chao Tao Tuan lost only 3 men!

This was a great victory and filled the Soviet regions with rejoicing and a sense of limitless power. Tsai Ting-k'ai, accustomed to despising the people, had moved in recklessly, without fear of the mass movement.

Yu Han-mou had 3,000 troops. His tactics were to sleep on a high mountain in the daytime and go to the front to fight at night—always retreating before dawn. They had to carry their food and supplies with them. One day at the village of Kungping, 20 li north of Hailofeng, a mass meeting of 30,000 people was held. This was on February 29, and I went from headquarters with Cheng Chi-yuan to attend.

While the main speech was being given, Yu Han-mou's troops fired on the meeting. They had come up secretly and surrounded Kungping before any of the people were aware—being off guard because of the enemy's habit of attacking only at night.

Thousands were killed by this surprise onslaught. I saw the wounded and dying falling everywhere I turned. Some of the peo-

¹Tsai Ting-k'ai was commander of the famous Cantonese Nineteenth Route Army which defended Shanghai in 1932. His troops are the only ones which ever stood up to the Red armies successfully in combat. The history of his fighting relations with the Communists is interesting. Hailofeng was his first contact with Red fighters.—N.W.

ple carried spears, but others had only their knives, which it was the custom to carry always.

The men all ran to the mountain near by, while the Red Guards mobilized with what guns they had and fought the enemy on a little plain between Kungping and Hailofeng.

I escaped to Hailofeng with Cheng, and that night all Hailofeng—boys, women, and even C. P. intellectuals—armed themselves to punish the enemy for its cowardly deed. They all concentrated for a mass meeting, and Peng Pai raised his slogan: "Use our blood to drown the enemy!" The people liked this slogan, and everyone shouted it enthusiastically. Then we sang the Internationale and other songs and divided into three sections for the attack. Every individual ran to Kungping as fast as his legs would carry him, including many women and children.

The left wing was made up of the Workers' Red Guard. It entered Kungping first and succeeded in making a strong attack. The right wing, made up of the Peasants' Red Guard, was broken. The middle column was surrounded by the enemy, so the left wing came up to the enemy's rear to protect us. I was in this middle column. It was the C. P. column led by Peng Kuei, brother of Peng Pai, and we had 2,000 C. P. and C. Y. members in it.

In the middle of a fierce enemy machine-gun onslaught, a pretty young girl came up and stood beside me with a smile. She was one of the best leaders in the C. Y., and we had often worked together, taking an increasing interest in each other. She had considered herself my special girl friend.

"I have looked everywhere for you," she said calmly. "If you are killed, I want to die with you."

"Lie down quickly," I begged. "You're in the line of fire."

When I turned around a few minutes later to speak to her, I saw only a limp little blue-clad body, blood streaming from her head. . . .

The enemy split us up, and our left and middle were separated from the right. We had no real tactics but only spontaneous mass action. Many times the people rushed forward to the attack in human waves, carrying only their spears and pistols. Always they were forced to withdraw by the machine-gun fire which swept our lines. We, of course, had no machine guns.

The left and middle then broke, and the enemy followed hot on

our retreat to Hailofeng and occupied a near-by hill. They were afraid to enter the city and struggle in the streets in daytime.

This great people's battle lasted from one o'clock at night to nine in the morning. The enemy had only 3,000 trained soldiers with machine guns, and we had most of our 70,000 partisans in action that night. But we could not "drown the enemy in our blood," though blood enough to do so was shed. We lost at least 1,000, and saved 300 lightly wounded who could run away. Only a few hundred White soldiers were killed or wounded.

We now retreated to a high mountain called Mei Lung and decided to defend this while planning how to reoccupy Hailofeng and Kungping. By this time the White armies had surrounded the whole Hailofeng district, and the enemy encirclement was closing in upon us. The Red Army of 2,000 cadets returned from the east where it had been fighting during the past weeks.

On March 7 we began the attack to recover Hailofeng and failed, but were able to reoccupy San Wei. We had only a few fighters then. The whole Red Army with the Red Guards numbered less than 10,000 while the enemy had one army at Haifeng alone of 9,000 troops. The 800 men of the Second Division were reduced to 600, and of the Chao Tao Tuan only 1,000 came back. In these two attacks we lost one-fifth of our armed strength.

Our position was very difficult indeed. By this time all the towns had been lost to the enemy, except Mei Lung and San Wei, and we gave up the latter again and returned to Mei Lung. The enemy cordons surrounded us everywhere, and there was no way to escape, so desperate fighting was the only answer.

In the meantime Tsai Ting-k'ai had moved into Chih-shih again, and from there came to Mei Lung to launch his second attack. From midday to the afternoon we struggled at Mei Lung, and failed. All was finished. . . .

In groups of ten or twenty men, our forces dispersed into the near-by villages. The enemy dared not stay in the villages among the hostile population, so always withdrew to safety after attacks. The villages were ours between battles.

After the defeat at Mei Lung, we decided it was no use to fight with big forces but to deploy our men in guerilla warfare. We harassed enemy communications and destroyed all small groups who ventured out to carry rice or supplies.

At night the enemy troops surrounded the villages and in the mornings often killed the whole population. For instance, on the fourteenth and fifteenth of March, the enemy massacred the whole population of Ch'ing-tsao district—2,000 people. They burned all the rice fields and stores as well as the houses so we would have no food to carry on with.

Last Words

There was no food left for us by this time. When we lost Mei Lung and dispersed into small groups, I went to the mountains with a group of party members. The enemy followed 30 li to destroy us. Whenever we tried to carry our wounded, the enemy caught up, so we had to drop them and run for our lives. After the enemy passed, the people came out and carried the wounded into their houses to nurse them secretly.

This particular mountain was very steep and dangerous, and ordinarily nobody ever attempted to climb it. Two Korean friends, Wu Seng-nun and Sung, were with me, and we climbed up the mountain at the head of the group. I was strong and healthy then, but Wu was heavy and unaccustomed to hot climates. He perspired pitifully. "In the October Revolution in Russia, they never had to climb mountains like this one," he wailed. "Only in China must we be mountain goats as well as soldiers."

That night we stayed in a deserted temple on the other side of the mountain. There were ten of us, and each one searched anxiously for food, turning over every stone in the hope of finding a store of rice beneath. Wu would sound one stone, then I would sound the same one alternately, while we sang an old Korean rice-pounding song. At last, under one hollow stone, we found a small store of rice.

We could find only one old broken iron bowl to cook in, and it would not hold water. So we pounded the rice into flour and made a cake, spreading it on the broken bowl to cook. We could not wait until it was ready but took it away from the fire half-done, and called our friends.

We knew that we must hide or leave, so we said to the rest: "We must all prepare cakes quickly." All night long we pounded rice and cooked cakes. In the meantime, Wu, of the unerring eye for food, saw a luckless dog and shot it. It was a black and red Chou, of the

kind the Cantonese love to eat. How to cook this treasure? After much discussion, we thought of putting the dog in a hole in the ground and heaping a fire over it. We gathered round the fire and sang and talked. I taught everyone to sing the song I loved best—the old Korean Song of Ariran, and we all wept after we had sung this. The Chinese liked it very much and said they would never forget it.

By this time we were all so exhausted that we had to sleep. It was too dangerous to stay near the temple, so we scattered to hide in the grass like hunted wild animals. We three Koreans slept together, putting Sung in the middle to comfort him. Before going to sleep he sang a child's song about the stars. He was a bewildered little boy of eighteen.

When we had slept awhile, we awoke ready to face what might come. "How many good friends have you in this world?" we asked each other, and counted them over.

We wrote down our family addresses and gave them to each other. "If you die and I live, what shall I tell them?" we asked.

I wrote to my mother and second brother first, then to Kim Chung-chiang and to Ting Kung-mo and Huang Ping-chuan.² Huang was my best Chinese friend.

In my letters I said: "I am happy to die here. It is not like dying in a land of slavery. But I wish it were a Korean province as free as our glorious revolutionary struggle has been."

As we moved secretly around the mountain, we met a farmer. He told us our troops had gone to Pai-sa, "White Sand." We climbed over mountains to reach Pai-sa. There was no road, and the way was steep. We had to slide down, grasping at roots and branches to prevent severe falls. At Pai-sa we separated and went to farm houses, helping with the farm work. There we learned that Yeh Yung had been killed and that only 400 of the Chao Tao Tuan remained.

The villagers kept guards on watch, and when the Whites came we all ran away. The farmers' goods were few. They picked up their food, pans, and babies and went to the mountains. We did this many times every week. The Whites took away from the farmers all the

² Later in 1930, just before I was arrested, I got Huang a ticket to escape to Japan. He returned in 1933, when I was arrested again. He died from typhoid on June 8, 1933, in Peking. He was only twenty-eight at his death. I liked him very much. He had a scholarship of \$80 a month from the Japanese Boxer Fund to study medicine at the Imperial University in Tokyo.—K.S.

food they could get, and we had nothing to eat but sweet potatoes. For many years after Haifeng I could not bring myself to eat a sweet potato!

The Battle of Haifeng

May 3 was our last stand at Haifeng. One week before, the soldiers had called a meeting of what remained of the Second and Fourth Divisions. The food was all gone. At the meeting it was decided: "If we cannot eat, we die. If we fight, we die. But at Haifeng town there is food and money. All we can do is to make one last attempt to return."

There were only 600 left to attend the meeting, 400 Red Army men and the rest partisans. We prepared our guns for the attack during the week. We could eat only once in two or three days, and by May 3 we were famished and weak. Altogether we could mobilize only 3,000 men, including the farmer volunteers, with hand weapons for the most part.

On the night of May 3, we each ate a sweet potato. At 12:30 we set out. Two cooks, who had formerly been on the Strike Committee, had just come from Haifeng to find us in order to report that there was \$400,000 in the White headquarters, together with 400 boxes of bullets and plenty of white flour and rice. Our plan was to capture this and run.

By nine o'clock that night we were within thirty li of Haifeng. Wu and Sung and I kept close together, and Wu was in command of our column of eighty men. Our duty was to occupy the party school. We were part of the Chao Tao Tuan Fourth Division, which was assigned the task of occupying the town. The Second Division was to occupy Wu-fu-ling, a place three li from Haifeng, and to take the middle school which was used as headquarters of the Second Division of White troops. The First Division of the Whites was in the town.

The cooks had told us everything. We knew the enemy positions and even the password, "*Li Chi*."

We crossed the river up to our breasts and climbed. Nearing Haifeng, the bravest men volunteered to lead the attack. Three groups of twenty each volunteered from our Fourth Division.

My duty was to help capture the clothes from the sentries at the party school. Our plan was to pretend we were White soldiers from

the middle school headquarters outside the town. We were to use only swords for secrecy—not guns.

We knew the streets and the disposition of enemy troops, and our eighty men moved in secretly until we reached our objective.

We disposed of all the sentries easily. Ten men entered the gate and the others climbed over the wall. There was one company at this party school, but we took 100 guns, 8 boxes of bullets, and 1 machine gun, losing only 5 men. We then quickly surrounded all the enemy troops in one street. Next we broke open the prison and freed 200 comrades, many of whom were in chains and broken by torture. The people helped them escape.

In less than an hour the whole thing was completed. The peasants had 100 prisoners to take back—a whole company of troops which had been caught sleeping.

The Whites did not put up much resistance because they expected the garrison at Wu-fu-ling to come to the rescue immediately. They closed the doors and contented themselves with throwing hand grenades at us over the walls.

There was no sound whatever from Wu-fu-ling which our Second Division was to have occupied. This worried us. We knew that if reinforcements arrived we would surely all be annihilated to a man. We decided we could not continue the struggle within Haifeng town in view of the danger of an attack from without, so the bugle was blown for retreat.

We marched out of town toward Wu-fu-ling. Still no sound. Action to occupy the middle school there had been ordered for 12:30. It was an hour late already.

On arrival we found the enemy troops had heard the firing in Haifeng town, and had taken up positions on the hills and at all military points. Our tardy Second Division had just marched up to the foot of the hill. The Whites were very much taken by surprise and because of the darkness had no idea how many men we were.

In ten minutes we started a battle. But, except for the kindly darkness, we were at a disadvantage. When dawn came, the enemy saw how few we numbered and viciously attacked. We ran away, but many were killed and wounded. Our Second Division at the foot of the mountain was almost annihilated—the end of China's first Red soldiers of Ho Lung and Yeh T'ing.

Sung was wounded in the upper part of his leg, and Wu and I

carried him nearly twenty li. I was suffering from malaria and had little strength, so it was hard for us to carry him rapidly. Sung begged us to shoot him so we could be sure to save our own lives, but of course we refused.

When we came to a village near a high mountain, the firing had stopped. The political workers called a meeting and ordered everyone to escape quickly to the mountains. We three Koreans had fought like demons and were too tired to climb a step. We sat down, feeling ready to die with little Sung. Many times we were ordered to climb but could not bring ourselves to do it. We set out to take Sung to our secret hospital at Chien-yu-ling not far away. This was under the care of an old-fashioned doctor, who used a tree leaf to make the bullet come out of a wound, but it was the best we had. There was no modern medicine in all Hailofeng.

On arriving we found that the dry grass huts used as a hospital had just been burned by the Whites. Thirty wounded had been burned alive inside. Only three who could run had escaped death by hiding in the grass. These were captured, and when the enemy found they were two northern Chinese and one Korean, they were taken to Hailofeng. The Korean was Wu's nephew.

Little Sung died here from loss of blood. He was too weak even to speak any of his cherished last words.

The March to Leiyang

The Battle of Haifeng was our last attempt. The C. P. committee futilely ordered that nobody could leave but must prepare for a new struggle. Courage was gone, however, and no cadres remained. Of the Chao Tao Tuan survivors over one-fourth had been lost at Haifeng. Less than 300 of the 2,000 who had left the Canton Commune remained alive, and all of these were famished and ill. Many of the best leaders had been killed—how many nobody knew.

At Chien-yu-ling we gathered together and held a last meeting on the mountain. Little waterfalls fell with a sad tinkling sound, and amid this requiem we bathed our wounds, estimated our dead, and discussed our weakness and strength. Still we had no food. We could have taken it during the Battle of Haifeng, had the Second Division done its duty properly, but their failure to capture Wu-fu-ling had made us retreat hastily.

At dawn we set out wearily for Pai-sa, avoiding enemy reconnaissance. There were a hundred of us. At Pai-sa we were comforted by our friend—sweet-potato soup!

We divided into two groups, one made up partly of the Second Division and the other of the Chao Tao Tuan, and it was decided to go quickly to Leiyang to prevent annihilation by the enemy.

At the meeting in Pai-sa, the leaders had said that the sick and those who were unable to run would not be permitted to go with the rest to Leiyang, which was 200 li distant, so as not to prejudice the chance for the others to get away safely. Many were very sick, some with feet and legs so badly swollen from hiding and marching in the water for days that they could hardly stand. But all demanded to go, because we all knew that any individual left behind must surely die. If they went on the march, at least they would die in the struggle surrounded by comrades. Only a few were left at Pai-sa therefore.

One hundred men left for Leiyang first, followed immediately by 300 others. It was so dangerous a march that orders were given to kill anybody with a cough who insisted upon coming along. We moved so close to enemy troops that a single cough might have resulted in discovery and the annihilation of all of us, weakened and famished as we were. In all my life I have never seen such self-control! *Not a single person coughed during the dangerous periods of that march*, though many had tuberculosis and bad bronchial colds from exposure in the water.

It took three days to complete the march to Leiyang, and not a few died on the way from wounds and weakness. We hid in the grass half-asleep in the daytime, while swarms of the big malarial Kwangtung mosquitoes sucked away the life blood remaining in the wounded. Like myself, nearly everyone else had malaria.

I remember that on the third day we came to a big village which we had to cross by an exposed mountain path. The commanders again whispered the order fiercely: "Not a living son of you may cough! If one of you makes a sound, every one of us may have to pay with our lives. If you cannot control yourselves, you must stay behind. And if any of you are too sick to move fast, you must not attempt to come."

Nobody consented to stay behind.

Many wore white summer clothes, easy to see from a distance, so

these were taken off and rolled into small bundles. We crouched low on hands and knees at terrible suffering to the wounded—and crept along the path slowly so as not to be visible above the tall mountain grass. The leaders put their ears to the ground often and listened breathlessly for the sound of strange footsteps before permitting us to continue our serpentine movement.

Never in my life before had I really wanted to cough, but at one of those moments of deathly silence, I experienced the most uncontrollable desire I have ever felt. To be dead or alive myself at that moment I didn't care. I only wanted to relax the spasm in my throat. I fell flat on the ground clutching at the offender and half-strangled myself until I was too dizzy to rise. But I was victorious over myself. The low column moved on safely, and half an hour later the commander, a Honanese who had taken Yeh Yung's place, heaved a sigh of relief and ordered: "Now anybody may cough if he can be quiet about it." We all laughed. It suddenly occurred to me that most of the men had been going through just such an experience as I had all during the three days, and I felt a profound new respect for man's power over his own nature.

We reached Leiyang next morning, and the Communist members among the local farmers came to greet us.

For many, many weeks we had never tasted rice. Now we ate it as if it were the first time in recent years!

Escape

Leiyang was neither White nor Red, and the enemy had no troops there. The people neither welcomed nor opposed us, so we stayed in the town a week.

During the daytime we ate in the villages, and hid in the mountains at night. Over half our men went to Kwei-keng, thirty li away, and we began partisan warfare against the landlords to get food, as the poor people could not support us. We took from the landlords and distributed to the villagers, so the poor people soon loved us very much.

Every hour we expected enemy troops to come in pursuit, and after a week they arrived. Had it not been for our partisan warfare, they would not have known our whereabouts, perhaps.

In Leiyang itself we had only 100 men. The enemy occupied all

points except the plateau on the very top of the mountain. When the enemy began the attack, some of our men ran to the plateau. Wu and I hid on the mountain in the tall grass. We found a big stone with a spring under it, and hid in the water under this stone for a whole day. At dark we came out and moved farther along the mountain. The enemy troops were firing into the grass everywhere as we passed by.

In the morning we looked down at the village below. No soldiers were visible. Leiyang or "Inner Ocean" was a very beautiful place, with a clear river tumbling down the mountain and the plateau majestic above.

Near the top of the mountain we met some farmers who called us "Comrade" and were very kind. We were directed to the secret headquarters of the Farmers' Union in a near-by village of ten families.

Wu and I walked to the door and asked the chief to help us escape to the headquarters of the C. P. Special Committee, which was at Mou'-ien-ling in the district of Huilai 200 li away. A farmer was sent to guide us. We dressed like farmers, carried our food, and hid in the mountains in the daytime, walking fast at night. The farmers relayed us from one village to another. As we crossed Po-yeh *hsien*, our guide said we could move safely in daytime. We met with no incident until sunset, when thirty men and women with swords and guns followed and fired at us. They were people of some White feudal clan and wanted to kill us to seize our guns. Each of us stood behind a stone alternately and covered the thirty pursuers with rifle fire, while the other two ran, until we were safely away from danger.

We crossed many mountains that night and encountered an amazing number of snakes, poisonous and hissing. Wu and I were afraid of these creatures, as many comrades had been severely bitten. We had no shoes—no Cantonese farmer wears shoes. Since April we had all been barefoot and before then had worn only straw sandals.

Wu was much thinner now, and he looked like a haggard old man. I had been strong and in good athletic trim before contracting malaria in April. Two months of marching and fighting with chills and fever racking my body had reduced me to a cadaverous state. Some days I was so sick I walked in a delirium. I learned to sleep

as I walked, waking up when I stumbled to the ground on a stone. Other days I felt well again but ineffably weak. Many, many of our comrades were in the same or worse condition. My leg was painfully swollen from *k'a-k'i* (beri-beri) from so many weeks without nourishing food, and I had big watery blisters all over my body, until I could not sit down. For nearly half a year we had been sleeping without shelter in the mountains and marching through the deep water of the paddy fields. It rained nearly every night, and our bodies were drenched in dew from the mountain grass whenever we slept. We had only bamboo hats to keep dry and no extra clothing whatsoever. I never recovered from those days in Hailofeng, and my health has been unstable ever since. Even my malaria was not cured until 1929.

After eight days we reached Mou-t'ien-ling. There we found P'eng P'ai and Cheng Chi-yung. They were living in a cave underneath a big waterfall, which veiled the secret entrance. P'eng P'ai was very ill. With the relaxation from tension, my sickness came back with a vengeance, and even good old heroic Wu admitted a near collapse. Being a northerner unaccustomed to the south, he had suffered from the hot damp climate, and his heart and lungs had been affected by the violent action in which he was always dashing about at the front.

On July 23, we felt well enough to attempt going to Hongkong and arranged to rent a sampan, together with four Chinese.

We walked over fifty li the first night and slept secretly in a village when daylight came. Next evening we continued, and there was still a half-moon when we climbed eagerly into the little sampan. Just as we were about to pull off, a hail of fire began from the shore. Everyone but myself jumped out of the boat and ran. As I leapt up to run I collapsed in a faint from weakness and shock due to my illness. When I recovered consciousness after some time, nobody was in sight, and the firing was far off. "There is no way out this time," I said to myself grimly. I glanced around for the dead bodies but could see none. Then I hid myself in the water with only my nose showing.

I expected to be captured any moment. I had no fear of death by shooting but knew that capture meant torture—they would pull out my eyes and ears and organs until no life was left to suffer. Suicide

by drowning seemed the only intelligent thing to do, but hope dies hard. The dim moon was friendly enough. I decided to try to make my way to the village where we had slept the previous night. I would probably faint under torture anyway. . . .

Crawling out of the water on my belly, I wriggled into the grass. Then I set out for the village. My mind was a blank as I stumbled in the darkness, but it kept asking if Wu were dead or alive like an obsession of insanity. I don't remember anything about that trip. Apparently I arrived at the house almost unconscious and fell into a stupor for a whole day. Next night a farmer took me back to P'eng P'ai.

For two days I expected hourly to see Wu's friendly face framed in the spray of the waterfall, but he did not come.

"You may go across country to Swatow," P'eng P'ai advised. "Then you need not risk taking a boat."

Swatow was 200 li distant. I waited a little while longer with P'eng to regain my strength and in the hope of seeing my dear friend again.

Then one day P'eng said kindly: "You may as well make up your mind that they are all dead. It's no use to wait. If Wu does not come today, he will never come."

I never saw P'eng P'ai again. (*See Historical Notes.*)

On July 27, I abandoned all hope and set out with a farmer as guide on my way to Swatow. It was another strenuous experience, but on the fourth of August, we arrived safely at the headquarters of the Tungkiang C. Y. Committee on a mountain near Sanyang.

I spent one night with them, then took a boat to reach Swatow three hours away. As we neared Swatow I saw with dismay the Kuomintang flag and the police at the water front. What to do? I was by this time in the habit of either attacking or running away whenever the Kuomintang flag appeared. I tried to think what to say and do to avoid arrest and could summon up no intelligent plan. When we pulled the boat up, however, no attempt to arrest us was made. I have seldom been happier in my life.

That night I slept in the shop of a crippled charcoal burner. Next day, the sixth, I paid \$4.00 for passage to Hongkong on the *Takayama Maru*, a Japanese freighter. I was still very sick.

"Man dies easily—and also not so easily," I thought.

Hongkong and Ginseng

But my curious mixture of good luck and bad was with me still. I arrived in Hongkong next day and went to an inn I knew.

"Why are you sick? Where do you come from? Your Chinese is not good," the clerk demanded suspiciously, literally sniffing at me as if I were a strange dog.

I said I was selling Korean ginseng and that near Chaoyang district my money, ginseng, and clothes had all been looted by bandits.

"I have no money right now," I pleaded. "Can you wait for payment while I write home?"

He seemed relieved. "Yes, I'll wait. I can introduce you to a Korean ginseng merchant from the South Seas staying here."

I groaned inwardly but had to accept. This generous Korean merchant was named Pak. When he saw me all covered with sores, sick and miserable, he clucked his tongue and said immediately, "Come to my room, you have no money!"

Pak took me to a public bath and bought a pair of foreign-style trousers and a shirt for me, costing \$10.00. He even tried to give me his own coat. Then he insisted upon taking me to a foreign-style restaurant to eat, where it cost him \$3.00, and to a movie. We saw *Resurrection* from the book by Tolstoy. The play caused a depth of sorrow in my heart to flood up, and such a relaxation from my recent experiences that I began to cry. All the tragedy of humanity that I had seen since the Canton Commune called for compassion—not to speak of myself.

"Are you crying for the heroine or the ginseng?" my companion inquired.

But I could not speak to him.

"Never mind your money and ginseng," he said. "You will not starve while I am here."

Then he took me for coffee and cakes and tried to tell jokes and stories to amuse me.

Next day I went to the secret C. P. organization of which I had been given the address. I had left my party mandate hidden in my bed at the inn.

I knocked at the door.

Two plainclothes Shantung policemen reached out and grabbed me. I held up my hands while they searched, finding nothing.

"I am a ginseng merchant," I protested. "A month ago I sold one *chin* to a Miss Li who lived here, and she only paid for half. She told me to come today for the rest of my money."

They took me to the police station. For an hour I was questioned by a Sikh and a Chinese.

"Where do you live?"

"At the T'ai An San Inn."

"We'll investigate this," they announced and demanded that I lead them to the inn.

When we arrived I took them to Pak's room and opened his luggage as if I owned it, while Pak stood by amazed.

"You must tell them the ginseng is mine," I begged in Korean.

Pak didn't talk.

I pulled out two woolen mufflers and announced that one was his and the other mine.

"We both came here together. Mr. Pak went to the south, and I went to Canton to sell ginseng," I remarked.

Pak was very confused. "What is this all about? Just tell me something," he asked in Korean.

Then they took me back to the station. Pak followed but was not permitted to enter.

Finally an Englishman came, looked at me superciliously, and told me to go. I could have embraced him. I had thought my fate was sealed at last. I was so happy I couldn't breathe.

"I wasn't killed in the sampan; I won't be executed here!" I exulted within myself like a chorus.

Pak was waiting in the street: "I have been very worried about you. Is everything all right?"

"Yes, yes, it was nothing," I said airily. "I went to call on a Chinese friend. He had become a thief, so I was suspected. Well, they just wanted to be sure I had no connections with him, that's all."

He shook his head sceptically but said no more.

I fell ill again at the inn, and Pak was very kind. A C. P. headquarters friend found and visited me and said, "You can find a cheap hospital in Shanghai, and you must go there or you may die. Here it is too expensive. Do you want to go to the U.S.S.R.?"

"No," I replied. "I can do good work in China now. It would be better for me to stay."

"Wait here then until you are strong enough, then hurry to Shanghai," he advised.

I wrote to my mother telling her I planned to go abroad to study and that I was waiting for a ship to France. This was to let her know I was still alive.

I had lost little Sung's letters to be delivered after his death but remembered his sister's address and wrote to her as I had promised. For Wu I still had hope.

Soon afterward I went to Shanghai with Pak on a ship called the *Chih Sheng*. We were caught in a typhoon. I was so weak from seasickness that I could not even rise from bed. In Shanghai, Pak sent me to the Tung Jen Hospital. My malaria had come back. When the doctor took my temperature, he sucked his breath and said, "This is the highest temperature I have ever taken. If it goes down suddenly you will die. This is very dangerous." I lost consciousness and don't remember much that happened during the next week.

When I recovered enough to read I found a letter under my pillow from Pak, the ginseng merchant. He had left \$30 for me and said he couldn't wait for me to recover but had to hurry back to Korea. I never saw him again.

The hospital cost a dollar a day, and I stayed a month, using Pak's kind gift. One day a foreign nurse asked, "Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," I replied, "I used to be when I was a little boy."

Then she gave me an orange every day and was attentive and kind.

XIV

Reunion in Shanghai

WHEN I LEFT the hospital in October I went to the French Concession to seek out the Koreans who used to live there, but now I could not find any. I knocked at many doors, but no Koreans answered.

Then I went to a Chinese inn that would cost me a dollar a day, and I had only a dollar and a few cents in my pocket.

Again and again I searched for my countrymen. No luck. One day, however, as I was eating at a street stall someone came up and struck me on the shoulder. I looked around and recognized a Korean C. Y. student from Canton.

"We all thought you were dead," he exclaimed, beaming at me. "We had a memorial for you among those killed in Canton."

That night he took me to see my dear friend, Kim Chung-chiang. Kim threw his arms about me like a mother, and I was so overcome with joy that I could not speak for a long time. His wife welcomed me, too. Kim's first question was about Wu Seng-nun. "He is certainly no longer alive," I told him.

Kim had hidden safely with his sweetheart's family after the Commune. They had been married afterward and had come to

Shanghai. There he wrote essays and translated books in order to earn money to help support others. Except for his work, several of our friends might have starved to death in those hard months.

We talked the whole night long. Kim told me all about what had happened in Canton after our retreat to Hailofeng. The Japanese had been furious to discover the number of Koreans who had participated in the Commune and had arrested 1,000 of them. Others were turned over to the Japanese in Shanghai. No wonder I could not find any on the streets of the French Concession.

Two days later I found a room near Kim's house and went to see him every day. It took days to talk over all the things we had to say to each other. I was completely broken in health and needed weeks of rest.

One day I was walking aimlessly along the French Concession Bund, looking at the Whangpoo River, bristling with junk masts and ominous with foreign gunboats of every important flag. I looked up and saw a face coming toward me as in a hallucination. Could it be? . . . The face loomed larger and came before my eyes like a misty image in a dream. A well-remembered horny hand took mine, and two voices whispered hoarsely at the same moment, "I thought you were dead!" We stood transfixed for several minutes, as if our bodies were of the same flesh and blood, and neither could say another word. Then the tears ran slowly down his face. It was the first time I had ever seen Wu show any sign of weeping!

He told me his story. That night in the sampan at Hailofeng, Wu had escaped with the boatman when the firing began. He had looked around for me many times then given up in despair and run away to save his own life. The enemy troops had followed the other Chinese, not Wu and the boatman. They had hidden under two feet of water in a rice paddy, with only their noses out for breathing. Before light, they had walked forty li to the boatman's house, and Wu had hidden there for a week. He was also very sick at that time. He had finally escaped, not through Swatow, but by going to the Haifeng district and on to Huai-lai, where he escaped observation and took a small steamboat to Hongkong.

There were several Chinese with him, and at Huai-lai one had been arrested. The *min tuan* asked this Chinese if he were a Communist and when he denied this called in a fortune teller and demanded that he discover the truth. The wise old man looked this

young revolutionary over carefully and gave the verdict: "No, he is not a Communist now, but in the future there may be danger that he will become one." He was freed on the basis of this judgment, and Wu later met him on the street in Hongkong.

"Feudalism has its uses in China," said Wu with a grin. "Had the old fortune teller said he was a Communist, he would have been shot immediately."

Wu had come to Shanghai in October, one month after I arrived, and had been unable to find any Korean friends.

Next day I took him to Kim's house. We stayed together there and talked for three days. But it was too dangerous for us to live together, so we each kept a secret room and met at Kim's to eat.

Wu was sick also, with constant backache and badly enlarged athletic heart from his Hailofeng experiences, but he would not go to a hospital.

Kim's wife had an elder sister, who had been deported from Indo-China for revolutionary work. Wu liked this girl and took her every day to the French Gardens. "But she will soon go away, and it will all be finished," Wu said to me. "She is like a drink of fresh water in a desert."

Kim and Wu and I felt very close together in those unhappy days of aftermath in Shanghai. We loved each other with a fraternal spirit as never before. It was as if we had lost everything but our deep friendship, and we wanted to stay together as long as possible, fearing that as soon as one of us were out of sight death would claim him. The loss of so many of our best comrades in the Commune weighed down upon us like a black doom. Where could we replace these—the flower of the Korean Revolution and the nucleus of our whole party membership? The ghosts of those sacrificed haunted us when we were alone, and we came back together again every day seeking comfort and courage in our companionship and pledging ourselves as a solid unit to carry on their work in the future.

More than any other individuals we lamented the deaths of the three brave Pak brothers from Siberia—of Pak Chin who had died at his post with over fifty other Korean comrades at Lingnan during the Commune and of the two younger brothers who had undoubtedly been killed in Hailofeng.

Then—two months after I had arrived in Shanghai, I received a

letter one day signed with two obviously false names. It said: "We are your comrades from the world of death in the new struggle for life."

Next day I arranged a meeting. When I opened the door, two pairs of black, black eyes behind thick lashes looked in at me. I embraced my lost friends—the two Pak brothers! Thin, tired, and worn, they looked like the ghosts which had haunted my thoughts. How had they escaped from Hailofeng?

They told me that when the Chao Tao Tuan dispersed in small groups after the defeat at Mei Lung they had fought a rear-guard action and retreated. Then (while Wu and Sung and I were hiding for a month with the farmers at Pai-sa and living on sweet potatoes) they had escaped to the coast one day in April with twenty others including four girls. They took a small boat to the harbor of Chufu. There they were arrested by one of Tsai Ting-k'ai's battalion commanders. The other officers wanted to kill them all immediately, but the commander could not make up his mind. One of the girls was very beautiful, and the commander was trying to save her for himself, and also he did not want to kill the other girls. He was polite to this girl and talked with her several times. He seemed really quite anxious to win her good graces, but of course she did not respond. Then he discovered she was in love with one of the men with her and fell into a rage. He ordered that all should be killed without mercy. The prisoners called a meeting and talked together.

"Do you want to try to save your comrades or see us all killed?" they asked the girl.

She decided to try to save the others by giving good "face" to the commander and trying to influence him. She called for him to come again to talk with her. This girl was brilliant and charming as well as beautiful, and the commander had really fallen in love with her at first sight. He knew she was a Communist, but perhaps he admired her for her courage. He promised that if she would marry him he would secretly send the boat away and save the lives of the others. She pretended to like him very much for this and agreed. When he and the girl were married, he kept his promise, and the boat was given free passage out of the harbor one night. He had to give the other three girls to his officers to keep them quiet.

The two Paks had stayed in Hongkong awhile, then taken a boat

to Shanghai with no further trouble. They now wanted to go to Moscow for a thorough education to fit themselves for future leadership.

I heard nothing more about them until 1933, when I read in a newspaper that they had been killed by the Japanese in Kirin. They had been fighting with the volunteers in Manchuria, and as they left a secret party meeting in Kirin city a spy followed them. Five minutes later the Japanese surrounded the two and shot them both.

What happened to the heroine of the Chufu incident? I had known this girl in Hailofeng. One day in 1930 as I was walking through the streets of Peking I saw a thin, pale, unhappy creature whom I thought I recognized. It was she.

"How did you escape?" I asked, amazed at her tragic appearance.

"The officer kept me four months, then I told him I wanted to go away for a little while to see my mother as I was ill and homesick. He gave me money to go to Shanghai. I went to see my brother who is a professor in Shanghai. He shut the door in my face and said, 'I forbid you ever to try to enter my house.' I had no money, and for two months I could find no work. I begged in the streets and nearly starved. Then I entered a house of prostitution but could not bear this life. I went back to my brother and cried, begging for help. He was so shocked at my wretched appearance that he gave me money to go to my home in Honan. There I found my mother had died and my father angrily threw me out into the street again. A girl friend helped me to come to Peking to enter the Girls' Normal University so I could become a teacher. But I am too sick to work, and I have nobody to help me. The comrades have only a 'white eye' for me now. When I saw that they would not help me after all I had sacrificed, I broke my party relation completely. Now I don't care whether I live or die."

She was nearly dead with tuberculosis. I had no money and no way to help her, so I suggested that she go to the Social Service Department of the P.U.M.C. I was arrested soon afterward and have never heard anything about her since.

This lovely girl was a tragic casualty of the Chinese Revolution. She had run away from her first husband and from her wealthy family to do revolutionary work. She wrote beautiful Chinese characters and had a fine mind. Her family lost face because she ran away from home and also because of her revolutionary record and

loss of morality. They would never forgive her. Because she was weak and helpless and could not work, the party would do nothing to aid her as they had little money even for active members and had ordered that all members must get work in industry or elsewhere to support themselves. All four of these girls sacrificed everything for the revolution with no thanks from anyone except the men who escaped in the boat through their generosity. I never learned what happened to the other three, but their fate could not have been any better.

At that time there was a political split over the problem of the Korean Revolution. The Korean party was inside the Chinese C. P. The split was over the question of whether the Korean C. P. should continue its union with the Korean Nationalists and work more closely with them or whether it should split with them as the Chinese C. P. had split with the Right.

In the Shanghai Committee there were three members of the Korean C. P. Committee, two of whom had escaped from Korea during the mass arrests of 1,000 made in March, 1928. Most Koreans didn't believe these two men were any good because they had escaped successfully. Both were intellectuals, and all intellectuals are suspect in crises. We held a criticism meeting in Shanghai over the question of these escapes, and about twenty came. If these two were not trustworthy, their presence in our midst constituted a grave danger. One of these was named Han. I shall have more to tell of him later, when he became my enemy.

Some said the two were good. Many declared that they could not be judged either good or bad as we had no proof either way—perhaps they could have escaped through the latrine, as they said, but it would not have been easy. I expressed my own opinion that sectarianism was to blame for all such things. Because of the rivalry for personal leadership and the existence of internal sects, it had been easy for the enemy to discover our membership and for their agents to enter our party. Hence the mass arrests in Korea. Our curse was that each individual wanted to be a leader and did not co-operate with the others, therefore every leader suspected every other.

Kim was still very much in love with his Cantonese wife, and they were proudly expecting a baby. He wanted me to stay in Shanghai and write books and articles, for he had always had great

confidence in my literary abilities, but I wanted action and cared nothing for theory then.

"You must rest and stop direct action for a little while," he advised me. "It is important not to be killed at this time during the White Terror but to prepare for leadership in important future work. I can earn enough to keep you alive here while you do theoretical work and study."

"You are too happy," I said to him bitterly. "Marriage has changed you. I can't stop the active struggle now. I want to intensify it."

Marriage really had changed Kim greatly. Formerly he had traveled freely everywhere. Had he not met this girl, he would never have grown a root. Now he was content to sit in his house and write all day long. I felt that my best friend had been taken away from me and was unhappy about it. Two weeks before I left Shanghai, Kim and his wife were angry at me for this attitude. Then Kim came to see me and admitted:

"Yes, you are right. Love really makes a great change in a man. But don't punish me now. When you find a girl, you will be more in love than I am."

"I'll never marry," I declared. "No girl can take the place of my active revolutionary work. You have no freedom. Your wife has a warm heart, but she is not a revolutionary. You should influence her and not let her influence you."

"Yes, you are right," he said. "But you have never tried to influence a woman. It is not so easy."

Just before I left Shanghai, we had a little farewell party in a park. Wu and Kim and his wife and the Paks and Kim Yak-san and others were there. The others would not go back to Kim's house afterward. Only Wu and I went—to "her" house, we said, not "his." We talked together all night, and I stayed to sleep, but Wu went away to his own room.

As I told Kim good-by, there were tears in our eyes.

"It is nonsense for you to go now. The danger is too great," he said, shaking his head.

From 1928 to 1931 Kim did journalistic work in Shanghai and translated many books on fascism. He wrote a good book on the colonial student problem and others on different subjects. Altogether he has published twenty volumes under different pen names. He is

an important theoretical leader of the Korean Revolution. He never liked anything secret and preferred to do open work—that was his nature. Therefore, he did not want to do active underground work during the White Terror.

In 1931 Kim went to teach in a college in south China. He has three sons now and works very hard in a house full of noise and happiness.

In the spring of 1929 I went to Peking to continue my activities, though both Kim and Wu wanted me to stay with them in Shanghai as long as possible.

Wu stayed in Shanghai a year. He was depressed and unhappy and sick—and had fallen seriously in love with Kim's sister-in-Law, the attractive Chinese school teacher from Indo-China. In the autumn of 1930, Wu went to Manchuria, and the girl accompanied him, but he sent her back after four months. In Manchuria he has recovered his health and worked very hard, traveling in every province and living a difficult, dangerous life. Wu helped reorganize partisan activities in Manchuria and is today the political commissar of the Second Division of the Anti-Japanese Imperialism Army there. This army has three divisions. The Second Division is made up entirely of Koreans—7,000 of them—and is under the control of the Communists. The other two divisions are Chinese partisans, with 3,000 Nationalist Koreans among them. Wu is also a member of the Central Committee of the Union for Korean Independence which has a broad mass base. He writes to me that the work there is now very successful and that he is at last accomplishing great things. He wants me to join him as soon as I can.

XV

A Dangerous Thought

WHEN I ARRIVED in Peking I was made secretary of the Communist party in Peking and also a member of the North China Organization Committee, which voted on questions of personnel. All activities were very secret and underground, as they carried the death penalty. I was happy to be back in active work again and full of plans for carrying out our revolutionary activities. Both Chinese and Koreans had confidence in me because of my good record, and things went well. My particular duty was to co-ordinate all Korean and Chinese revolutionary activities in North China and Manchuria, as well as carrying out my duties as head of the Peking party.

Then I met a girl. It was at an "active members' meeting" of the party at which I presided. This girl took a leading part in the discussion and seemed highly intelligent and experienced. She distracted my attention all through the meeting, yet with a kind of mutual rivalry her presence stimulated my mind and made me want to create a good impression on her. She was not pretty but had a strong face and was singularly attractive. I seemed to myself

to be exceptionally lucid and wise and brilliant that afternoon under this stimulation.

After the meeting the girl came up and introduced herself, telling me her past history. She obviously wanted to become acquainted, and her intelligent eyes were bright with approbation. I immediately threw up all my defenses and was formal and discouraging in manner.

I thought of this Chinese girl constantly for several days but tried to put her out of my mind. After a week I received a message saying that she wanted to discuss some theoretical questions with me and needed help. I ignored the letter and decided definitely never to become friends with her—the potentialities were dangerous. In a few days I received another message with a double meaning. I did not want to be rude and uncomradely, and thought perhaps the wisest thing was to let her know clearly that I was not in the market for love affairs. So I went to see her.

She was frank and honest and perceptive. I admired these qualities very much in anyone. There was nothing coy and coquettish about her. When I told her that I was too busy to talk with her and had no time for personal visits, she looked at me with straightforward eyes and said simply:

"I like you very much. You and I are the same kind of person. I think we would both enjoy being friends. I do not ask that you should be in love with me. Last year my lover was executed here at T'ienchiao by Chang Tso-lin, together with Li Ta-chao and nineteen other comrades. Since then I have been unhappy, and my life is so empty that I cannot find anything to fill the loss I have suffered. I am not easily interested in any man. If I like you, you may be sure that it is not without meaning for you as well as myself. I know that you care nothing for women. Perhaps that is why I know that our friendship will not be an ordinary one."

I was nervous, and all my old shyness and embarrassment came over me.

"You must forgive me," I said, wild with anxiety to escape. "I have never been in love with any girl, and since 1923 I have sworn never to let this problem interfere with my revolutionary work. It is not for personal reasons that I cannot become close friends with you but because of this decision made long ago. Therefore, I can-

not see you again as a friend but only through our party business relations."

She smiled, a slow, perceptive smile full of some wisdom which I did not understand: "You have a wild heart that needs capturing. You do not know how much better two can work together in revolution than one. I can help you in your work, and you can help me. Intimate friendship between a man and a girl during the underground life we must lead means psychological stability and deep comradeship—a deeper comradeship than any other relationship can possibly give. You will believe me some day."

"I'll soon go to Manchuria on a dangerous mission," I replied. "If you care for me it will only mean more unhappiness for you. You have had one lover sacrificed. Now you are only asking for a repetition of this experience. If you fall in love with me, you will worry while I am in Manchuria, and this will interfere with your revolutionary work. If I fall in love with you, my mind will not be clear, and I will not be so anxious to risk my life."

"Love does not make a man or a woman a coward. It makes them braver and more determined. If it should make you less courageous, I would despise you for it, and the problem would be solved. Since my lover was killed, I have had no fear of death—either for myself or another. Life has become less valuable and courage more. Now my duty to the revolution is greater—I must carry on his work as well as my own. If you die too, believe me, you will not be lost to the revolution. I shall consider my future burden doubled, and I shall not fail. Revolution is not an abstraction. It is made up of living personalities. The personal element is very important. It gives the revolution organic solidarity—loyalty and greater responsibility among comrades. Together we are strong. Separately, you and I are only individuals, not a complete unit."

"Perhaps, when I come back from Manchuria—"

"No, that may be too late. Why should you want to die before you have ever loved a girl? A revolutionary is also a man—not a machine. I will go with you if you like. I have no fear of dangerous work. I could be useful and do things you cannot among the Chinese there, for you are a Korean—"

"No, no," I exclaimed in alarm. "That is impossible."

"As you wish, then. If you will send a letter to me that will be enough. I shall wait for you. I want someone to believe in and

think about. If I know that you want me, that will give me more strength, and I shall be less unhappy."

"But I don't want you. You will only be deceiving yourself."

"Yes, you both want and need me. I know this. Don't try to deceive yourself. You are not so stupid as that. You will come back to me. You are merely being selfish with me and depriving yourself at the same time—for no reason. Don't even bother with the letter then. But your narrow selfishness will not make you a better revolutionary, believe me. That is only a form of Left infantilism in questions of your personal life. It is more romantic than being natural."

"Good-by," I said, with a bow, edging toward the door in terror, for I saw that she wanted me to take her into my arms as a last gesture.

"You are afraid. Don't run. I won't pursue you. Until after Manchuria then. . . ."

Outside the door I drew a long breath and walked fast along the street groaning, "Women are impossible."

I spent several sleepless nights trying to crush the new desire that kept rising within me.

"I am worse than a monk, I am a fool," I said to myself. "Why should I die in Manchuria without even anyone to mourn for me? Yes, a revolutionary is also a man—"

That was what I had said to defend Kim in Canton, and this girl had flung the words back at me.

After Kim's love affair I had decided that love was good if directed only toward the ideal girl. And after my escape from death in Hailofeng and during my illness in Shanghai, I had seen how precious life was and all the things life had to give—food and comfort and friendship and love and security, over short periods of time at least. Almost unconsciously I had built up a vision of the ideal girl with whom I might fall in love one day. Now I brought all these ideas together in mosaic, and Liu-ling fitted them so closely that I felt uneasy. I had decided that this girl must first of all be strong—in idea and body. She must not be weak in face of danger, she must have firm revolutionary determination, and she must be healthy and able to live a hard life without sickness. Second, I wanted to find a girl whose life before she met me had been independent, so that she would not be a burden but a helpmate and so that I would not have to worry about her if I were imprisoned

or unable to take care of her. I did not want her to be beautiful, but neither did I want her to be ugly. I wanted her to be scientifically beautiful, with a rhythmic unity of face and body and mind. I wanted her to be beautiful as a whole, not in any part. As a medical student, to me strength and intelligence were beauty—not surfaces. Beauty of face seemed to be a compensating cover for ugliness underneath—for vanity and selfishness and stupidity. Or perhaps it created these characteristics. And, for me, beauty was action, not passivity. How the girl thought and reacted was to be an essential part of her beauty. She must be flashing with intelligence and fire. Cold intellect was not enough. Then too—a legacy of my medical days—I wanted to know her family history, because heredity was a part of her which could not be explained away. On this foundation rested all strength and beauty, for if there should be a child he would inherit only what was there to give him. I was very reasonable, I thought, very scientific. It should not be difficult to meet such a girl—yet I never thought I would find her. My ideal was my protection against lesser temptations.

I did not think the problem of marriage important one way or another if I should find this girl. If we lived together it was the same as formal marriage. If more convenient to our work, we would marry openly. If less convenient, we would not bother. If there were no child, it would be unimportant to marry, probably.

Liu-ling was all these things. She was even not pretty. She was independent, physically strong and attractive, intelligent, warm-hearted, courageous, straightforward, and a good revolutionary. And she liked me. And I liked her. There was only one thing—there had been another lover before me. I had not reckoned with this possibility in my original chart. But I pushed the thought away as nonsense unworthy a revolutionary thinker.

I felt myself falling into an abyss. To struggle was only to hasten the ungraceful descent. I had the present will power not to see her again but felt that I had not the strength to escape permanently. Love would claim me soon—if that strange uneasiness I was now feeling so uncomfortably were not already the touch of its spreading tentacles. The calm oracular assurance of this girl that I would go back to her was a kind of hypnosis. She seemed to be in league with some mysteries which one could only dread and not oppose. After Manchuria, perhaps. . . .

Return to Manchuria

I WAS SENT to Manchuria by the Chinese party to make a connection between the Chinese C. P. and the Korean C. P., as they had no relation at that time. Also I was delegated to attend the Korean Revolutionary Young Men's League Congress which had been called for August, 1929, in Kirin. This league was now independent; formerly it had been connected with the Chinese C. P.

I went by train from Peking to Mukden. This was a dangerous mission, and I had to be very careful. There were two railway stations in Mukden. I did not get out at the Japanese station at Nan Men but went on to the Chinese station at Hsienyang. At Nan Men Japanese policemen boarded the train and went through it looking with "poisonous eyes," as we Koreans say, for anybody suspicious. They paced up and down until we reached Hsienyang and eyed me curiously, but apparently did not decide I was a Korean or I would have been thoroughly questioned. I wore a long grey Chinese gown. Only highly trained secret-service men can tell a Korean from certain tall northern Chinese types such as are found in Manchuria from Shantung and Hopei, mixed with Mongol blood. I am tall and look very Korean, but I speak good Chinese and have

learned to look exactly like a Chinese scholar. The trick is to habitually put your hands in the long sleeves and to hunch your shoulders forward and walk with a peculiar gait. Koreans are very straight and throw their chests out, while Chinese scholars have always drooped their shoulders forward from the time of Confucius, I suppose. It has been the distinguishing pose of the scholar, with his long gown.

The Japanese police stop all Koreans or persons suspected of being Koreans in stations of the South Manchuria Railway as they leave the train and ask them to "wait." They pull first one then another out of the queues either buying tickets or leaving the platform, and speak to them in Japanese by surprise. They are clever in this work.

At the Hsienyang station I successfully eluded suspicion again. I went first to a public bath and did not take my luggage, which contained secret documents. Then I found an inn and sent the inn boy with the check to call for my luggage. He had no difficulty at all.

At nine o'clock that night the Chinese *gendarmes* came to the inn and examined me. This is merely a routine custom at all inns and hotels. I said I was on my way to Harbin. They did not suspect I was a Korean.

I wrote a code letter to the C. P. organization, the address of which I had been given. I merely said, "Please bring a newspaper. I have not seen one for a long time."

Someone came to call on me and asked if I had sent a letter. He did not carry a newspaper for identification, and I denied it. We always have to be careful in case the police have intercepted correspondence. Finally, he showed me my letter, and we both admitted our identities.

We discussed our affairs. The main problem was whether or not the Korean C. P. should be separate from the Chinese party. I wanted the Korean C. P. of Manchuria to be a department of the Chinese C. P. there and to work together as closely as possible.

After three days I went to Kirin, together with a Chinese party delegate, to attend the Congress and lay plans for future party work. We had to travel eighty li to a village in the mountains. There we met Chang Yil-chin, the leader of the Korean C. P., whom I had known in Canton in 1926-1927.

At this meeting, we pointed out and discussed all mistakes, and

decided to adopt a new line in Manchuria under which the Koreans and Chinese would co-operate. We Koreans decided that it was a mistake to have directed our fight in Manchuria only against Japanese imperialism and never against the Chinese ruling class or landlords. There were a million Korean farmers in Manchuria oppressed by the Chinese feudal class and working mostly for Chinese landlords. Therefore, we decided to join with the Chinese peasantry and lead an agrarian struggle against the Chinese ruling class as well as against Japanese imperialism in accordance with the general party line elsewhere at that time. So we organized a new "Korean-Chinese Peasants' Union." Until this time, the local Chinese C. P. had had no peasant organization at all, and no peasants in the party membership, though after 1925 they had organized many intellectuals and city workers into unions. The Korean C. P. had its unions of peasants and farm laborers but no city proletariat. The Korean C. P. now got busy and helped the Chinese to create a peasant organization, and a peasant department was established in the Chinese C. P. which included several Korean members.

The Congress adopted this new line unanimously. Eighty delegates had arrived. All were eager and full of purpose and political consciousness. Personal differences were forgotten while problems were discussed carefully and objectively. Usually in China we had argued violently after such meetings, and many had always been dissatisfied. At this Congress, the spirit of co-operation and unity was excellent. I was surprised and delighted. I felt that after many years, factionalism had at last been conquered. It was my first experience of a mass movement led by the Korean Communist party, and it had a very deep influence upon me. There were even seven competent girl farmers among the delegates. I recognized for the first time the full potentialities of the Korean mass movement in Manchuria—our key revolutionary area today. Though I was still absorbed in the Chinese problem as the leading revolutionary task in the Far East, my faith in Korea revived immeasurably, and I felt a hope for my country that I had never known before. In 1928 the C. P. in Korea had been broken by the wholesale arrests, and cliques still wanted to dominate each other. Here in Manchuria, however, this phase was over, and the Congress prepared its delegates for unified leadership. The Congress decided that the Korean Revolutionary Young Men's League should keep its independent

system, led by the Korean Communist Youth branch of the Manchuria Committee.

This Congress was dominated by the Communists, not by the Nationalists—an indication of rising revolutionary consciousness. The leaders were Chang Yil-chin, Ting Kung-mo, and Ma Ch'en-mo, three veterans of the Canton Commune and all good hard workers, as evidenced by the fact that two of them, Chang and Ma, died from overwork the next year.

After the Congress and subsequent discussions were over, the Chinese delegate went back to Mukden. I stayed in Kirin two months in order to inspect and study all phases of the local situation.

The Korean Communists in Manchuria live a bitter harsh life, and many of them become ill. Even in the winter they must sometimes sleep on the ground in the mountains—in snow or rain. There are so few experienced leaders that they must work very hard and wear themselves out with the strain of constant activity.

During my two months of inspection in Kirin Province, I traveled around every day asking questions and studying the general political and economic problems of Manchuria. I was quite happy to see the revolutionary movement developing so well in Manchuria.

At that time Koreans in Manchuria were struggling for the right of Chinese citizenship. The Japanese wanted to keep all Koreans under Japanese citizenship. The net result for those who tried to become Chinese citizens was that the Japanese still arrest them as Koreans and the Chinese execute them as citizens of their country. I had become a Chinese citizen in Shanghai in 1922 but dropped this citizenship later.

From 1924 to 1931 the Korean Nationalists had two separate but co-ordinated governments functioning in Manchuria. One was called the Korean "Chen Yi Fu," or Government for Justice, and the other the Korean "Chan Yi Fu," or Government for Truth. These two controlled the Korean farmers and schools in their local territory. They printed textbooks and had their own police and courts. The Chen Yi Fu controlled 70,000 people, and its capital was in the Hsinking district in Fengtien Province. Its leader was Heng Mu-Kuan, a graduate of a Japanese officers' school before 1910. The

Chan Yi Fu controlled 30,000 Koreans, and its capital was in the north of Kirin Province. It was led by Kim Tsa-ting.

These two Nationalist governments opposed the Korean Communist party in Manchuria. In 1924, the Korean C. P. in Manchuria had organized the East Manchuria Young Men's League of the Communist Youth, made up of young peasants and opposed to the Nationalists. They organized a few peasant partisans in 1924.

The Nationalists in 1924 split into two wings, Right and Left. One wanted to co-operate with the Communists and the other refused.

In 1931 there was much oppression of the Koreans in Manchuria by the Chinese, and the farmers were tired of paying additional taxes to their own two governments, so the two governments closed down. The Communists contributed to their collapse, for they opposed both of them, thinking them useless and that a large anti-Japanese union should be created instead. The Right wing of the Nationalists lost their mass base, and the Left wing co-operated with the Communist program. After September 18, 1931, when Japan occupied Manchuria, a big partisan movement was started. By 1937 there were only two systems among the Koreans in Manchuria—one Communist and one unified Nationalist, with the former constantly gaining power. In 1937 there was an army of 7,000 Korean partisan regulars under the Communists in Manchuria and 3,000 under the Nationalists.

Before 1931 Chang Hsueh-liang had utilized these two governments against the Communists. His regime killed many Korean Communists from 1928 to 1931. For instance, just before I arrived, forty Korean Communists were executed in Hualung *hsien* in east Manchuria.

In Kirin City, the provincial capital, there were eighty Korean Communists in prison when the Japanese took over. They released all of them, hoping to use them against the Chinese, and a few turned traitor.

As I walked around their fields and talked with them, I learned much about the individual lives and problems of the Korean farmers in Manchuria, and came to feel very close to them. When I had been in Manchuria in 1920 I had observed conditions and sympathized with the farmers, but I was too young to get any grasp upon their problems or to feel any serious sense of responsibility for lead-

ing them toward final solutions. At that time the only solution offered was to return to Korea after the Japanese had all been kicked out. Now with my long, full years in China I understood the meaning both of class solidarity and international co-operation. The Soviet Union I loved like a mother for its leadership in the emancipation of oppressed peoples and classes. The Chinese Revolution I loved as a blood brother whose life and destiny were my own. The Korean Revolution I loved as a child, young and uncertain, whose steps I might help to guide along the pathway of Russia and China before them.

The old farmers, exiled for so many years, listened to me as in a dream, but the young ones asked about ways and means with eager intelligence and determination. They all agreed that it was no use hoping to return to Korea and that they must lay a permanent basis in Manchuria for struggle against the Japanese and build a union with the poor Chinese farmers for this purpose as well as for breaking down the landlord system.

Because the Chinese farmers realized the improvement in their lives over life in many parts of China, only the Koreans, being the oppressed minority, were revolutionary. The only workers' struggle was among the railwaymen of the South Manchuria Railway, owned by the Japanese, and the Chinese Eastern Railway, owned jointly by the Soviet Union and the Chinese. These were the two big economic organs of Manchuria and controlled its whole economy. The S.M.R. workers were strongly organized at that time, and are still even today, I hear. Yet the workers' life on the railways was far better than on the farm, so they did not carry on a radical struggle.

The Japanese Communists were quite active on the S.M.R., but in 1930 eighty were arrested, and this broke the whole Japanese C. P. organization in Manchuria. These Japanese were very brave and devoted to their revolutionary duties. Their work created much encouragement among the Chinese workers, and even after Japan occupied Manchuria the Chinese C. P. could not bring out the Nationalist slogan because their line then was proletarian internationalism, and they lost an opportunity, not to recur. It was the Korean C. P. which first pointed out that this was Left infantilism and had to be changed to meet the new situation.

The Japanese were already in 1929 preparing steps to occupy Manchuria, and intrigued to split the Koreans and Chinese into hostile

camps. The Manchuria government was also guilty of stirring up hatred between the two, which played into Japanese hands.

The Korean Communists tried to prevent this hostile split, but after 1932 the Korean Nationalist independence movement cut relations with the Chinese and had none except in the objective fact of common struggle.

When winter came I went to Antung on the Korean border to establish a relation between the local Chinese and Korean Communist parties. There I stayed a month and organized a secret cell of twenty men in an ammunition factory. I also organized another cell in Hsinkiju Sons. I asked my former friends in Korea to come to Antung to see me, and several of them came. At that time there were only seven Communists in Antung.

Antung became very dangerous for me, so I had to leave early in 1930. I had practically no money, though I spent only \$12 a month. My friends gave me some, and the party contributed a little, so I was able to go back to Peking safely.

XVII

First Great Love

As soon as I arrived in Peking, a message came from Liu-ling asking where we could meet. I replied that it was impossible as it was too dangerous to see any party people immediately after my trip. I had thought of her all during my months in Manchuria—it had been a pleasant thought. But I wanted to put off the moment of surrender as long as possible.

Next day came a knock at my room in the *kung yu*—instinct told me who it was. With a pounding heart, I opened the door.

"So, you have found me!" I frowned.

I lighted a cigarette and tried to appear calm and nonchalant.

"Why not?" she replied, taking off her coat and occupying a chair with a smile of possession. "I received the letter you did not send."

"You are a magician," was my comment.

I was feeling acutely uncomfortable and shy and called the house-boy to order tea sent in.

"Don't pace the floor like a caged creature," she laughed. "I am not so formidable as I look."

"You look very harmless to me," I ventured bravely. It was the

wrong thing, and I blushed profusely as she raised her eyebrows sceptically.

My hands shook as I poured out the tea and handed her a spilling bowl.

"You need not try to drown me like a kitten just because I am harmless," she said archly, wiping the tea off her gown.

She put the cup down on the table and took mine away from me.

"Come here," she ordered, taking me by the hand.

I withdrew my hand silently and retreated to the corner of the room to light another cigarette.

"Must you look ridiculous, like a chimney, on an important occasion like this?" she demanded. "Put down your cigarette long enough to breathe."

"What do you want?" I begged, desperately looking around for a place to sit with some semblance of dignity.

"You know we are in love with each other," she said tensely, coming up and taking my cigarette away as she sat beside me.

She crushed the cigarette under her heel. "Aren't we both alike in being honest and frank? It's no use to pretend. I know you as I do myself."

"What can I say?" I whispered hoarsely.

"There's nothing more for us to say." She took both my hands and held them together warmly.

I knelt down beside her and hid my face on her knees, shaken with emotion.

"It is good to be alive. . . ."

Next afternoon I took her to Peihai. We held hands and walked around the park in the clear frosty weather, very gay and light-hearted. The passers-by smiled, and we smiled back. The world seemed a friendly place full of light and glory. We sat on a bench watching the sunset paint the white Peihai *dagoba* with bold brilliant colors like a diligent amateur artist, and I did not notice that my arm around the girl was cramped with cold. It seemed to me that I had never been young and happy before and that a new life was beginning on another planet. Was it only yesterday that I carried the weight of mankind on my shoulders?

That night I wrote a letter to Kim and another to Wu. "I forgive you all your romantic nonsense," it said. "In fact, tonight I want to

forgive everyone everything. Kim was right about me—only too right." How amused they would be to receive this confession!

We found a room in a *kung yu*, and were very happy together. I thought everything she said was charming and witty, and she seemed to find my remarks brilliant and amusing. Even the smallest details of everyday life became interesting and full of pleasure. Our companionship was stimulating and exciting. My mind seemed keener and my body full of new vitality. All the sickness of Hailofeng seemed flooded away forever. Sometimes I would wake up at night and think it was all a dream—that I must have malarial delirium again.

We lived together blissfully for several months. No *kung yu* was safe, and we had to move often to avoid arrest, but we did this in the spirit of adventure and bravado. We carried on our revolutionary work, and I decided that Liu-ling was right. Two were a solid unit; one was only an individual. We could comfort each other in moments of depression and share our victories and defeats. Life was natural and healthful and good. Liu-ling was strong and did not appear to mind the hard life and poor food. Poverty seemed like a blessing that made small comforts increase in value and our love precious beyond measure. We had many problems, but they seemed to solve themselves. Liu-ling was my ideal girl.

Then the clouds began to drift over the brightness and clarity. It occurred to me one day that Liu-ling was too much my ideal. For one thing, she was too independent, the prime quality I had demanded. I was wedded to the principle of equality, in person. Little things, then bigger things, came up which required decision on one side or the other. At first these seemed rather funny:

"It's only a question of temporary hegemony," I would laugh. "Ours is a revolutionary marriage, but every revolution must determine the question of hegemony sooner or later. I am the proletarian and you are the *bourgeoise*, so, according to good Marxists, the hegemony must be mine. And of course you are the best little Marxist in the world so you cannot fail to see that."

"Your dialectics are very good," she would say, tweaking my ear. "But your economics are not. I believe in economic determinism, not in abstract dialectics."

Our first major problem was over money. Liu-ling had a job as a school teacher, and I had none. I could earn only a little, but I

refused to let her pay our expenses and insisted that she live on the bare edge of existence within my means. That was why I called her a "*bourgeoise*." For her own personal uses, I did not mind if she spent her own money, but food and shelter were to be on my terms. She said that either I must use one hand to earn a living and the other for revolutionary work, or let her pay the household expenses. I wanted to use both hands for my work and starve if necessary.

Then I found that those very qualities of determination which made her a good revolutionary also made her stubborn and positive in her convictions. Once she had made up her mind, there was no changing it until the last moment when the objective "situation had changed."

"You're worse than the party line," I would say to her. "You must be flexible and adjust to new conditions before being pushed into it."

But we were a two-man party, and no majority decision was possible. The vote was too often divided equally.

I felt that I was being dominated by the "*bourgeoise*" and this irritated me, for I also was of a positive, proud character. "Fortunately, we are not married, so she can't oppress me very far," I would remind myself.

"I never had much respect for my father's opinions," I told Liu-ling once. "But once he did say an intelligent thing. It was this: 'If a man's life is dominated by a woman, he is a 200% slave. If a woman is ruled by a man, she is only 50% a slave.'"

"We are exactly alike," she would reply to all my criticisms. "Everything you say to me I can also say to you."

She was certainly no burden to me. But, to my surprise, I found that I did not exactly want her to be so free and competent. I felt that I was myself a burden on her good nature. In fact, I wished sometimes that she would get sick and appear helpless once in a while so I could take care of her.

"You know, I am out of my role," I would say. "I was born to fight for the weak and the oppressed. I am useless for such a competent person as you are."

I thought that perhaps, if we were formally married, she would be more bound to me and that this would tie all the endless loose strings in our relationship. But I didn't want this either—for then I would be bound myself. Liu-ling wanted us to marry openly, and

so did her brothers and sisters, but I could never bring myself to such a permanent decision.

Gradually the frankness went out of our relationship. We became very polite, careful to avoid friction and hurting each other. We gave up trying to solve the basic problems between us and compromised on the little ones. There was much potential trouble under the surface, but we kept the relation smooth and friendly. If we were to be permanently married, we should have to resolve all issues fundamentally, but we remained individual and free. At first we saw only the good qualities of each other, and afterward all the bad ones appeared below the surface.

I finally decided that there was not much wrong on either side. We were as well mated as anyone short of the impossible. But I was not happy, though I tried not to admit this to Liu-ling. She was anxious to make me happy and really tried hard, but perhaps I asked too much. We were very much alike—yet there was a great difference in training between us. She was Chinese, and I was Korean in this: she was positive and did not change, yet she accepted me as I was and did not try to change me; I, however, always the crusader, was ever trying to revolutionize her in small ways and could not accept either her or myself as we were, though I failed to change in things that would have made life pleasanter for us both.

I concluded that it was not in my nature to be happy and that it was a fallacy to seek for happiness. I would undoubtedly be unhappy again with any other girl.

XVIII

Imprisonment

ON NOVEMBER 20, 1930, I was arrested in the West City in Peking.

For almost two years I had carried out my underground duties successfully as secretary of the Communist party in Peking. I had been careful, but my luck could not last.

"Uncivilized" Conduct

We were preparing a memorial meeting for the anniversary of the Canton Commune. A Chinese Communist and I were planning to attend a secret meeting at a *kung yu* connected with the Engineering College. Just as we opened the door, we were confronted by six plainclothes policemen holding two other comrades under arrest. I slammed the door and ran. They followed and caught me at the gate after a tussle.

I was taken back into the room, as they were waiting to nab more of those coming to attend the meeting. Nobody else came for a long time, so the police decided to move on.

When two of the policemen went out to call a motor car, I de-

cided we must try to fight ourselves free. At least one or two of us might be able to run away. With my eyes and hands I tried to make the others understand. They understood but would not act.

I asked permission to smoke a cigarette, and called the boy to bring a pot of tea. As the tea was being poured, I threw the lamp at the biggest policeman which knocked him unconscious, then grabbed the hot teapot and threw it at another. The Chinese did nothing to help, or we could easily have escaped. Then the policemen jumped on me, bound my arms to my head and neck, and threw me on the bed. Still not even a sign from the Chinese. They could easily have got away.

"Why do you stand there like fools? Are you nothing but cowards?" I demanded. "Why don't you run away?"

"We are civilized!" was the response.

This made me furious. Here were four prisoners and four policemen! "Koreans would never give up like this," I thought bitterly. Even if the police fired, they would shoot only at our legs. Oh, for my old friend Wu of Hailofeng days!

Even though so eminently civilized, they were all bound like common murderers. The car did not come, so we walked along the crowded streets to the police station.

When I was questioned, the police asked: "When did you enter the C. P., and what department are you in?"

"I am not a member of any Communist party," I declared. "I have no party relation except with the Korean Independence party. I am a Korean Nationalist. I have no time for worrying about the Chinese class struggle. I am too busy with our own Nationalist movement."

Nevertheless they put heavy chains on me, joining my hands and feet together. I was put into a narrow filthy room with sixteen men and could not sleep all night. Next to me someone smoked opium all the time, and the sweet sickening smell was nauseating. I sang and talked against the Kuomintang to the other prisoners.

"To oppress the Chinese was enough. Now they oppress the Koreans, too," I said.

I knew the Chinese character and that they never want any trouble unless they get paid for it, so I planned to make myself as obnoxious as possible in the hope of being got rid of as a nuisance.

Next day I was exhausted from the experience and went to sleep.

We were given cornmeal and radish with water, but I threw mine into a filthy corner. The police asked why I did this.

"I have broken the law apparently, so I was sent here. Now I am also against the prison laws, so what are you going to do with me?"

Next day when I was examined, I replied "I don't know" to everything.

"For Korean independence, perhaps you also use the Chinese Communist party?" they suggested. "Why did you go to the Engineering College last night?"

"To visit a friend."

"What is his name?"

I told them the name of a Korean student who actually did attend the school.

Again I threw the food away and next day was too weak to walk.

The police lifted me up, and I collapsed on the ground and refused to talk further.

"If you don't answer, your case will not be cleared up. If you answer quickly, we shall finish with it."

I refused to talk and went back to my room for another hunger strike of three days. By this method I hoped to frighten the police into releasing me to avoid "trouble" for themselves, as they would not easily be able to explain what had happened had I died on their hands.

I was so famished for food that I could hardly keep my self-control, but, "If I eat, tomorrow they will torture me," I thought. They always tortured to extort confessions. At midnight an officer came in with a Chinese brush and paper. "If you will not speak, then write, and we'll send it to the superior officer. He will either free you or send you to court."

I refused and as I was falling asleep I heard a policeman say, "He is finished." I rose up and demanded, "What do you mean? That word has many meanings."

"We didn't speak," they answered.

"They can't kill me in this room so easily," I thought. Then alternately, "Yes, they can. China has no law. They can do anything they please."

"In Japan at least there is law," I thought. "Whether you are to be free or in prison and for how long, you always know. But in China death and freedom have little margin between them—no-

body knows how it may be judged and on what flimsy evidence. If you have important connections you can be freed easily; if you are a common man you may be executed for nothing." Communism carried the death penalty. I dared not think of all those thousands of young men and women executed in this name—many of whom were entirely innocent.

At last I concluded that what happened to me did not matter—to die one way was as good as any other. Every other day I ate a little rice gruel, while the guards begged me to eat more.

"Your comrades have already confessed that you are an organizer of the Third International," the police officer said to me one day, in an effort to make me talk.

"Whoever told you that lied. You tortured him, and he lied to save himself from more torture. Call him here and let me look at him. Then he will not dare lie," I shouted. "I have no Chinese 'comrades,' but only some friends. Can the Chinese help the Korean independence movement? No!"

"You are not speaking honestly," he said and went away again.

On February 1, 1931, at seven o'clock the judge and two policemen entered my room as I was eating. I put down my chopsticks and waited, but the judge said, "Don't hurry. Eat your food slowly. We can wait."

I knew they could not be taking me to court at such an hour. The policemen had a chain and a box. "Where are they sending me?" I wondered with a sickening feeling.

Out of pride I tried to be calm and continue to eat, but the chopsticks rattled, and the food fell out of my mouth. I threw them down and demanded: "Where are you taking me?"

"Wait," they replied. "You'll soon understand."

They gave me my fountain pen and watch and asked me to sign for them. I wrote "Correct" in big letters, without my name.

Then I was bound in light chains. I made no further comment. I thought I was being sent to the military headquarters where political executions were expedited secretly. I was making plans to run away, for the two policemen with me did not look very strong. It would be my last chance to escape.

In front of the Bureau was a car with a Japanese Legation license, and two Japanese. Many ideas rushed through my brain. I

had made no preparation for a story to tell in a Japanese court. I must try to estimate what they knew about me already and what to say that would fit in with this reasonably.

"Please," said the Japanese, and I got into the car, with one on each side of me.

"How are you feeling?" they asked, really curious about what I had been through. Tales of torture in Chinese prisons are legendary in Japan. "How did you get along under the Chinese police system? Don't worry now. We Japanese have just laws. In a Chinese prison you are sure to lose your head. Our highest sentence is seven years. You know your own case and what to expect."

I didn't answer. My head whirled in anxiety. I tried to remember all my many friends who had been arrested by the Japanese and to imagine what they had or had not told. Which ones might have spoken about me? How much did the Japanese know? What evidence could they have?

Legation Exhibit A

"Welcome, Mr. X X," a police officer greeted me at the Legation, calling me by name. He looked carefully at my wrists to see if I had been tortured.

"Have you any lice?"

"Yes, I have many, colonies of them."

"Ugh, Chinese police are so dirty."

"No, Chinese police are not dirty, but I am," I commented drily.

"You may have a bath."

They gave me a kimono and took the occasion to look at my naked body, expecting to see bullet wounds or scars from torture. Then they felt the web of my thumb to see if I had used a gun. I had used only a pistol, and they seemed satisfied that I was not a professional soldier. I looked like an intellectual.

I was sent to a small cement cell and given good food and comfortable quilts. I listened to the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank clock strike the hours.

On the third day at nine o'clock the Chief of Police came in with an ingratiating smile and said, "We shall talk personally and informally. Whatever you say to me will not be held against you. I

want to understand your type of Korean. I promise that nothing you say will become the material of a court record."

"You think I am a child. Do you actually believe I would trust this kind of thing?" I thought.

"My Japanese is very poor," I answered. "For many years I have never spoken it. Since leaving Korea this is the first time I have talked in Japanese. Therefore I cannot freely express my thoughts to you, unfortunately."

"Your Japanese is excellent," he smiled.

I wanted him to think of me only as a dreamy idealistic student and philosopher.

"When did you begin the study of Marxist theory?"

"After the Chinese Great Revolution failed."

"Before you lived in Peking, weren't you already a Communist sympathizer? Hadn't you already read revolutionary magazines?"

"I have forgotten."

"You say you have studied Marxism for only three years, since 1927. Is this correct?"

"I only knew about it before. I have merely continued a general interest. I am really only interested in the philosophy of dialectical materialism. Dialectics are a good exercise for the brain—even reading Plato and Aristotle is good. I am beginning to think historical determinism is the only good way to understand the course of history. But I am primarily interested in ethics. I don't believe the will of man is free. I am not sure what determines it, but the philosophy of materialism is the most logical explanation I have found. . . ."

I was about to wear him down with a lot of philosophical discussion, but he saw my notion and put up his hand to stop the deluge.

"You don't study the tactics of class struggle? Marxism all bears on this subject. You must know this. Isn't it true?"

"Yes, that is true in a way, but Marxism is also. . . ."

"Do you believe in the practice of Marxist theory then?"

"At present I merely study the theory. When I entered the Chinese movement before 1927 it was because I thought the revolution would surely succeed. Not until April 12, did I ever think to criticize. Until that time I thought the Kuomintang and the Communist party were the same thing—all Chinese were against im-

perialism and feudalism. When the revolution failed, I thought I had been stupid in merely blindly following others."

He didn't speak for awhile but pondered over something. Then he looked up and stared hard at me. How much did he know? I didn't like the amused light in his eyes.

"You swear you are not a Communist member?"

"Yes. I am a student of Communism, but I am not a member of the party."

"When you finish studying, will you become a party member?"

"Right now I cannot say."

"Will you stir up the class struggle?"

"I doubt if I have the power to stir up any class struggle. I have not much faith in my abilities."

"Your tongue is very smooth," he said and left.

At twelve o'clock I had lunch. In the afternoon the Chief of Police called me. They had many papers and documents spread out.

"Is this your name?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"This report came from the government in Korea. Apparently you were not killed in Peking in 1929 as the papers say. Your father and mother think you are dead. You don't write to them. You should send a letter to your old parents. Isn't it true that Communists don't recognize their own parents?"

"I am not a Communist. I don't know what they think of their parents."

He was referring to an incident that had very nearly resulted in my death from a skull fracture. In 1929 Korean Nationalists and Communists were having an intense political struggle with frequent violent physical manifestations. I was on the duly elected committee of the Korean Union for Independence in Peking, and when the Nationalists within the Union called an illegal meeting at the Chung Kuo College in order to try to take the leadership away from us Communists, I went to the meeting with another comrade to see what they planned to do. Without permission of the Chairman, I got up and made a speech in which I demanded that all loyal members of the Union must leave and wait for our committee to call a legal meeting. An uproar ensued, and the meeting split up. One of the irate Nationalists hit me on the head with a heavy teapot and cut me on the nose near the eye with a knife, very nearly

a dangerous set of wounds. Unconscious and bleeding profusely, I was carried out—everyone thought I had been killed. I was taken to the Peking Union Medical College to have some stitches taken in my head and nose. A pleasant woman named Miss Ida Pruitt came in and comforted me in good Chinese, I remember, and I thought her a very good person. In the meantime, all the newspapers in Korea had published the story of my death.

"Now you must write the truth. We have this big file. Every word in it is about you. Your lies are no use whatsoever and can only harm your case," my questioner resumed.

I had to write my name and home address, my parents' names, my grandparents on both sides, and all degrees of relatives of the whole family, as well as when and how I was arrested.

"You must now write a full account of your life from primary school until today, telling who was the principal of the school and the names of all the teachers. Was it an old-style or modern school?"

It took three days to cover the whole story from primary school to the time of my arrest, with all their prodding and questioning. Every day I signed the document that had been written.

When it was finished the Chief of Police said: "We cannot free you because of two points against you. First, we have proof that you were a member of the Central Committee of the Korean Revolutionary Young Men's League in Canton; and, second, that you have some connection with the Chinese Communists."

Then he showed me a report from the Korean court, which had the 1927 confessions of two comrades telling about me, and also a confession from a Chinese comrade who had formerly been chairman of the C. P. Committee of Peking.

"I am only a member of the Proletarian Cultural League. I have no relation with the Chinese Communist party. I never saw the Chinese you mention. He is lying to save his own life and make his sentence easier."

"We don't care so much whether or not you have anything to do with the Chinese Communist party, but I have all the proofs from the Korean court about the League. You can do nothing but bring a guarantor or document proving that you have no connection. Your comrades say you have. How can you repeat no, no?"

Now I saw where the land lay, and this made me happy. I sat silent, feeling calm and unafraid.

"You may as well confess your relation with the League. We cannot believe your statements. If you do this we'll send you to our court. There will be no torture. If you persist in saying no, we can only send you to Korea, where they will get your confession anyway. Then your case will be out of our hands. I want personally to help you, and you may be assured of fairness if you will speak freely. I have handled many Korean cases here in Peking, but they were all of robbers or ordinary terrorists. None was political. You are my first case of this kind. You are a high type of young man, and you have the brain to consider your actions. Be intelligent in this matter."

Half an hour passed, while he smoked and I sat immobile. The Japanese police are clear-minded and very clever and well trained.

Then I said, "I deny the alleged relation."

I signed a confirmation of the life story from primary school to the time of my arrest but refused to sign the statement of my case that he had drawn up.

"Please go back and wait. You will have to be sent to Korea. We cannot handle your case further. In the next day or so you will be sent to Tientsin."

On February 10 at eight in the morning the police said: "You must go to bed early tonight. Tomorrow you will be sent to Tientsin. You have your last chance to call friends or your wife tonight."

"I have no requests to make. Let us consider the thing finished."

That night I was restless and could not sleep. I wrote on the wall: "Here I climb again the hills of Ariran" and signed my name.

Early in the morning I was taken to the police office.

"Your case here is finished. If you really have no relation with the Young Men's League you will soon be free after you get to Korea. If you will be polite and reasonable, we will send only one man to Tientsin with you to save you embarrassment."

As they put the handcuffs on me, the officer said: "Excuse me, please, for this. It is regulations."

Then he draped a woolen muffler over my forearm so the handcuffs would not show.

We drove to the railway station and for the last time, I heard the near-by clock strike, like a mournful echo.

We went second-class. The plainclothes policeman with me was a graduate of Waseda University, and rather sentimental. He

showed clearly that he admired me and begged that I give him some poetry of my own composition or tell him how I felt in prison—a Chinese prison experience was something to respect. All Japanese admire a life of courage and secretly respect revolutionaries, no matter how they may hate them. Chinese are more likely to consider you a fool or a paid agent.

"Prison is the greatest college of humanity," I said.

He wrote this down faithfully and looked up at me pleased with the phrase.

"What did you learn there?"

"I learned that I have great force within myself. If I had none, why would it be necessary for the authorities to use so much force to oppose me? The State and I are equal."

He liked that too and quoted it carefully.

I gathered that the Peking embassy policemen had considered me quite an exhibit—feeling face to face with The Revolution in person.

"I like Koreans very much," he remarked confidentially, "though I have never been in Korea. In fact, my present wife is one. You may write a poem for me in your own language, and she will translate it. She will like to keep it."

I said I had no poetry and that I did not feel like composing any at the moment.

"I have never heard the Internationale," he confided a little nervously. "Will you sing a little of it for me? It must be a very beautiful song."

"I haven't any voice for singing the Internationale today," I replied. "It is a song of victory not of defeat. But I will write it for you in Korean, and your wife can translate it."

I did this, and he folded it neatly and thanked me.

"There is only one song I can sing on a day like this," I remarked.

"What is that?"

"It is an old, old Korean song of death and defeat—the 'Song of Ariran.'"

I told him the meaning of the song and sang it in a low voice as I looked out over the bare brown fields and thought of the Canton Commune and Hailofeng.

He became very emotional and said it was the most beautiful music he had ever heard.

"Your wife knows that song," I said. "Every Korean has known it for many generations. If you ever hear her singing it to herself you must buy her a new dress and be kind to her."

"I'll never forget it," he promised warmly and called for some beer which we drank together.

Even the lowest-ranking Japanese officials abroad are well educated. They are the vanguard of empire. In Korea the policemen are a different type. They are not so polite! In Korea empire has been won and may be turned over to second-rate administrators as a routine job.

I actually was the first "Korean political case" the Peking embassy had handled, in their own terminology. Nationalists and terrorists they considered "political bandits" and murderers. Previously, the Japanese police had gone direct to Korean houses, arresting the occupants secretly. The Chinese police knew nothing of it. Such prisoners were taken to Tientsin and Korea to avoid local complications.

At the Consular Court in Tientsin nothing happened. The point made was only that according to Law No. 80 of the Twenty-Eighth Year of the Meiji, anyone dangerous to the Chinese social system was to be deported from China for a period of three years.

The "Water Cure" in Six Doses

I was sent by boat to Dairen, where I stayed one night at the water police building. Next morning two policemen escorted me third-class on the South Manchuria Railway to Antung on the Korean border. There we stayed one night. Next day some Japanese soldiers took me across the Yalu River bridge in a motorcycle. It was intensely cold, with wind and snow blowing fiercely. My ears were frozen. I could not protect them as I was closely bound. I was put into a miserable small room at police headquarters. There I had to write the whole long story over again from primary school on. They had the full record from Peking and Tientsin.

Then my first torture began. One Japanese pumped water into my mouth and nose while another stood by with a pencil and paper to get a confession. They put a tube into my mouth and nose and held my head low by pulling the hair. The pressure was very

strong, and my stomach swelled up to bursting point, while I was strangled nearly to unconsciousness.

"You are a bad case. Two of your comrades in prison have proved your relation. Now do you still think you can be freed by lying?" they repeated.

When I became unconscious they sent me to my cell. It was a wet slimy place. I had a fairly private room, but in each of the ten other cells of the prison were packed four to six prisoners. Every day about thirty new men would be brought in and others sent away.

I stayed in this cell forty days. Six times they gave me "the water cure," pumping it into my lungs and nose until I was unconscious. Several times I could not recover without a long working-over by a doctor, because I was weak and ill anyway. I learned that to breathe a little is better than to try to hold one's breath, as the water runs out more easily. But I would not confess.

One Sunday, when the other officers were on holiday, a Japanese policeman came in and beat me on the shin with a wooden *geta* until the flesh was opened to the bone.

"Why do you insist you have no relation while we already know the truth?" he demanded.

"I never saw those two before," I insisted, as he showed me the photographs of the two comrades who had betrayed me. "Bring them here to see if they can identify me. I am sure they cannot."

My shin got a bad infection from the beating and was very painful. My nose and lungs bled and pained me constantly.

This water torture harms the lungs permanently if repeated. Sometimes the arteries burst, but the victim does not die. I had a pus discharge from the lungs for a long time afterward and suffered steady pain.

Usually the Japanese torture intellectuals only mentally, not physically. Two police make the prisoner stay in one position all night for three nights. When he tires and falls asleep they beat his head and shout. After a long continuation of this, the brain goes sick and the will flabby. When the judge asks the prisoner questions, he has no will left but will confess to anything. Thus the judge gets his true confession and also many false ones. Often it takes many years to recover from such an experience, and mental derangement results. Many Koreans I have known have suffered this. It is the most dangerous form of torture, yet when the doctor looks he sees

no sign. Public opinion is stirred up by physical evidence of torture, but these nervous cases do not attract so much attention.

Korean prisons are today much better than formerly. Since 1928 they have been heated. The food given is *hsiao mi* and soya bean curd, or sometimes rice—the worst quality of rice after nine siftings.

After a short examination in court, I was sent to a big prison in Shingishu, the center for all north Korea.

This prison contained over a thousand inmates. A large percentage were partisans from Manchuria. If proved to have killed or aided in the death of a Japanese, such prisoners were executed. If not, a term of imprisonment sufficed. Since 1910 thousands had been executed in this prison—the best Korean fighters for independence and liberty.

As soon as the door had clanged behind me, the men in the cell ran up eagerly and asked if I came from Manchuria. When I said, no, Peking, nobody spoke to me for an hour. Manchuria was the center of Korean activities; they were not interested in Peking emigrants. When they discovered the charges made against me, however, they gathered round again and asked many questions.

"Why are so many Communists being arrested now?" they wanted to know. "Ah, it is too bad. The Communists have much experience, and we should all study their methods and learn from them for the future. If all are arrested, who will carry on the work?"

They wanted solicitously to know what evidence the court had against me and what my sentence was likely to be, and were eager to learn all about China and the political condition in the outside world.

After seven days I was called into court. I was given a mask of rice grass to wear from the prison to the court so nobody could see—this was an old custom. Until my case was called, I waited in a small room. There were many phrases written on the walls by former prisoners. Some of these said: "Today I hear the death sentence." "To live twenty-six years or a hundred is all the same. It is only one life. I am not unhappy." "Who comes here must give up all hope." "There is no justice. I am innocent." One man had written, "I will become a *kuei*, and when I return I will kill every Japanese in Korea." Another had said, "You have walked here, but you may have to be carried out." There were many curses against

the Japanese emperor, the judge and all Japanese in general. And there were many phrases from the Song of Ariran. Many names were inscribed with the dates of the death sentences. These sentences were written on the wood with the finger-nail or handcuff. Every word dripped with the blood and tears of my poor countrymen. It was like a room in Hell.

When I entered the courtroom I saw two men in red prison clothes waiting near the witness stand. They were the comrades who had given evidence on me.

When the Judge turned to these two and asked if they knew me and if I were a member of the Korean Revolutionary Young Men's League, they answered:

"Yes, he was a member of the Young Men's League. He was elected in the last meeting called in Canton, but he was not present and did not know about it perhaps. We didn't know where to find him and couldn't get in touch with him. We never saw him again and did not know what became of him."

Then my case was dismissed.

At two o'clock on April 1, the prison warder called me in and said:

"The evidence against you is not enough for conviction now, and you will be given your freedom. But do not think this is anything but luck. Your every move will be watched in future. It is no use to try to enter any group or do any work. We shall know of everything you do. We can excuse the past if in future you do nothing. But your next case will finish you."

All my endurance under torture had been worth-while. My refusal to confess had saved me.

Korean Interlude

I was sick and weak. The prison food had been bad and the cell full of vermin. I had a cough and a pus discharge and bleeding from the lungs every day. Because of the broken condition of my lungs I had contracted tuberculosis, but I did not know it then. Since then I have had tuberculosis and little hope of recovering my natural strength. I who had been once so athletic and strong was now a walking invalid—and only twenty-six years old! I was a little shocked when my young nephew remarked on seeing me for

the first time: "He is an ugly old man. You told me he was strong and good-looking."

I went back to my home near Phyöngyang and stayed two months. During that period I learned for the first time the meaning and devotion of mother love. It made me uneasy to be fussed over and pampered with special food, but I appreciated deeply the spirit in which my mother did this. In recognition of her feeling for me I told her something about my life. She thought Communists and Nationalists were the same thing. She sympathized with my struggle for Korean independence and wanted it too. "If Korea were free, you would then come here to live at home with me, wouldn't you?" she asked.

My father was a very old man now, but still worked on the farm. He was as conservative as ever and seldom talked. I was still only an ingrate rebel son to him.

In Korea when one is released from prison the public attitude is not like that in China. The Koreans are proud of you and treat you kindly. Even old men and women show their secret sympathies. You have good "face." But in China nobody helps you. Everyone cuts relations if possible, fearing "trouble." Once you are down, nobody wants to help you up. It is considered to be just your own bad luck, and nobody wants to share it with you. For that reason, it takes many different kinds of courage to be a revolutionary in China, and I admire the Chinese greatly for the risks they take. Each individual fights his own battle, not hoping for sacrifice from others when he is in need. Only the Communists have a spirit of mutual co-operation and a comradely feeling of responsibility. But there too the old cancer of selfishness eats away the fabric, and you can never be sure how rotten it is. This is the fault of the social system, where human life and death mean little to anyone but the individual, therefore the individual must be doubly selfish to take care of his own interests. If you have power once in your hands, it is automatically cumulative. Everyone is eager to be your friend. If you have no power, you must be a sycophant and have few friends to work and struggle with you on terms of equality. That is the old Confucian hierarchy of "higher and lower." We had this same thing in Korea, but life was not so cruel there, so the people could be kinder by nature.

XIX

Party and Personal Wars

IT WAS JUNE, 1931, when I returned to Peking. Peking was beautiful in June, with giant acacia trees spreading green masses of color above the dull grey walls that had been so dreary on the winter's day of my arrest. I went to find Liu-ling to tell her of my freedom.

"She was miserable after your arrest," I was told. "When she learned that you had been sent to Korea, she thought you would be a prisoner for many years and went to Tsingtao to work. There she was probably arrested by Han Fu-chu, for a mass arrest occurred at that time. Nearly all of those arrested were executed. She used another name, and we cannot find out what happened to her. We think she cannot be alive now."

I was sick at heart. I walked in Peihai all afternoon, seeking comfort in the gay spring flowers—as gay as we had been that first afternoon so very long ago. Nobody smiled at me this day. A few students stared curiously at the thin, tall figure moving about uncertainly like an invalid from a hospital.

It was always the bravest and best that were sacrificed—and life seemed to take a special revenge on me and brief loves. I thought again of An Tung-hsi's little daughter in Manchuria; of the sturdy,

cheerful young C. Y. girl in Hailofeng who died fighting for her people. It was not for me to choose a lonely destiny—death was always ready to choose it for me.

On Trial as a Japanese Spy

But this was only my first blow. I noticed that members seemed friendly but afraid to meet me. At first, I had no idea why, though it was a natural precaution. Then I discovered that some of my enemies had made secret reports to the party against me—asking how it was that I had been freed so easily from prison in Korea. I had many political enemies, for I was of a decisive, unforgiving character. I was sometimes called a Robespierre, for my insistence upon "purity" and incorruptibility to an absolute degree. I had suffered no political troubles of my own, and had little patience with those who deviated even in small ways, always ready to pronounce final judgments from a high seat of righteousness. I had no fear of offending anyone in the name of the party line, and many were the solemn indictments I had dictated against others. Retribution was to fall upon me in the Robespierrean tradition.

I found that this underground campaign against me was being directed by the Korean named Han whom I had met only once in Shanghai in 1928. He was one of the party leaders who had escaped during the mass arrests in Korea in March, 1928, and whom we had accused of untrustworthiness when the case was discussed. I had made my opinion clear that I thought them untrustworthy, not only because they had escaped under suspicious circumstances, but also because their leadership had been bad objectively. I had stated it as my opinion that if they had been imprisoned it was no harm to the movement because of their stupid sectarian attitude, which made it easy for spies to enter our ranks and betray the whole organization. Over a thousand had been arrested at that time, and I had blamed the leaders who escaped for their objective guilt in this great loss. Han had been bitter and black-hearted about the party attitude, which he considered to have been largely fostered by me. Though my attack had not been personal—indeed I had never been introduced to Han until the meeting in Shanghai—he hated me.

Han had to come to Peking in 1930 just before my arrest and,

as I was then acting as secretary of the Organization Committee, he had written me a letter asking permission to enter the party in Peking. He had no mandate, and I replied that we must write to the Shanghai Committee for credentials and full reports and that he would have to wait until we received these. No reply had been received before my own arrest, and Han thought I was trying to keep him out of the party and still distrusted him, so he wanted revenge.

In April, 1931, he had been accepted by the party upon the recommendation of another Korean. Now that I had returned, he thought that if I were put back into a responsible position, he would not be able to work with me and the party. His belief was unfounded, for I had been fully prepared to work with him on condition that Shanghai sent credentials, but he did not know that, of course, and thought himself engaged in a life and death political and personal feud.

Han had mobilized some Korean Nationalists who hated me because I had fought against them formerly and had convinced several C. P. members also that I was suspect. The implication was that I had written a confession and been forced to establish secret connections with the Japanese as a spy. Han never openly stated this, but implied that there was some secret behind my case.

The Chinese who had known me were on my side and said they did not believe the implication, but wanted to clear it up to re-establish confidence. Others were sceptical because of the Koreans who were suspicious of me. I demanded an open trial to settle the thing once and for all.

I was furious at Han for one thing particularly: it was he who originated the charges, yet he refused to get proofs of my innocence from the local prison and from Korea. He simply did not want to see me cleared and back in power.

The Chinese C. P. called a court to settle the case. Members on both sides of the question were present. All were asked to give complete knowledge of me and my record, and information about my arrest and release. I told in detail the whole account of my arrest and trial. Nothing unfavorable was produced against me. Then the court demanded of Han, the only accuser, why he did not believe me and asked him to show proof of his suspicions.

He could only say: "There is no way to determine his guilt. But we cannot believe in his innocence just because of this."

I explained my previous trouble with Han. Then the court pointed out that nobody had been arrested because of me and that I had caused no trouble anywhere.

"Yes," Han agreed. "That is true at this moment. But perhaps he is only waiting for a critical time to betray and destroy our organization for the Japanese. To trust him is to open our party to danger."

"You are dreaming," I said to Han. "This is only petty personal revenge. Wait and see."

At the conclusion, the court decided I was all right and commended me as a good, strong member, stating that for the Koreans to oppose me was wrong and unfair.

I was accepted back into the party ranks without further question. Han was worried because his own position was very uncertain and he felt that others had lost confidence because of his unjustified opposition to me, so he did not stop his underground campaign against me, hoping to prove himself correct somehow. He acted as a poison, infecting others with vague suspicions, and those who did not know me well were afraid to become too close with me. Han next started a rumor that I was a Li Li-san man¹ and not qualified for leadership, therefore. This depressed and irritated me.

The Party Line

There was a critical political situation in party work throughout China. A purge was taking place, and a new line being instituted. The "Li Li-sanists" were being thrown out, and members were unscrupulously fighting for supremacy, both on the basis of personal rivalry and political problems. The underground nature of our movement made many injustices unavoidable. I was one of many victims of circumstance.

The Chinese C. P. decided that, as I had been one of the most important leaders during the ultra-Leftist Li Li-san period, I could not be trusted to carry out the new line faithfully. I objected strongly to being displaced from the leadership, as I was not only prepared to follow the new line but had suffered enough from radical "putschism" in Canton and Haifofeng and Peking to be able to

¹ Li Li-san had been secretary of the Chinese C. P. and was very Leftist.—N.W.

judge these tactics from bitter first-hand experience. But it was a general order from the top, and the local party stated that I must accept this discipline until I could be reinstated. They ordered me to do manual labor in the mines at Changchiak'ou. I submitted, though it was suicide in my sick condition after imprisonment. I could get no job in the mines, however, and found the situation hopeless for party work and too dangerous to attempt. Twice I was nearly arrested because I looked too much like an intellectual, for police supervision was very close. When I made my report I was told to recover my health and wait awhile. I went to the Niang-niang temple near Yenching University, where I studied in the library and thought out many problems, personal and political.

The Li Li-san line had demanded armed uprisings in Kuomintang areas and the capture of big cities by the Red Army. It was finally changed in April, 1931, and Li Li-san was sent to Moscow for discipline. I had been in prison during most of the controversy, and until this time I had never worried about major theoretical questions but only over matters of local tactics, accepting orders as they came. Now I began to re-examine first principles and to ask questions and seek answers.

After my spy scare and discipline as a Li Li-sanist, my mind was confused and disturbed. I could not avoid feeling that part of my trouble came because I was a Korean among Chinese; even the Communists in China had a tendency toward nationalism. The foreigner is always the first to be blamed. It was a time of general demoralization: reprisals against the Li Li-san uprisings were very cruel. Thousands of Communists were arrested and executed or imprisoned. Others were betrayed and turned over to the Kuomintang, or became passive. Still others became Trotskyists and Fascists. Party work became weaker and weaker on the outside, and morale within broke down. The situation was complex and difficult to analyze. There was a swing to the Right and a tendency toward surrender. I was extremely worried and anxious to find a clear method to save the party and the mass movement from demoralization. In the end I concluded that our main slogans were correct but that we must vary the tactics to suit different conditions in various parts of the country. There must be some middle ground where common agreement would make it possible to keep solidarity. I proposed that we utilize the democratic slogan in those White

areas where uprising was impossible and resulted only in annihilation, and at the same time keep up the struggle for Soviets in the Red areas, working toward the equalization of the two different levels of development. The majority of the party voted against this idea, however, and took the line that no democracy was possible during a civil war even if we tried it. What I was suggesting was a form of what was later called the People's Front in White areas, to support the Soviet movement in Red areas, thereby mobilizing all potential strategic allies instead of alienating them as at present with our open demand for red flags and Soviets everywhere. This idea was put into effect in 1935, when it was decided to give up the Soviets also.

XX

Murder . . . Suicide . . . Despair . . .

ARRESTS INCREASED in every province, the central power competing with the provincial warlords in this. Betrayals increased alarmingly. Even the Secretary of the C. P. Military Committee in North China betrayed. The party organization in Peking was broken, and we all lost connections.

I had no work and no money. I developed fevers and became weaker and weaker physically and more and more depressed mentally. Then I went to the Peking Union Medical College—to the charity department. The doctors took an X-ray and told me that my lungs were in very bad condition and that I had tuberculosis, which was spreading rapidly. They wondered how it was that my lungs were so broken and inflamed. I could hardly tell them that I had Japanese prison torture to thank for this. I still had a pus and blood discharge, complicated by tuberculosis. I was informed that unless I took an absolute rest for many months and had good food and attention I could not live long. I had no money to buy a bowl of rice a day—how could I buy eggs and meat and vegetables and afford “many months of rest”?

The knowledge that I had tuberculosis was a great shock to me.

Since Hailofeng I had never been able to regain my full strength, but I had always been so strong and healthy that I thought it would come back whenever I took time to recuperate fully. I had hoped to go to the south to join the Red Army some day—now this would be impossible. There were several Korean comrades with the Chinese Red Army. I liked open action. I was not happy in secret underground work and in political party intrigues and struggles.

Frustrated and bitter, I was filled with anger against everything. This aggravated my physical condition. I could not rest and could not sleep at all. For days I got no sleep and lived in a torture of misery. The *kung yu* keeper asked me for money every day and wanted to throw me out. I was too weak to walk without dizziness and exhaustion. He suggested that I should take opium to rest my nerves and get some sleep so I could earn enough money to pay him! I went back to the P.U.M.C. in a rickshaw. The doctors were alarmed at the rapid worsening of my condition and said I should be put in a hospital immediately. They discovered that I had a bad long-standing nervous condition—this was an inheritance from Hailofeng as well as my prison experience a few months before. I went back to the *kung yu*. I would not speak to anyone. I merely played with the dog in the compound and hardly moved around at all. If the *kung yu* keeper had suspected my identity he could have made a good deal of money by turning me over to the police. I half expected this every day. It was one way to pay one's bills.

Then I discovered that my enemy, Han, was still spreading lies about me like a man obsessed. I was infuriated. He was not a man but a snake. I hated him as a thing slimy and unclean. What he had done to me, he would be just as likely to do to others. I wanted to kill him and clean the world of such a creature once and for all. Why not? The thought took form in my mind and seemed to solve the deep sense of frustration and helplessness that overpowered me. And if he killed me, that was another useful act. He was a powerful man, and I was then weak as a woman. I had been so long accustomed to action that I wanted to strike at something, to struggle physically against myself and the forces around me. I had no psychological mechanism for accepting and resigning myself to the condition of which I found myself a victim.

Carried on by the last strength of desperation and anger, I went to see Han, concealing a sharp knife.

Since Hailofeng I had never been able to regain my full strength, but I had always been so strong and healthy that I thought it would come back whenever I took time to recuperate fully. I had hoped to go to the south to join the Red Army some day—now this would be impossible. There were several Korean comrades with the Chinese Red Army. I liked open action. I was not happy in secret underground work and in political party intrigues and struggles.

Frustrated and bitter, I was filled with anger against everything. This aggravated my physical condition. I could not rest and could not sleep at all. For days I got no sleep and lived in a torture of misery. The *kung yu* keeper asked me for money every day and wanted to throw me out. I was too weak to walk without dizziness and exhaustion. He suggested that I should take opium to rest my nerves and get some sleep so I could earn enough money to pay him! I went back to the P.U.M.C. in a rickshaw. The doctors were alarmed at the rapid worsening of my condition and said I should be put in a hospital immediately. They discovered that I had a bad long-standing nervous condition—this was an inheritance from Hailofeng as well as my prison experience a few months before. I went back to the *kung yu*. I would not speak to anyone. I merely played with the dog in the compound and hardly moved around at all. If the *kung yu* keeper had suspected my identity he could have made a good deal of money by turning me over to the police. I half expected this every day. It was one way to pay one's bills.

Then I discovered that my enemy, Han, was still spreading lies about me like a man obsessed. I was infuriated. He was not a man but a snake. I hated him as a thing slimy and unclean. What he had done to me, he would be just as likely to do to others. I wanted to kill him and clean the world of such a creature once and for all. Why not? The thought took form in my mind and seemed to solve the deep sense of frustration and helplessness that overpowered me. And if he killed me, that was another useful act. He was a powerful man, and I was then weak as a woman. I had been so long accustomed to action that I wanted to strike at something, to struggle physically against myself and the forces around me. I had no psychological mechanism for accepting and resigning myself to the condition of which I found myself a victim.

Carried on by the last strength of desperation and anger, I went to see Han, concealing a sharp knife.

He was at home—alone. I stood in the doorway and looked at him steadily for five minutes. My eyes fascinated him like a snake hypnotized by a bright point of light.

I moved very slowly over to the table, while he stared at me, paralyzed. With slow determination, I pulled out the knife and laid it quietly on the table between us.

"Within five minutes, one of us is going to kill the other," I said hoarsely.

He did not move.

I waited.

Then I saw tears gathering in his eyes. I knew they were not of fear but of shame and regret. I pitied him and walked slowly out of the room, leaving the knife on the table.

My anger was gone. In its place was only bitter sadness. I did not want to kill any man. I had only the moral and physical strength to kill myself. Yet I had no gun. Not even a knife. No money to buy poison. Fortunately one can always starve oneself to death. I felt no hunger; the emotional reaction against my attempt at murder left me exhausted. I lay back on my bed in a delirium of weakness. Suicide would be easy by drowning, but there was no place in Peking for this. I thought of the beautiful clear rivers of Korea—where suicide was a pleasure. . . . I who am about to die remember you, Korea—for your beautiful rivers and your lovely green mountains. Your sons are weak, but those mountains and rivers of ten thousand li are strong. They will live when we are all dead in foreign lands. I regret that I cannot bring back my blood to nourish the soil of my birth—even my rotten, tubercular blood poisoned with despair. I have destroyed myself fighting for you and for the freedom of humanity. Nothing is left but fertilizer for an alien ungrateful land. Even the spirit is dead. I have left only enough to finish myself cleanly and quickly. The will to die is with me still. The will to live has gone. Remember me as I was, friends of those heroic years—full of health and strength and belief and courage. Forget that I did not die in the Canton Commune, in Hailofeng, in Manchuria, in prison. A part of me was killed there, a part lies unburied in every place. Only the heart and the will die here in this filthy room. The rest of me was sacrificed gloriously in battle, and created new hope for you and for mankind. . . .

I fell unconscious, thinking how kind it was of nature to end my

suffering so easily in quiet death. A fever warmed my bones comfortably.

I woke up a long time afterward to find the *kung yu* manager fussing around my bed.

"You've had nothing to eat for days," he said, bringing me food. "You have had a very high fever. I thought you were dying. It's no use for a young man to die like this, even if you want to. Never mind my money. If you will eat and get well, you can leave and go home to your old parents."

He was anxious that I should not die in his house, for he would have been responsible for the body, and wanted to make me strong enough to go away—where he did not care.

I think my dormant malaria came back during those few days and the high fever helped to cure me.

The relapse into sleep and unconsciousness had rested my nerves and body, and I felt that the hammering of death in my eardrums had ceased. A new life-giving fluid seemed to be pouring into my veins. Whether I lived or died I did not care. To eat or not to eat was no question. I accepted the food, though I would not have lifted a finger to get it for myself. Gradually a little strength was restored to me, though I was as thin and gaunt as a skeleton.

"Some day I shall repay you for your kindness," I said to the inn-keeper. "I shall be able to earn money by doing translation work. Don't worry about this question."

He wanted only to get rid of me, so as soon as I was able to leave I went to another *kung yu*. I had long ago pawned all my books and clothes. I owned nothing but what I walked about in. One day someone sent me \$20 in an envelope. I think it was Han. I did not care who it was. This was enough to eat for many weeks.

I decided not to attempt suicide again. It was easy enough to die without taking any trouble about it. It was better to be killed by someone else. I had always expected that at any time.

A new philosophy alien to my nature seemed to settle over me like cheerful sunlight. Nothing was important. I accepted the fact that I was too weak to solve my many problems. Let them solve themselves. I could not save the Chinese Revolution single-handed. Why be so serious about everything, great and small? Mistakes were inevitable. Perhaps they were even useful in revealing the truth. Perhaps I was mistaken. Perhaps there was no right and wrong.

Perhaps whatever *is* is right. Why should a man torture himself with doubts and worry? Are there not enough enemies in the world to do this torture for him? One must gamble with life. One must not fear to lose. One must not care too much if others lose also. History always wins in its own way. What an amazing people the Chinese are! For thousands of years they have been cheerful and content to let life gamble for them. Why change the world—let the world change you? If no change occurs, that is also good. *Ma-ma-hu-hu.*

Was I at last succumbing to the Chinese attitude on life and death and struggle? Was I at last being absorbed into this great mass of believers in fate and fortune? What did it matter? One man's luck was another man's misfortune. To sleep and not to dream was good. To eat and not to ask how and why others live. To watch but not to be curious.

I thought that if only I were strong enough I would tramp around the world for ten years, trusting providence to feed or starve me. In either case I would not care. I would sell verses as I went and live in the public parks, a poet and a vagabond.

I had been busily engaged in changing the world since the age of eleven. Now the world was changing me. It was reciprocity. Which change was greater I did not care.

It is dangerous to ask questions too close to the truth. It will drive a man mad. It is dangerous to force your truth on others. Perhaps you are wrong. Let them die happy in their beliefs and mistakes. Do not torture any man's soul with fundamental inquiries. Let him find his answers where he will.

I was gradually coming back to normal and was doctor enough myself to know that my salvation lay in relaxation and relief from worry and political troubles to give the body and the nervous system a chance to recuperate. I did not even read the newspapers, but lay quietly on my bed all day and let nothing disturbing enter my mind. I bought a book of poetry out of my riches of \$20 and at times wrote verses which I sent to the newspapers and magazines. Some of them were accepted, and I earned a few dollars in this way. I wondered why nobody in the party had come to see me. Perhaps they had all been arrested or forced to leave the city. Then one day a young girl comrade came to visit me. She said they had lost connections everywhere and that she did not know what had become of everyone.

The party was broken and no activities were possible for awhile.

This girl was very kind and came often to see me. She brought me fruit and books. She was much prettier than Liu-ling but undeveloped intellectually. Her lover had been executed the year before, and she was unhappy. This fact made her take a special interest in helping me—I seemed always to be falling heir to widowed devotion. I like unhappy people. I understand them. Suffering creates character and human feeling. Cheerful, happy people seem like idiots to me. They seem to fly over the surface of life and never to know its meaning. They are not close to the heart of humanity today but remote and isolated. Perhaps that is why they can remain cheerful.

I asked this friend to bring me from the library all the volumes of Goethe, Tennyson, and Keats, whom I best enjoyed. Shelley I preferred not to read; he was a revolutionary romantic like myself, and I wanted to get out of this emotional stage. In middle school I had read over and over again *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. Faust I did not understand until now.

I read again the books of Jack London, whom I had always liked. He is the only American writer I know who gives a proletarian interpretation in terms of universal experience. His sentences are simple and strong, and translate well into other languages. His stories about workers are as true for one nation as another. He knows the meaning of poverty and hard struggle, and understands the character of men. In *White Fang* a dog becomes a wolf as men must also in order to fight the struggle of life. In London every cell of animal life is animate and active. You feel vitality and dramatic quality. You feel that he is not an intellectual, but a man of action putting feeling and real experience into his work, and that theme is always failure and renewed struggle. Japanese and Korean workers read London as easily as anyone, and understand him. Through London, a poor worker anywhere learns to feel a kinship and bond of sympathy with American proletarians. I like London better than Gorky. Gorky has good ideology, but he is not a strong man or a strong writer like London.

London is positive in his interpretation of poverty and struggle; perhaps that is because his America is the land of opportunity for a worker. Dostoevsky is negative. He exposes the darkness of the human soul by subjective psychology. He admits no positive value

to struggle. He could have written exactly the same books about Korea, only the darkness and sadness there are worse than in Russia.

Upton Sinclair I do not enjoy, but everyone in the Far East reads him to get a picture of industrial life in capitalist America. He is only descriptive; he contributes nothing to theory. He is broad but not deep, like a searchlight at night. He illuminates surfaces but knows nothing of the hearts of men in the shadows.

Balzac I also re-read at this time. I liked his study of the conflict between man's intellect and his passion, and the theme is that man eternally reaches one goal only to search for another.

After a time my physical strength came back, and psychological and mental equilibrium returned with it. I felt a new kind of assurance and stability. My mind became alert again and hungry for action. I felt a great new confidence in myself. I saw that these few months had been a useful influence on me—prison and political struggle, my trouble with Han, my despair and illness. These experiences served to force me into an intellectual coming of age. Murder . . . suicide . . . despair—that brief moment was only a bookmark in my life where I found my way. A new chapter lay open before me. All that I needed was to recover my physical health enough to carry on.

I analyzed my past experiences and went through a grueling self-examination. From 1919 to 1924 I had been a student, groping for knowledge and ways and means. During that first stage I passed from one theory to another. From 1919 to 1920 I was a Korean Nationalist. From 1920 to 1922 I was an idealist and Anarchist, seeking a solid footing to march forward. This I found in the study of Marxism from 1922 to 1924, when I joined the Communist party.

The second stage of my life was from 1925 to 1928—revolutionary romantic days of action in the Chinese Revolution. Canton, the Commune, Hailofeng. These experiences had broken my health but strengthened my spirit. After that I was thrust into a position of leadership for which I was not fully prepared, but I had developed rapidly. My underground days of leadership in secret activities in Peking and Manchuria had taught me much. Prison had welded many rough edges into solid form. My murder—suicide—despair days had humanized and given me a new tolerance and understanding of human nature. I was now no longer a schoolboy, no longer a

revolutionary romantic, no longer a party bureaucrat. I was a grown-up human being, equipped with long, hard revolutionary experience and qualified for true leadership in future. I understood the problems of others through my own. My judgment was balanced and sound—no longer emotional or theoretical but practical and wise with the solid background of struggle, mental and physical. As I reviewed my own life and mistakes and wisdoms, in comparison with that of others and of the problems before me, I felt a strong, unshakeable faith in myself. Since that time I have never lost this. I have had a moral and physical courage and power that have never failed me. I fear nothing. I have absolute confidence in my opinions and abilities. Once I set my mind to a task, I can accomplish it. I can reason and judge in a logical way that convinces me of the correctness of my decisions. Hence I never waver uncertainly or lose direction. I have decision and determination. I can distinguish between immediate things and historical movements. I do not permit small matters to warp my judgment on important ones. I care nothing for difficulties. I cannot be intimidated. When I have made my own decision as to what is correct and true, nothing external can shake it. I have an understanding of the processes of history which gives me enough grasp of the truth to have positive decisions and interpretations. I have no hesitation in making decisions and giving orders for others to follow when I feel that my leadership is correct. Until I am sure of that, my mind refuses to make decisions. It is like a thing apart from me—a precise mechanism weighing and balancing and moving on whether I will it or not. Sometimes, I wish that mind would not be so sure of itself, so positive. But I can do nothing about it. I will not betray myself. I cannot be dishonest. I must carry out the moral and intellectual imperative that propels me forward, no matter what others may think or how much they may disagree with me. I regard this mind as the product of external experience, not as a personal attribute equated only to my own problems. For my personal comfort and happiness, I would rather follow than lead. For the follower there is only one path. For the leader there are always two. The follower is free. The leader is not. The follower can act without responsibility. The leader is burdened with the weight of historical decisions. I am no longer a follower—I was happier when I was. It is my duty to take initiative and leader-

ship—a duty that has been given to me by my experience and that insists upon its performance by an inner compulsion. All those thousands of dead who have not lived to carry out this leadership are like a hand with many fingers commanding me forward. Their knowledge died with them. What I shared of it must live with me and be creative until I too am dead.

XXI

Back to the Mass Movement

IN THE EARLY WEEKS of 1932 I received an invitation from the student body of the famous Second Normal School in Paotingfu to come there to teach. This school had been established by Li Ta-chao, one of the founders of the Communist party, and had a long revolutionary history. I had friends among the students there, and the student body asked the principal to go to Peking and ask me to join the staff.

I went to Paotingfu to teach, helping to organize the student movement at the same time as a representative of the party. There were two other Leftist teachers at the school.

One day in May thirty Chinese policemen surrounded the school and brought in a Japanese policeman to arrest me. This Japanese had my picture, taken in prison, and asked for me as a Korean under another name. The students ran out and closed the gate, refusing to let me be taken. The principal denied that he had any teacher of the name asked for or any Korean on the staff—he thought I was a Cantonese. In the meantime the students took me to the hospital and protected me, refusing to let anyone enter. The police believed the principal and could do nothing, as there was no

evidence that I existed, so they went away. The students guarded me in the hospital all night, then found a new position for me next day in the Kaoyang primary school. Many of them cried when I left. I had made good friends among them. The principal also cried and did not want me to go.

At this primary school I taught thirty hours a week and joined the Anti-Religion League. The school had one training class of fifty students for village normal work. These were all young farmers from sixteen to twenty-seven, and I had warm hopes for them. I taught them history and political science and some philosophy. I had good support from this principal, who was a Leftist.

I worked among the local farmers and organized 300 of them, though only 80 came to meetings. Then a party delegate was sent to see me to establish a closer connection with the North China Committee. In July the party committee wanted an armed uprising. The local *min tuan*, in command of eighty soldiers, had been a comrade during the Great Revolution, so the party thought the situation favorable.

The local landlords had just brought 200 pistols from Tientsin to arm new *min tuan*, and the party wanted my students to seize these pistols and fight. The *min tuan* commander agreed to this on condition that we should not kill any of his men. He would report that the guns had been stolen by bandits.

I opposed this action because I had a good development under way and knew that if an uprising occurred all our future chances would be destroyed, even if we were successful in seizing the pistols and using them. On my recommendation the plan was dropped.

Then in August another party delegate came to see me from the Hopei Provincial Committee and wanted me to organize the armed uprising right away. I still opposed this, but he said: "Anyone who opposes this is afraid and a counter-revolutionary. Only an armed struggle can solve the land problem now."

I gave up my school and went to Peking to explain the situation, telling the party there of the good progress being made and the possibilities of expanding the movement as at present, while I was sure an uprising would destroy everything and fail. But the Committee did not agree with me, as they had been ordered to start a Soviet movement in North China and it would have to be done.

So I went back to help organize the uprising though I did not

openly join it. Thirty of our men from Li *hsien* met eight *min tuan* at Nan-hsin-chuang, who had agreed to co-operate, and marched into Kaoyang. There they arrested the chief of police and two of the gentry. After the village was occupied, about 800 farmers near by came and looked on. They joined a mass meeting but did not participate. No mass movement could be mobilized, and after two days the action had not expanded. The enemy came up to surround the village, and the 800 farmers dispersed. In the meantime, the Revolutionary Committee and the friendly *min tuan* had surrounded the primary school and held all the students prisoner—demanding money from their parents for their freedom. This was in order to buy guns. It was a serious mistake. The students with money were freed, while the poor ones—whose parents were on our side—remained prisoners.

Chang Hsueh-liang's army had surrounded the village, and the revolutionary power lost control inside the walls. There was much trouble. Nobody could escape. Some tried to hide in the school with the little children. The parents of the students pleaded with the White soldiers not to fire on their children, so the soldiers opened the gate to let all the children go out. Some of the revolutionaries and *min tuan* tried to escape with them, and the Whites fired on them and killed some children and thirty of our men.

All was finished, with no result except that martial law was established and no further mass movement or work would be possible in future. I was sick at heart at the destruction of what I had built up for nothing and at the deaths of the young farmers I had trained.

Peking had wanted the local railwaymen and city workers to strike and go to Kaoyang to help, but nobody would do this. Not even a strike could be mobilized. The workers would not participate in armed uprising, though they were anxious for reform slogans.

After Kaoyang the party organized similar abortive uprisings in Hopei—Ningsui *hsien*, Nanch'eng, etc. All failed, and the party organizations were broken everywhere. After this we had no movement at all except at Tze-nan in southern Hopei, where Sung Cheh-yuan afterward destroyed all the partisans in 1935.

I had not agreed with this policy from the first, and when I returned to Peking at the end of 1932 I put my arguments before the

party. They called me a "Rightist," and I became angry and said I would cut my relations with the party completely if the stupid policy were not stopped.

Many in the party were thinking along the same lines and saw the necessity of changing the local tactics from armed uprising to one of open democratic struggle for the farmers and workers and intellectuals together, starting with lower slogans to reach the higher ones. I signed an opinion for party consideration, together with 25 other party leaders, expressing these ideas. The Committee said we were Rightists and that we were on the road to Trotskyism and from there to Nanking. I had translated a book called *Marxism and Religion* by a Japanese, and the bookstore was advertising it in a Trotskyist magazine, so the Committee asked me how this was. I told them I had nothing to do with the advertising of the book, that I had no connections with any Trotskyists nor wanted any, and that I was disgusted with their attitude in throwing labels around promiscuously for no reason. First I was called a Li Li-sanist for no reason, then a Rightist, and now a Trotskyist. I said it was time they examined the situation for a change and stopped throwing epithets around indiscriminately. The only one left was to call me a "Korean" and be finished with it. I privately felt that this one underlay all the others, though I hated to admit it even to myself.

One by one the leaders of the party betrayed to the Kuomintang as they were arrested. Demoralization set in everywhere. Each man distrusted every other, and soon the work was virtually at a standstill. I had foreseen this condition, and it seemed tragically unnecessary that we did not change the line until it was too late, but the heavy mechanism of bureaucracy did not function nearly as fast as the Kuomintang.

In 1932 a Fascist movement was started in China, with a well-trained system of political police or "Gestapo." They borrowed many methods from fascism in Europe, and their work was very effective. Their principal tactic was to demoralize the party by granting liberty to those who agreed to become renegades and betray others. The alternatives were either to be executed or repent. The Third Gendarmes came to Peking under Chiang Hsiao-hsien. These were a Fascist Blue Shirt group, and Chiang was one of the cruellest and cleverest agents in China. In their ranks were

many Communist and Leftist renegades, so their espionage work was good.

I felt that the reason for mass betrayals was political, not individual, and could be removed by changing the line. At the time of the Sixth Congress everyone died bravely, believing the revolution would surely succeed. Later on, however, many were confused and didn't really believe in the party line. Having no conviction, it was easy for them to betray. If you do not truly believe in the line, it is not easy to work hard to realize it at all costs. This doubt existed from Canton to Manchuria. The Manchuria Committee was arrested and nearly all betrayed—and 300 Korean Communists were arrested in Kirin in 1932. This alarmed me greatly, for I had worked with all those people in 1929 and knew how strong they were then. I sat down and wrote my opinion to the party that the only solution to the problem of betrayal was political. I said that we must again analyze the whole objective situation and consider the opinions of all comrades in order to reach a correct evaluation. Then our conclusion will prove either that the line is right or that it is wrong. If the majority agrees that it is right, nobody will then disbelieve, and we shall have a new morale. If wrong, we must admit our mistakes and change the line before we are disintegrated entirely. There have been many protests, and the party leadership should heed them before it is too late. This is a disease. The blood is bad. We can't cure it by cutting off a finger. The whole organism has to be revitalized, I concluded.

But the local Chinese leadership paid no attention to this—*ma-ma-hu-hu*. They seemed to think it was fate that turned men into traitors and that nothing could be done about it. They simply multiplied suspicion and fear and did nothing. Soon the leadership was so broken that there was no authority for anyone to do anything—and it was too late. I was unhappy and irritated at this stupidity and slowness, but it did not affect me as previously. I had determined never to take affairs beyond my control so seriously again. Mistakes were inevitable—and tragedies follow mistakes. One must do all he can to make others see the mistake and to have it changed—if he fails there is nothing to do but wait for time to open their eyes, and not worry oneself into the grave in the meantime. One must have patience. And in China one must lose the humanitarian fear of sacrificing human life needlessly. One must accept this as

part of the objective conditions. *Ma-ma-hu-hu.* It was hard for me to accept this carelessness toward human life, because in China revolutionaries are rare—not common like men. The Chinese disregard of the value of human life comes from overpopulation—yet this argument does not hold for revolutionaries, who are few and precious. Every one of us sacrificed needlessly was worth 1,000 other men, or indeed 10,000.

The very men who held to the bureaucratic notion that the line could not be changed were the first to betray—for they had no deep interest in preserving and strengthening the party and the revolution. They merely did their duty as they saw it—taking orders from above and refusing to take responsibility for making recommendations that might have caused them criticism from any quarter. Those who were critical were more loyal to the party than those who did not worry about the line but merely followed orders. Yet all alike were arrested and executed—the executioner does not distinguish between a head full of ideas and an empty one.

There were many inexperienced persons in the leadership in the White areas at that time. Already most of the best leaders had been imprisoned or executed, while others had gone into the Soviet areas to work, despairing of any movement under the White Terror. Many were young students, with hearts afame but no principles of leadership to guide them. But the good and the bad suffered alike, and the party organization was soon broken almost everywhere, though isolated individuals sought blindly to make connections and to work as best they could.

The Kuomintang leaders openly praised Hitler and Mussolini and aspired to imitate them. The Reaction was very black indeed. Liberals and even the anti-Japanese movement were suppressed. By this time it was clear to everyone in the White regions that we could not join with the Soviet movement on a flat level but only as a historical development, or unless the Red Army could conquer by force. We placed our hopes in the Red Army movement, and the Fifth Campaign began soon after and lasted from 1933 to 1934. Chiang Kai-shek mobilized a million troops and blockaded the Soviet regions. The Red Army was having a hard fight even for survival and soon began the long march to the north. On August 1, 1935, the Soviet leadership also concluded that a new situation had come about and that we must utilize the democratic slogan to re-

gain our strength and to rouse the anti-Japanese struggle. The Central Committee had been transferred to the Soviet regions in 1931, and one by one most of the good Marxist leaders went there, while those left behind were imprisoned or killed. Those who returned from Moscow also went to the Soviets usually, from 1932 to 1933. Their information about us in the White areas was very limited, and ours was the same about them.

Yet great potential revolutionary forces did exist in the White areas, though we had failed to utilize them and to build a mass base.

XXII

Japanese Prisoner Again

AT FIVE o'clock on the morning of April 26, 1933, the room boy at the *kung yu* knocked excitedly on my door and called in: "The police are here to see you. Open the door, or they will break it down."

Before I could rouse myself from sleep several policemen forced open the door while others broke in through the window. I stayed in bed and tried to collect my thoughts.

They searched the room and could find nothing. In a few minutes the Blue Shirt plainclothesmen arrived. With them was Chang Wenshiung, a renegade member of the local C. P. Committee, and Ssu Ling-ke, another ex-Communist. I pretended not to recognize them.

After this they all waited quietly in the room hoping to surprise any comrades who might come. At eight o'clock there was a light knock on the door which I recognized. It was a young girl comrade. My heart leaped suffocatingly. The police opened the door and arrested her.

"We'll take these two," one of the Blue Shirts said, "while the rest of you wait inside for any others who may come."

A police van was waiting in the *hutung* surrounded by a dense

crowd. They stared curiously to see a young girl and myself under arrest.

In the van I told the girl I was sorry to be the cause of her arrest. "Pu yao chin," she replied—"it doesn't matter."

"After we reach the police station perhaps we shall not be able to see each other again," I said. "What should we say now?"

"No more. We have talked before. There you can find some meaning if you have not forgotten."

I saw that she thought she would soon be freed and would be able to help me, as her father was a high government official.

I was without fear. I felt certain that whatever happened would not disturb my equilibrium. The first external thought that came to me was of a famous song the Korean terrorists used to sing when they went to Korea for action, knowing that death was close to them. The words were written by Lin Shê, a modern Korean Anarchist poet—

"Two white birds flying into a deep cloud in the sky
The world below looks as small as an egg . . .
Now those free wings are locked in a cage—
Do not wait for the sun to rise!"

"I like the song you are singing," a policeman said to me, with a grin. "Last night we arrested thirty men, but you are the only one not to be afraid. You must be a real Communist without doubt."

I looked at the young girl beside me and smiled. After all freedom was long and prison short in the life of a revolutionary. You compressed many years into one during periods of action. That was what mattered, not the few years in a cell that one might have to spend now and then. And, if prison meant death, that was even shorter.

Blue Shirts and Renegades

At police headquarters the Blue Shirt plainclothesman put me in a room with the two members who had betrayed me.

"He is your party comrade," the Blue Shirt said, pointing to Chang Wen-hsiung. "When I leave, you must talk with him. We have you on our list, and we know all about you. The questions I am going to ask are merely to see if you tell the truth or not."

Then he asked me many questions in front of the two members.

This was to make it difficult to lie effectively, as the prisoner knows the two have betrayed him. Others besides these two had also betrayed and given names to the police. The Blue Shirts forced every betraying Communist to lead them to the arrest of at least two other members to secure their own release. Before their release, they had to promise openly not to continue to do party work. This open renunciation, which was usually published in the papers, was to make it impossible for the members ever again to do party work, as all other members would then distrust them. This was the new Fascist tactic. (*See Historical Notes.*)

When the Blue Shirt left me alone with the two members who had chosen to betray me, Chang Wen-hsiung turned to me and said:

"I have seen your opinion written for party consideration signed with twenty-five others. Do you think the party can now agree to it?"

"I never gave any opinion to the party. I have only been teaching school to earn my living."

"What is your present opinion on the China problem?" he persisted.

"I don't know. I never study the China problem now," I replied. "I am only working on Korea."

"To work in the political movement one must have freedom. It is no use to be in prison. We recover our liberty and by this are able to carry on the revolutionary work. Otherwise, we shall be either executed or imprisoned indefinitely," Chang stated.

He meant that I should join with the Blue Shirts and the Kuomintang.

"You are a political man," I replied. "I am only a common person now. My liberty is merely a personal question. It will not help any political movement. I am not working in any party."

"Have you decided then?"

"Decided what?"

"To die?"

"Do what you please with me."

"Those are dangerous words. Be careful."

Day after day passed, and I had no idea what they meant to do with me.

During the weeks of my detention, from April 26 to June 15,

about fifty Communists were brought into the prison. Nearly forty repented and betrayed. Each would be forced to betray two other comrades to the police to secure his own release. Anyone who went out of the prison was a traitor, and two police followed him until his quota of two members was arrested. After that he was free, and no more spies were sent with him.

Such betrayals and weakness of moral fiber had been increasing for two years, but I had never realized the extent of the condition until now. I organized a secret meeting in the prison to discuss the reason for these mass betrayals which looked like defeat at the end of a struggle. We discussed what was wrong with the party line and what tactics to use in court when arrested. All decided never to admit they were party members in court or under duress, and that never under any circumstances was it permissible to sign a repentance or to betray or cause the arrest of other comrades. We must die rather than admit our party connections. The whole morale and discipline of the movement was at stake, not the fate of the individual leaders. Should not good members betray those who had been expelled or were untrustworthy to save their own lives for the vital work that must go on? No! It was not an idealistic principle at stake but the whole question of how to preserve the integrity of the revolution. The end could not justify the means, for means and ends were inseparable; one was created organically by the other.

Seeing all these betrayals made me sick at heart, with a physical revulsion. I felt that the character of human life was bare of anything beautiful and splendid, I lost faith in humanity, and my confidence in the Chinese Communist party was shaken. Mistakes, injustices, stupidity, cowardice, one can forgive. But how can you forgive treachery? I wondered if the Koreans would do this under like circumstances. They would betray from personal hatred but not from weakness and cowardice, I thought. Would the Japanese? Did the Russians? Would the Europeans? Was it something deep in Chinese character that even the revolution could not change? It was contrary to my whole life's belief that any race could be condemned as apart from any other. I knew there had been betrayals in every country, but I could not believe they matched these in China. It could not be a racial characteristic. It must be that there was some weakening because of a breakdown in political morale,

that these comrades no longer were willing to sacrifice for the slogans under which we were struggling.

This experience was very valuable to me. It gave me complete confidence in my own courage and moral integrity. I had tested myself and found that I was strong to the end and would never betray. I resolved never to resort to any questionable means to gain my ends, no matter how important the end might be. Never would I betray friend or personal enemy. I would kill my enemy with my hand, but I would never destroy him by betrayal to others. What moral right had we of the revolution to win if we had to do so by treachery? We must create individuals better and finer than the class enemy, and rottenness in leadership would destroy our end. It was better to die honestly, even though our tasks were unfulfilled, than to try to survive by treachery and intrigue.

I determined in that cell in Peking in 1933 always to be true to myself, and never to care for any man's lies or treachery. I would not fight treachery with treachery. If I could not win on my own terms, failure was honor and victory for me. In a secret movement it is easy to betray and to gain political position by intrigue and careful lies and evasions. But no man deserves to be a leader who must resort to this, and no party will survive which does not purge itself of it. Internally or externally, it was the same logic. Leadership must be honest and straightforward, or it destroys not only its following but itself. Whether I believed in a thing or not, I would not sabotage it by treachery. I would fight it openly and honestly. Truth is always on the side of the progressives. Lies only serve the Reaction. We need no lies to win. History is on our side, and history does not lie.

How exultant was the Kuomintang at these betrayals! This alone made them unforgiveable.

On May 31 all those who had repented were ordered to go to the city government. At that place there would be newspapermen to publish their confessions and some Kuomintang and student delegates to hear them. It was a propaganda stunt by the Kuomintang to demoralize the Communists and their supporters. Some of the prisoners made speeches against the Communists. Others lied and said they had been important party members and now wished to support the Kuomintang. The Blue Shirts asked them to do this to indicate that the party leadership had betrayed. . . .

When I went out into the courtyard, I saw all those who had repented having their hair cut and putting on clean clothes to go to the city government. All would be free tomorrow.

The Blue Shirt leader and Chang Wen-hsiung came up to me and said, "This is your last chance. You need only to go to the city government and repent, then you can get your liberty too. The newspapermen will take your picture and write down your speech of repentance, and you can walk away a free man."

"I have no opinion to give to any newspaperman," I said drily. "I think I have no reason to go."

"When this opportunity is passed, you will never again be free," the Blue Shirt said to me. "I do not want to harm any young men. I want to save them. What will happen to you later I cannot guarantee."

"Then you can save your Chinese young men and be proud of it," I said bitterly. "I will be very happy not to be saved by you."

"Your wife will be released soon, but you will be a prisoner. She will follow another man."

"She is not my wife, for the last time," I spat out in disgust.

Was it idealistic and foolish and quixotic to refuse to do this? Would it not be the only intelligent thing to make a public repentance and gain freedom to work again? It looked a simple thing. But I had made my resolution—never to betray myself, my party, or any other man. It might be a foolish gesture, but it would be true to myself, and that was the rock on which my moral security rested.

I walked slowly back into the cell. There were only six of us left. Four were young students. Was I still a revolutionary romantic like them, throwing away my liberty, perhaps my life, for a beautiful gesture? No matter, I would do it. . . .

In the meantime, the parents of my girl friend came. They gave money to get her release. The police agreed to let her go, but she asked the judge about my case and said she would wait a few days so we could be released together, and asked her parents to help me. She thought this might influence the judge. Her father was furious.

"You can wait ten years in this prison! What use is it to take you out with such ideas?" he stormed.

She finally had to accept her release before any more trouble came up.

Expert Inquisitor

On June 15, the police came in and said, "You will leave here today."

I signed for my belongings and walked outside where a big car was waiting, with five policemen as guards. I thought they might be sending me to the Japanese consul—but no Japanese were present. I then became very worried, as I decided I was being sent to the Third Gendarmes' Headquarters,¹ perhaps to be executed. This place was the Blue Shirt center and carried out many secret executions of revolutionaries. The last thing I saw as I left was the smug face of Chang Wen-hsiung, those little eyes looking on mockingly, as if he had not been robbed of this victim yet.

I did not notice where we were going. When the car stopped I was pleasantly surprised to see the familiar Japanese Legation before my eyes.

The Japanese officials gave the police a receipt for my "body"!

All the officials looked new to me, but one of them recognized me. "Ah, you look so old now!" he exclaimed. "In three years you have become another man."

It was true that I looked very badly indeed, especially after my six weeks' detention. All the thoughts in my mind during those years were written on my face, I suppose.

They asked me where and why I had been arrested and other questions.

"In my room," I replied. "I have many friends. Who is Communist and who is not, I don't know. I do not ask this question."

"You lie," they said. "But how is it you are arrested when you are an important committee man? In Japan it is not easy to get the Communist chiefs. It is only easy to get the foolish boys who write slogans everywhere. You did not repent like the rest of them, no?"

Then they gave me the newspaper, which had a whole page of repents and speeches of those who had been arrested at the time I was.

¹This Third Gendarmes' Headquarters was the terror of the students in Peking. But during the Sian Incident on December 12, 1936, the Leftists took their revenge on them. The Third Gendarmes were at that time acting as Chiang Kai-shek's special bodyguards in Lintung. When Chiang Kai-shek was captured most of them were killed. The commander, Chiang Hsiao-hsien, was shot as soon as his identity was learned. He was bitterly hated for his sadistic cruelty.—N.W.

"The Chinese Communists are brave men compared with other Chinese," the ranking police official remarked. "But they are also *Chinese*. When it rains the Chinese get together; when the rain stops, they disintegrate again. That rain is money. The Communists like money just as well as any other Chinese. If Nanking pays them well, the Communist leaders will all sell out just like anybody else. Ha, ha, hal!"

"Why were you arrested—do you know?" he pursued. "Apparently your comrades got themselves arrested just to get money from the Kuomintang. You are a profitable commodity wanted by the Kuomintang now. What's the matter, wouldn't they pay for you?"

On the second day the head of the Korean department of the police came to see me. He spoke Korean, and I was alarmed. Any Japanese who lives long in Korea is a hard taskmaster, and those who have risen from the ranks to high position are very cruel. They have the imperialist psychology combined with the domineering quality of the parvenu. Those fresh from Japan are much better and more humane.

"Pay attention," he said brusquely. "The man who handled your case in 1930 was kind to you. You think it is our duty, no? You have not forgotten he was easy with you then? I hope you have also not forgotten who helps you out of Chinese prisons. Now you will have none of this. I have been in the police department for twenty years, and this political subject is my special line."

He narrowed his eyes, and his face flushed with anger for no reason at all. Yes, he was the cruel type.

He started to ask me questions but, before I could answer, kicked me several times on the shins with his heavy shoe and pulled out a handful of hair. I refused to speak a word. Then he beat my ears to a bleeding pulp with a ruler. He could do nothing more so sent me back to my cell saying, "I am going to Tientsin tomorrow, and I will take you with me and handle your case there. You will be sorry for this stubbornness."

The situation in Peking then was very tense between the Chinese and Japanese because of the recent fighting with the Chinese Twenty-ninth Army. Apparently, I was going to be sent away immediately.

I was so angry and weak that I collapsed on my bed from nervous exhaustion.

Next morning at nine o'clock I was handcuffed and escorted to Tientsin by a plainclothesman whom I had not seen before. He talked with me on the way, discussing books, philosophy, and general cultural problems quite intelligently. What was the best book to learn Chinese, he inquired. Ah, it is so difficult a language.

At the East Station in Tientsin a motor car was waiting, and I was taken to the Japanese consulate.

The vice-consul, a young lawyer, was judge in the Court of Examination. He asked only my name, address, age, occupation, and such and sent me to the *gaimusho*—the Japanese word for prison. This was a small one-story place. In it were three Koreans and five Japanese. The Koreans and four of the Japanese were heroin cases while the other Japanese was accused of fraud.

After two days I was summoned out of my cell—to be confronted with my inquisitor from Peking, who had come separately on the train.

"Now we can begin again," he commanded gruffly. "Sit down here and write out everything you have done since you left prison in Korea in 1931, to continue this document."

He had my complete file in front of him, and the report I had made in 1930.

Question after question, why, why, why? Why did you come back to Peking? Why did you go away again? Why do you change jobs and houses so often?

I wrote down enough to carry the report up to that very day.

"You are a member of the Chinese Communist party, no?"

"No."

"Every Korean in Peking knows you are a Communist. Are you two men? I don't think so." His face was drawing into crueler and crueler lines.

"Why do the police arrest you then if you are not a Red?"

"A member of the Left Writers' League was observed coming to my house."

"Are you also a member of this?"

"Yes."

"You are not a Communist? Answer the truth."

"No. I am not a Communist."

"Then why do you enter this League?"

"So that this group will introduce me to new contacts and get me jobs doing translation work and teaching. You have to belong to some group in China or you cannot get new work to do to earn a living. They helped me to go to other towns to get jobs too."

"Do you know the program of this Left Writers' League?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"They have three slogans--against imperialism, for the overthrow of Nanking, and the protection of the Red Army."

"Is this League open or secret?"

"I don't know. They never discussed this. Both I guess."

"No slogan against Japanese imperialism?"

"It is a cultural, not a political, group."

"Everything you say is a lie, no truth in any of it. There is not a cultural group in China that was not formed for political purposes."

Then he struck my face and pulled my hair sharply.

"Don't look on me as if I were the foolish man who handled your case in Peking before. He didn't understand the character of the Koreans. You can't be kind to a Korean."

He kicked me on the shins and below the kneecap viciously.

I walked quickly out of the room and into the next, where a number of people were standing. I demanded to see the chief of police. Someone pushed me back into the room again.

I was furiously angry and refused to speak a word. My inquisitor pulled out several handfuls of hair and beat my face again and again.

"Speak! Has this League an anti-Japanese slogan?"

I said nothing.

"The man who was kind to you here before hoped you would not continue to oppose Japan if he treated you decently. You thought he was a fool and that you were very clever, didn't you?"

He rang the bell and sent me to the cell with a guard.

Next morning at nine o'clock, I was called in to see him again.

"Decide my case now," I said in cold scorn. "I have no further replies to make to such a man as you."

When court opened session, I was tried before two judges, but there was no important evidence against me, except that I had broken the order not to return to China for three years after my

arrest in 1930. Therefore, according to the Second Article of Meiji Law No. 80 I was subject to one month in prison and a fine of twenty yen. For lack of money, I had to work out the fine at the rate of two yen a day.

I put on the red clothes of the prisoner and was set to work digging earth. During these two months in the *gaimusho* eighty-six Korean prisoners came and went. I made friends with one of the policemen, a Waseda graduate, who gave me a package of cigarettes every day and was eager to learn about Marxism.

The morning of July 30 I was sent to Dairen. On the train to Mukden some Japanese soldiers gathered in a knot and asked me questions about the Red Army in China. They had learned I was a Communist suspect, and we talked together four hours. They demanded that the police open my handcuffs while I ate lunch, saying it was "a shame to treat a fine intelligent man in this common manner."

In Korea I went again through the long weary rigmarole of investigation, but finally I was released.

"I now sign the order for your release," the judge admonished. "But because you were ordered not to return to China for three years after 1931 you will be forbidden to leave Korea until that period is up, which will be January, 1934. You have committed no new offense, but we must insist that you observe this order."

I was so ill that I had to spend a month in the hospital. My family and relatives were very friendly. I saw that they were proud of me. They only asked that I should be more careful in future and never spoke a word against my political beliefs.

In January I left for China again. On the train to Dairen, the blinds were kept down, and there was firing along the way. The partisans were keeping merry vigil along the railway line. In Peking I lived at a friend's house in the Western Hills for awhile.

XXIII

Marriage

As soon as she learned of my release from prison, the girl who had been arrested because of me came back to Peking to search for me. She had been away with her mother for awhile.

The look in her eyes as she came into the room was disturbing. Was I to be involved in this troublesome woman question again?

We talked of my prison experiences and of inconsequential things. But she had more to say than this.

"My parents have asked me about you," she said with embarrassment. "I mean they wanted to know just what our relations were."

"Oh," I said. "I'm sorry. I can explain to them that we have never been anything but good friends. I hope they have not been suspicious of you because of me. I have caused you enough trouble."

"But I don't want them to know this. I told them you were my husband. Then father asked when we were married, and I said we had not bothered to get married. He was so angry that he threatened to beat me, and except for mother he would have thrown me out of the house and disinherited me completely. He will hardly speak to me now."

"But why?" I was amazed. "Why did you tell them this lie?" She did not answer, but looked down shyly. Then in a half-voice: "I love you. I *want* to be married to you. . . ."

I was too surprised to speak. I walked over to the window and looked out nervously.

"If you do not want to marry me, I will be a wife to you just the same," came the quiet little voice. "I think you will learn to like me some time. I can help you. I want to try to make you happy and well again. You are so very sick now. I care for nothing else. It will make me happy only to be near you."

A warm flood of emotion tumbled over me. My heart lifted in gratitude that this unselfish, loyal little person should want to share the poverty and sorrows of my life and ask for nothing in return. Human nature was mocking me again with its reviving splendor, when I had harshly thrust its ugliness aside and lost faith.

I walked back to her impulsively and held her hand to my lips.

"You are a sweet and lovely child. It makes me happy only to know that such a person as you exists in the world." My words were earnest with sudden truth.

She drew her hand away with a smile and ran out of the door.

Marriage? I had not thought of it as such. I had once dreamed of finding a woman to love forever. But I had not thought of marriage for its own sake. I would never find that woman. She could not exist. Why not try to create her in the image of my dream?

This girl was very young and could be molded to my will. There would be none of my trouble with Liu-ling, the dominant one. This one would not disturb my soul, but neither would she disturb my mind. She was not too pretty to be sweet and kind. She was strong and healthy. And she was good. I could make of her the perfect revolutionary wife, build up her mind and knowledge.

Here was loyalty, generosity, honesty, goodness. Where were more beautiful attributes to be found? I was sick through and through of what I had experienced of betrayal and cruelty and selfishness. Loyalty seemed to me to be the most precious quality of humankind.

I had nothing to offer this girl—yet was not my life richer than one of comfort? It would be spiritually splendid, though without material pleasures.

What was the family that it had persisted throughout every stage of history? Was it not a valid relationship?

The knowledge that here was someone loyal to me in a dark moment enfolded my tired, sick body like a warm blanket on a winter night. It relaxed aching muscles and troubled heart and mind.

But I would not marry until we understood each other thoroughly. I told the girl all my problems and troubles and tried to break down her enthusiasm. The result was only to make her more devoted than ever.

"You and I will not be happy," I said frankly. "Marriage cannot be successful until the whole pathological condition of society around us has been changed. The only happiness we can expect will be in the work we do together in revolutionizing that society. I do not believe that any intelligent pair can be happy in this present world. I know I cannot. On the recognition of this fact only can we build any sound relationship. If our marriage is not miserable, we shall be lucky. If it is, no matter. We can try, anyway, if you are willing to accept the objective conditions as they exist. I must be free at all times. I cannot be bound. Neither do I wish to bind you, for that is also an attachment for myself. I shall have to go away often and leave you, and then you must take care of yourself entirely. Perhaps we can only live together a few months and that will be the end."

"You make it sound very dismal," she replied. "Perhaps we should not get married."

"Free love is only an illusion," I said. "The chains of the whole world bind us. The social relationship is basically the same, or no true relation exists at all."

And so we were married. We rented a little house at Hsichihmen with four rooms. My friends came to see us, and we lived a fairly normal married life for several months. I tried to relax my mind, and rest my nerves and body in preparation for the future.

How to live? Always the pressure of earning money. I secured a job tutoring in a rich family. Three children I taught three different classes for \$30 a month. It was difficult. Spoiled and selfish, they threw their books around and were rude. They wanted me to do their mathematics to give to the teacher in school next day. This cheating I refused to do and gave up the job.

I next did some writing but could find no place to sell it. I did translation work and let a Chinese publish the translations, under his own name for which I received \$1.50 a thousand words.

Then I had a bright idea. I would learn to teach dumb children. Many children of rich families in China are deaf or dumb, and in all China there are few places for them to learn. With such a job I would have freedom for my own work. I sent to Japan for seven textbooks and studied them. In three months I was able to teach. I practiced on a boy for three weeks, and it was successful. Then I secured a position in a family for several months, but the parents would not co-operate, and I felt the whole thing was futile.

My wife thought this all nonsense. Why not do mass education work, she asked. I was interested in this and studied Latinization, which was just then beginning in China.

I was sick of fraud and deception and penurious minds and pocketbooks, and in the winter of 1934 we went to Shihchiachuang where I edited a daily paper for a month at a salary of \$40, then got a job teaching school. I soon began to use my Latinization in a railway workers' family school, and it was very successful. In 1935 I began political training classes in the railwaymen's union, as well as helping their school. I became well acquainted with these workers and built up a good organization. "No propaganda for any party" was our slogan, and we kept the organization open and legal. In May, 1935, it was well organized, and I placed it under the North China Committee of the C. P. directly. My little wife had helped in this work, and I was very proud of her rapid development in revolutionary activities. She also had a job teaching school.

In the spring of 1935 I decided to go to Shanghai to renew my contacts with the Korean revolutionaries. For ten years I had been working in the Chinese Revolution, and I was eager now to be more active for my own country. My wife stayed in Shihchiachuang.

Kim Chung-chiang came from Kwangsi to meet me, and we talked over all our problems and ideas. When I told him that I was married and almost domesticated, he would not believe me. He questioned me closely about my wife, then shook his head and sighed:

"I have met only one girl in all these years who might be your equal, and she is here in Shanghai now. Why did you compromise?"

Here I have been hoping to arrange the great love match of the century."

"I don't want to meet her," I replied. "I love my sweet little wife dearly. I have forgotten all those immature fancies I once had. She is far more than my equal in loyalty and generosity and goodness."

I refused to be introduced to Kim's marvelous discovery, and he was much chagrined.

"I have three sons, and I am a hopeless middle-aged model of domestic happiness," Kim argued. "But you are still free and only thirty years old. You can aspire to anything. And you are sad and lonely in spirit. You need a companion, not a child-wife to comfort your ego with devotion."

I plunged into discussions of political questions with many Korean and Chinese comrades in Shanghai and forgot about Kim's notion. Then, one afternoon at a secret meeting of some Chinese party comrades, I was deep in talk with a friend when I looked up to see a pair of luminous brown eyes concentrated on me. They belonged to a beautiful Chinese girl sitting across the room. I stopped in the middle of my discussion and stared at her spell-bound. She smiled at me in an amused manner and turned her eyes away.

"That is Miss Li," my friend observed. "She is one of our best comrades, very intelligent and competent. You may trust her completely. She is superb in dangerous work and has never failed."

He called her over and introduced us. She joined the conversation with brilliance and displayed a natural wit and charm that nearly took my breath away. I felt suddenly very old and shabby and tired. She made me realize that I had been half-buried in myself and my problems for a long, long time.

I had never before seen such poise and assurance as only a woman conscious of superior beauty and intellect and charm can have. I thought morbidly how very tragic it would be if such a lovely creature should meet the fate of the others I had admired. I wanted to withdraw my fatal admiration, as if it carried the stamp of death for her.

Miss Li paid no particular attention to me, save for sudden witty thrusts that threw me off balance. I could not reply to her except in heavy serious phrases that sounded academic and professorial. I had forgotten that one could be bright and gay as well as revo-

lutionary. Here was fearlessness that laughed at fear and at itself alike. Beside her self-confidence my own hard-won and long-tested courage and belief in myself seemed stodgy and unalive. I had no love of life, therefore no fear of anything. Death was meaningless. For her, life and death and all things were full of meaning and purpose. She could never be wounded but only killed. Within me was a half-dead mass of dark scar tissue of wounded spirit and pride and defeat. I had been sensitive to every small destruction until the nerves no longer responded. My ego had been expansive and open, subject to battering and bruising from all sides. Hers was smooth and compact and encased in a bright shield that could not be easily penetrated.

Why did all women look at me in that amused way? Was I so harmless and so easily harmed? The superior attitude of this one particularly irritated me. My ego rose in self-defense. This time I would not be pursued. Neither would I run away.

But Miss Li showed no sign of pursuing me. She made it amply clear that the pursuit was to come from the other side. Good—then the situation was saved.

When I went away that afternoon, I wrote a long devoted letter to my wife and told her how much our marriage had helped me to recover stability and equilibrium and how happy the thought of her always made me feel.

The reply was disconcerting. How shrewd these women are! It said: "I am unworthy of you. You are far superior to me. I have tried to develop, but I am still too young. I have always been afraid you would meet some other girl. Perhaps you have already met her. Do not consider me if you are in love with someone else. You are sad, and I feel that I can never make you happy as you deserve to be. Really, it is true that I care only for your happiness, and I shall not be sorry if you find it elsewhere. You are more important to me than myself. I shall still love and admire you, and we can be friends anyway."

I resolved never to see Miss Li again and to be loyal to my wife at all costs. One thing I was sure of—my own will power. Whatever I determined I would do.

Nevertheless, I was several times in her company through our common activities, though I maintained my strict reserve. Soon it occurred to me that there was a conspiracy afoot in Shanghai. I

demanded of Kim to know if he were acquainted with Miss Li and if she were the same girl that he had "discovered" for me.

"Yes," he confessed. "But she does not know anything of my idea. I merely told her about you casually in rather glowing terms. I am sure she is already in love with you. You are a glorious pair."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "This is the finish, then. I am going to send for my wife."

That same afternoon Miss Li happened to be at a secret meeting. It was the custom for members to leave at different times to avoid police suspicion. Somehow, Miss Li and I were left together, alone in the room. I could hardly go away first.

"I expect to stay in Shanghai some time," I remarked. "I have just written to my wife to join me here."

"Oh," her face was tragic. "Are you married, I mean, really married?"

"Yes, in the old-fashioned way too, very much married."

"Somehow I didn't expect you to be. I'm sorry. I mean—one meets so few persons that one wants to marry, don't you think?"

"I have made only one concrete attempt myself," I replied, trying not to appear nervous.

"I have rather been waiting for some tall, handsome stranger," she laughed gaily.

"I waited, too, but not quite long enough."

"Was it a mistake?"

"No, I found something very precious, anyway."

"Is that enough?"

"Yes. It is something good that I value and will never destroy. I will never hurt my little wife. So long as she is loyal to me, I will not break her happiness. We cannot be together long anyway. I will soon go away on a trip, from which I don't expect to return."

"Do you enjoy torturing yourself?"

"Yes. It is better than torturing another."

"Then good-by for the moment." Her eyes were very bright, but I could not see the tears.

I walked home, depressed and miserable, feeling a little quixotic and foolish.

I did not need to reflect that I lacked a special kind of human companionship. I needed someone to change and influence me, to break my will and criticize my opinions, to congratulate me in-

telligently when I was right and help me to see when I was wrong. I needed someone who was strong and superior. Or did I? Why confess an insufficiency even to oneself? It was enough to recognize a lack without admitting a need. Why stir the ashes of a forgotten dream . . . ?

All my Korean comrades tried to induce me to leave my wife.

"You will never find such a girl again," they pleaded. "You are silly. Your young wife will soon forget, but you will never forget Miss Li."

"This is romantic nonsense," I insisted. "What is wrong with all of you? You should be a little more grown up after all these years."

My wife arrived a few days later from the north. It did not take her long to discover Miss Li, but she was very happy that we had nothing to do with each other. A few months afterward I planned to go away on my trip to the northwest.

"You may be a widow for several years," I told her. "I intend to go to Manchuria to fight with the partisans after this trip."

But she pledged to be faithful to the end.

The Front Against Japan

IN THE SUMMER and autumn of 1935 nearly all the important Korean revolutionary leaders gathered secretly in Shanghai to discuss our problems. We examined our role from the Canton period on and made an exhaustive study of conditions in Korea, Manchuria, and Japan, as well as in China.

During my time in Korea from August, 1933, to January, 1934, three months of which had been out of prison, I had wasted no time in acquainting myself with every phase of the local political and economic situation. Now in Shanghai, after getting further information from comrades who had worked in every country of the Far East, I sat down and wrote a long analysis of the Korean Revolution and the tasks remaining before it. This report had considerable influence upon the Korean leaders. After much discussion we decided that a new revolutionary situation had come about and that we must prepare to meet it. The principal conclusion was that we should now take the leadership in the fight against Japanese imperialism instead of scattering our energies in this or that internal struggle.

We counted the small number of experienced veterans left in

our ranks and decided that they must join together in a cohesive unit and take active leadership of the Korean Revolution proper. We wanted more results, more influence, and the movement in Korea and Manchuria had become very important after September 18, 1931. Manchuria was now the center of the Korean movement, not China, and all Korean revolutionaries were anxious to go there. Many, like Wu Seung-nun had already gone, of whom a number had already been sacrificed, such as the Pak brothers.

After 1927, we had only the Chinese Communist party among Koreans in China—no separate Korean Communist organization. We now voted to reorganize our party members into an individual Korean unit which could rally round it all Korean revolutionaries—Nationalist, Anarchist, and others—and prepare a National Front. All Korean Communists in China with whom we could make contact were consulted and unanimously agreed with this policy, promising to join. The Nationalists, who had always criticized us Communists for having lost ourselves completely in the Chinese movement for so many years, were very pleased and agreed to work with us and to let us have a fraction within their party.

To have one Korean here and one there in the Chinese party was of little use. We decided that we must join together for common action and safeguard the Korean Revolution instead of sacrificing only for China directly. Since 1932 the Korean C. P. and our Manchurian C. P. had been independent, for the Chinese did not study the Korean problem and had little understanding of it.

"We can no longer afford to lose ourselves like salt in water," we agreed. "We must join China as one force to another, not as lost individuals. We must bend our energies quickly toward building and preparing the Korean movement for action in future, for Japanese imperialism is moving very fast."

On August 1, 1935, the Chinese Communist party and the Red Army and the Soviets issued their manifesto offering an anti-Japanese United Front with the Kuomintang, and we Koreans immediately began the formation of our own National Front to co-operate with the Chinese.

We created in Shanghai the "Korean League for National Liberation." I was elected a member of the Central Committee, which also included Nationalists and three Anarchists, as well as other Communists. The program of this league was to achieve the success

of the bourgeois-democratic phase of the Korean Revolution by establishing a free republic on the basis of the anti-Japanese struggle. Our principal points provided for the overthrow and confiscation of all Japanese imperialism and its vested interests in Korea, guarantee of democratic civil liberties and right of education for the Korean people, reform of livelihood conditions and abolition of oppressive taxes, nationalization of public utilities and monopoly enterprise (all under Japanese control at present), and friendly relations with all nations and states sympathetic with Korean national emancipation.

With this league as nucleus, we then set about forming the "Union for the Korean National Front," and its program of action was formally drawn up in July, 1936. The leaders then went back to Korea, Manchuria, Japan, and other parts of China to mobilize support for this program. The fifteen articles in this program provided for the union of "all the people of Korea who agree with the principle of Korean independence, irrespective of social class, party, political, or religious belief." Korean-owned enterprises were to be protected, and Japanese interests in Korea to be opposed. The class struggle was to be arbitrated and subordinated to the national struggle, but all workers directly under Japanese imperialist control were to be "organized without restraint." A broad economic reform and mobilization of the widest possible mass movement were to be encouraged, including equality of women. A great common front was to be formed with the Chinese anti-Japanese movement, with the U.S.S.R., with the anti-Fascist People's Front of Japan, and with the whole world peace front against the Fascist aggressors.



Japanese as well as Koreans are included in this Korean Volunteer Corps, photographed at Kweilin, China, where they are fighting the invaders. The Japanese are captives converted by the Koreans. Units such as these make up the great revolutionary movement of which Kim San is one of the chief younger leaders. Kim himself cannot allow his picture to be taken. The banners at the top of the picture read, "Korean Volunteer Corps welcomes the Japanese captives."



Formosans, Koreans, and Indians were delegates to the All-Soviet Congress held in Kiangsi in January and February, 1934. Here is the Central Executive Committee seated on the steps of the "Provisional Capitol of the Government of the Chinese Soviet Republic" in Juikin, now destroyed. The original of this photograph was printed on blueprint paper. The figures in the center of the front row, numbered 1 and 2, are respectively Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the government, and Chu Teh, commander in chief. In the place of honor between them is a delegate from India, name unrecorded. Second from the right in the back row is Chou En-lai; third and fourth from the left in the back row are respectively Tsai Ch'i'en, a Formosan, commissioner of the interior of the Chinese Soviet government, and Wu Ting, a Korean, chief of staff to Peng Teh-huai, now field commander of the Eighth Route Army.

XXV

“Only the Undefeated in Defeat . . .”

IN AUGUST, last year, I was elected by the Korean League for National Liberation and by the Korean Communists as delegate to go to the Chinese Soviet districts in the northwest. The Chinese C. P. made the connection for me, and I set out on my hazardous journey alone, pretending to be a Chinese during my travels.

At that time the capital of the Chinese Soviets was in Pao-an, a village in the far north of Shensi Province. The civil war and blockade were still active against the Soviets, and it was very dangerous to try to smuggle through the lines. I waited awhile in Sian. Then the secret Red Army messengers arranged for me to pass through to Yenan, which was in the hands of Chang Hsueh-liang's Tungpei Army from Manchuria. I had to walk secretly from Yenan to Pao-an over difficult mountain paths and without food or shelter. This experience weakened me and caused my tuberculosis to become active, so I was very ill along the way and could hardly summon enough strength to continue my journey. It took me many days to reach Pao-an, and when I arrived I collapsed and could not move from my bed for two months. I was so near death that I did not expect ever to rise again.

Edgar Snow had entered the Soviet districts a few weeks before my arrival. He was in Pao-an, but I did not see him because of my illness. He was the first foreigner to break through the blockade in the northwest, and I was the next.

After the Sian Incident, in December, the Red Army took over Yenan, and the capital was transferred here from Pao-an. Still weak from my illness, I moved to Yenan with the others.

As soon as I was well enough, I was asked to teach a special class for the staff of the Military Committee.

There are only two Koreans in Yenan now—myself and a young student named Li, who accompanied the troops during the arrest of Chiang Kai-shek at Lintung and after the Sian Incident came to Yenan to study at the Academy. At the front a Korean named Wu Ting is P'eng Teh-huai's chief of staff.

In order to train cadres for the coming struggle, many Korean revolutionaries from China are now going to Manchuria, which will be our base of partisan operations until a favorable time comes for action within Korea proper. Others are infiltrating into strategic positions with the Japanese to be ready when the time comes. We are being very careful and scientific in this preparation in order to guarantee a great final victory where so many small failures have been. My duty now lies in the leadership of this new movement, and for that task I must summon and co-ordinate all the experience of the past.

I heard from my wife that our son had been born. Since the war with Japan began, I do not know what has happened to my wife and child.

My whole life has been a series of failures, and the history of my country has been a history of failure. I have had only one victory—over myself. This one small victory, however, is enough to give me confidence to go on. Fortunately, the tragedy and defeat I have experienced have not broken but strengthened me. I have few illusions left, but I have not lost faith in men and the ability of men to create history. Who shall know the will of history? Only the oppressed who must overthrow force in order to live. Only the undefeated in defeat who have lost everything to gain a whole new world in the last battle. Oppression is pain, and pain is consciousness. Consciousness means movement. Millions of men must die,

and tens of millions must suffer before humanity can be born again. I accept this objective fact. The sight of blood and death and of stupidity and failure no longer obstructs my vision of the future.

The tradition of human history is democratic, and this tradition is the equal birthright given to all men. But some do not claim this birthright, and others steal it from them. Water can drown or save a man. Human society today is not a village pond but an angry flood. One must learn to swim. From the age of fourteen to this moment I have never left the water. I have given myself up many times, but I am not yet destroyed.

I have learned that there is only one important thing—to keep one's class relation with the mass, for the will of the mass is the will of history. This is not easy, for the mass is deep and dark and does not speak with a single voice until it is already in action. You must listen for whispers and the eloquence of silence. Individuals and groups shout loudly; it is easy to be confused by them. But the truth is told in a very small voice, not by shouting. When the masses hear the small voice, they reach for their guns. The mere urgent whisper of an old village woman is enough. True leadership has keen ears and a guarded mouth. To follow the mass will is the only way to lead to victory.

For the individual to struggle against superior power is only futile tragedy. One must organize equal force against force, and if this cannot be mobilized, action must wait and not engage in adventurism. Parties and groups and large bodies of men make many stupid mistakes leading to disaster, and I have participated in many such blunders, but mistakes are an inevitable part of leadership. You may see this mistake, but until you can win the following of the majority you have no right to leadership. To be in advance of your time does not qualify for leadership but only for propaganda work and criticism. Lenin was the greatest democratic mass leader of our day because he followed the masses and pushed them. He did not pull them along by a string.

Yet the minority must be protected, for it is the initial instrument of change, the child and father of the majority. To stifle it is only to breed a monster. And it is the duty of every man to fight for his belief. To be false to himself is to be false to his class, his party, and his revolutionary duty. There is no place for cowardice in revolutionary leadership. No man has the right to leadership who has

not strong beliefs and confidence in his own judgment. Moral courage is the essence of the revolutionary ethic. When a revolutionary submits to being deprived of his right to exercise freedom of opinion, he is failing in his duty. And no mind is free which oppresses others. Monoliths are not built of broken stones and the weakest quality of clay. They can be made only of living men and strong minds, and no mortar can hold them together except the cement of free association. Without this democracy even the feeblest clay will one day turn to dynamite. A keystone is not an arch. Without support from both Right and Left it will collapse. When voluntary following turns to fearful obedience disintegration begins.

It is not easy to be morally brave in a political party; it is easier to follow and shirk responsibility. To be alone on a mountain top is pleasant; to be alone among comrades is to be lonely indeed.

The quality of moral strength, however, lies not in stubborn stupidity but in the ability to change with changing conditions. The growth of the human mind seems to be limited. At a certain point it remains static and can no longer reach out and grasp new realities but softens into a childish nostalgia for some October long past. "Old Bolsheviks" would do well to be interred gloriously with their Lenins before the next generation trims their stubborn whiskers in derision.

One must accept the vote of a given majority—but whether that majority is right or wrong, that is another question. A Lenin may be right and the whole party wrong. But when a solitary Lenin happens to be correct it is because he represents the majority will of the masses, not because he is an infallible individual personally. And when the party is wrong, it is because it no longer represents the mass majority under it. Where democratic expression exists, the problem of leadership is easy. Where is it suppressed, it is dangerous and difficult. A true democratic mass vote cannot make a wrong decision; the problem is how to realize this vote. The line between right and wrong is a fluid one. In times of rapid historical change, what is correct one day may be a mistake within a week. The mercurial changes within a mass movement are proof of the correctness of mass judgment, for they truly reflect change, which is the essence of truth. Truth is relative, not absolute; dialectical, not mechanical. The swing from Right to Left and back again is in itself a process of reaching a correct evaluation. And that swing is also

in itself a factor producing change. Men learn and reach correct judgments only by experience. To test a certain line of action is not to make a mistake but to take the first step toward discovering the correct line. If that test proves that certain line to be wrong, the test itself was correct, was experiment in search of correctness, and therefore necessary. There are no controlled conditions in the great laboratory of social science. You cannot throw away a test tube and start again with the same given elements. There is only one test tube, and its compound changes qualitatively and quantitatively as you watch. Everything you do or fail to do goes into that mixture and can never be retrieved.

I have not always reasoned in this way. Until 1932 I sat like a judge, mercilessly condemning "mistakes" and beating the recalcitrants into line like a drill sergeant. When I saw men killed and movements broken because of stupid leadership and stupid following, a fury possessed me. I could not forgive. When Han and another Korean party leader were on trial in Shanghai in 1928, I did not care whether they were spies and traitors, but I felt earnestly that they deserved any punishment for their objective criminal stupidity in having a party organization so weak that the Japanese could arrest 1,000 men in a few days.

I was an idealist. I judged the actions of men by their intelligence. Now I know that a man is composed of many things besides a brain. A revolutionary leader does not work with human skulls, to be lined up Right or Left. He works with the material of human life, with all its animal and vegetable characteristics, with all its variable and imponderable attributes. He works with the human spirit, so hard to crush, and with the human body, so easily destroyed. Often the body must be destroyed to waken and free the spirit of others. The execution of one man like Li Ta-chao or P'eng P'ai may mean the awakening of a million.

For myself, I no longer condemn a man by asking what is good or what is bad, what is right or what is wrong, what is correct or what is mistaken. I ask what is value and what is waste, what is necessary and what is futile, what is important and what is secondary. Through many years of heartache and tears, I have learned that "mistakes" are necessary and therefore good. They are an integral part of the development of men and of the process of social change. Men are not so foolish as to believe in words; they learn

wisdom only by experiment. This is their safeguard and their right. He knows not what is true who learns not what is false. The textbook of Marxism and Leninism is written not in ink but in blood and suffering. To lead men to death and failure is easy; to lead men to victory is hard.

Tragedy is a part of human life. To rise above oppression is the glory of man; to submit is his shame. To me it is tragic to see millions of men blindly give up their lives in imperialist wars. That is waste. It is tragic to see them utilized to oppress each other. That is stupidity. It is not tragic for men to die consciously fighting for liberty and for the things they believe in. It is glorious and splendid. Death is not good or bad. It is either futile or necessary. To be killed fighting voluntarily for a purpose in which you believe is to die happy. I have seen so much waste of human life, so much futile sacrifice ending in failure, that it has not been easy for me to reach a philosophical justification for this. But one thing I always remember—the revolutionaries died happy in their sacrifice; they did not know it was futile.

One man's happiness is another man's sorrow. I claim no right to it.

Nearly all the friends and comrades of my youth are dead, hundreds of them: Nationalist, Christian, Anarchist, Terrorist, Communist. But they are alive to me. Where their graves should be, none ever cared. On the battle fields and execution grounds, on the streets of city and village, their warm revolutionary blood flowed proudly into the soil of Korea, Manchuria, Siberia, Japan, and China. They failed in the immediate thing, but history keeps a fine accounting. A man's name and his brief dream may be buried with his bones, but nothing that he has ever done or failed to do is lost in the final balance of forces. This is his immortality, his glory or his shame. Not even he himself can change this objective fact, for he is history. Nothing can rob a man of his place in the movement of history. Nothing can grant him escape. His only individual decision is whether to move forward or backward, whether to fight or submit, whether to create value or destroy it, whether to be strong or weak.

POSTLUDE

by Nym Wales

KIM SAN ASKED me not to publish this manuscript until two years after telling me the story at the end of 1937. Since then I have heard indirectly that he went to Manchuria through the dangerous guerrilla lines in North China in order to work with his friend Wu Seng-nun and the Korean volunteers, but whether he is now dead or alive I do not know.

In 1938, his friend, Kim Yak-san, the former famous terrorist, organized in Central China a Korean Volunteer Corps (or International Brigade, as it was originally called) to fight against Japan. These several hundred Koreans are commanded by Kim Yak-san, who is also secretary of the Union for the Korean National Front and of the Korean National Revolutionary party. A publicity booklet of this group which I received states that their "greatest duty is the consolidation of all revolutionary elements abroad and at home in preparation for a struggle of the entire Korean people against the Japanese."

My husband, Edgar Snow, interviewed several of the Koreans in this Volunteer Corps in Hankow in 1938 and told me there was much difficulty in getting support from the Chinese government.

The Kuomintang was not enthusiastic about having such fiery Left-wing revolutionaries fraternizing among their troops, apparently fearing the political consequences. Soon afterward, however, the corps was dispatched to the front to fight,¹ and a number of Koreans have deserted the Japanese armies to join. There have been many cases of sabotage against the Japanese by Koreans, and they are an invaluable part of the Chinese espionage service. Korean conscripts take every opportunity to desert. In February, 1939, about seven thousand Korean troops mutinied near Canton and killed their Japanese officers. Such cases are not infrequent.

The Koreans have become much more active during recent months. In June, 1940, the Korean Independence party was formed in Chungking, an amalgamation of the Korean Nationalist party, the Korean Independence party, and the Korean National Revolutionary party. Among the members are included "six different organizations of overseas Koreans in the United States."

In September, 1940, it was reported that the provisional government of the Republic of Korea, which has never technically ceased to exist since its Shanghai days in the early 1920's, had been revived in Chungking.

On September 17, 1940, the headquarters of a "Korean Independence Army" was inaugurated in Chungking, under command of fifty-three-year-old General Li Chung-chun, a Korean graduate of the Japanese Military Academy who had been a captain in the Japanese Army before 1919. The meeting was presided over by Kim Koo, finance minister of the Korean provisional government and chairman of the Korean Independence party. This is a conservative group, and the new Independence Army was officially sponsored and given financial support by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. According to the announcement,² General Li's headquarters will be in north China, and the army will recruit Korean guerrillas in Manchuria and try to get Korean deserters from the Japanese armies. General Li "also counts on the Koreans in the Soviet Far East Red Army to join the colors." Apparently this conservative group also intends to take over Kim Yak-san's volunteers, for it is announced that "Korean soldiers and officers now fighting in the various Chinese units will be transferred to the Korean Independence Army."

¹ In an article in *Asia Magazine* for June, 1939, entitled "China's Japanese Allies," Edgar Snow tells of the Japanese and Korean volunteers assisting China.

² China Information Committee, Chungking, September 23, 1940.

A federation of Formosan revolutionaries was also formed in Chungking in 1940, and the leaders announced that "Formosan revolutionists have started many uprisings in Formosa. Japanese-owned mines were bombed, oil wells set on fire, and railways wrecked."

Very little information has come out of strictly censored Korea proper since the war between China and Japan began, though occasional reports indicate that all is not well. No doubt they are waiting for the "favorable moment," according to plan. In September, 1940, however, there was a report of a new anti-Japanese non-co-operation movement among 200,000 Christians, an echo of March First in 1919.

I was in Seoul in 1936 when the new governor-general, the famous General Jiro Minami, arrived. Since then he has been very busy defending "the Achilles heel of the Japanese Empire" and building a base for war industry and transport in Korea. In August, 1939, he announced that "the Japanese government is concentrating its energy and attention upon the onerous task of blending Japanese and Koreans to make a harmonious whole. Remarkable is the progress made in this respect since 1940 or thereabouts, when the Koreans were immensely alienated in feeling from the Japanese." The intention is to assimilate and "Japanize" the Koreans and to make the country a part of Japan's internal economy. This is an unfruitful and expensive business. Military expenses for Korea usually amount to over fifteen million yen annually, and even in 1935, 206,214 persons were arrested. In that year there was a regular police force of 19,409 and an auxiliary force of 200,000. Partisans from Manchuria frequently "cross the Yalu River" and inflict losses on the Japanese.

The Japanese own 17% of all the cultivated land in Korea, and 85% of the peasants are either landless or part-tenants. The working class gets half the wages given to Japanese. Here is an explosive mixture.

The suppression and exploitation of Korea are probably greater than any other modern colony has suffered. They have served to prevent any mass armed uprising on the peninsula so far, but the important fact about Korea is its strategic position—it is still "the dagger pointing at the heart of Japan." There is no doubt that the Koreans will be one of the key factors in the overthrow of the present Japanese system, and that fairly soon. Let us consider the

position: According to Kim San there are from 50,000 to 70,000 regular Korean partisans among the million exiles in Manchuria, and 10,000 volunteer troops. There are 800,000 Sovietized Koreans in Siberia. The working class in Korea numbers 1,000,000, with 300,000 industrial workers. Even in 1937 there were 300,000 recalcitrant Korean workers in Japan, and more have been imported since due to labor shortage.

The story of the constant Korean struggle against Japanese domination is a very heroic one, when one considers the pressure under which this has been maintained. As compared with the colonial movements in India, Java, Indo-China, Formosa, and Burma, for instance, it has been very persistent and active, though most of the armed attacks have been launched from Manchuria. As tested in Korea, Japanese colonial policy has been far from an example of enlightened imperialism. It has created the most unhappy country in the East.

THE END

Analysis of the Korean Revolutionary Movement¹

T

HE KOREAN REVOLUTION is a national bourgeois-democratic revolution, now coming under the hegemony of the proletariat. When its anti-imperialist, antifeudal tasks are completed, it will transform peacefully into socialism. This revolution was under the leadership of the bourgeois Nationalists from 1919 to 1924, when it turned to the Left. From that year until 1935, it was led by the Communists, co-operating with the Left-wing radical Nationalists. In 1936 a new national-front period began, under which all parties and groups are co-operating.

The Korean Revolution is conditioned by the rise and fall of revolutionary and reactionary movements in Japan, China, and Manchuria, as well as by the ratio of power between the Soviet Union (and Siberia) and Japan, and between the other great powers and Japan. This close interrelation of forces is one reason why it has had so tragic and inconclusive a history so far. It is now very closely integrated with the internal social struggle in Japan, particularly. Surrounded by reactionary conditions since 1928, the Korean movement has had great difficulty recuperating, but it is due to reach a high tide during the last stages of the war between China and Japan. The initial seizure of power is the immediate problem, but action must wait until a favorable moment occurs during the war situation. When will this favorable moment be?

Conditions for the Future Rise of the Korean Revolution

The first condition upon which the rise of the Korean Revolution is dependent is the internal class relation in Japan. When the Japa-

¹This analysis has been condensed from information given to me by Kim San.—N. W.

nese proletarian movement and People's Front rises, Korea rises with it. When Japanese imperialism and reaction are at a maximum, the Korean movement is at a minimum.

The second condition is the situation in China. If China becomes strong and Japan fails, the class relation will change in Japan. Japanese reactionary power will be measured in terms of Chinese resistance. If Japan fails in her present expedition to conquer China, the whole capitalist structure in Japan will break: heavy industry will collapse, no market will exist for light industry; the Japanese proletariat will take power—and the colonial problem will be solved. Korean independence marches in close rhythm with that in China and Manchuria, so our tactics must carefully follow the Chinese Revolution as well as that in Japan.

The third condition depends upon the relations between Japan and the other imperialists. If Japan is isolated, she will be greatly weakened, and the colonial power will rise everywhere. Japan cannot now have good relations with Britain or the United States, but must struggle against them either directly or indirectly. During this inter-imperialist struggle the Korean movement can gain strength. A world war would also be an advantage to Korea.

The fourth condition depends upon the U.S.S.R. Korea has a close geographical and political relation with the U.S.S.R. If Japan fights the Soviet Union, all Koreans will surely rise and disturb the Japanese rear—not only in Korea but in Manchuria and Siberia. The U.S.S.R. must help arm Korea for its own interest, for we occupy a most strategic position against Japan. The million Koreans in Manchuria, the 800,000 in Siberia, and all the fighting elements in Korea proper will be a strategically important ally for the U.S.S.R. No Korean will join with the Japanese in a war against the U.S.S.R. Japan will try to conscript Korean soldiers and labor for the war against Nationalist China or against other imperialists, and during such a war some Korean *bourgeoisie* and farmers will make money due to war prosperity. But not a single Korean will fight against the Soviet Union, for their interests are identical and all know this fully. Not even the degraded Korean *lumpen* elements who are hired by the Japanese as *ronin* and opium merchants in North China will do anything for the Japanese when a war starts with the Soviet Union. They all hate the Japanese, and only utilize them in order to earn a living to keep their families at home alive or to prevent

themselves from starving to death. They do not see much difference between the average Chinese and the average Japanese, but they know very clearly the difference between the men who are fighting for socialism and international justice and emancipation, and those who are fighting for imperialism or nationalism. Tens and tens of thousands of Koreans everywhere and anywhere will immediately volunteer to fight on the side of the Soviet Union as if it were their own country, whereas in the war between China and Japan not many will be willing to make the sacrifice for China, because China does not need man power and Korea has very little to lose and must make that little count toward a positive victory, which would be inevitable in a war between Japan and Soviet Russia. All Koreans in Siberia are now going through military training.

These four conditions are the objective circumstances which would mean assistance to the Korean Revolution, and we now prepare to take advantage of every favorable change in these conditions. Our first active task will be to strengthen the national committee in Korea to lead all classes in the National Front, and next we must organize all Koreans abroad into a solid union. Third, we must strengthen our base in Manchuria and politicalize all the volunteers and increase their power. Likewise, as soon as possible, we must co-ordinate and intensify our relations with the Japanese proletariat and with China. But Korea must not take armed action until the correct moment in the general situation.

During the war with China, the Japanese Army must cross the Yalu River into Manchuria, and the Korean partisans can then come north and concentrate near the borders, ready to march into Korea when the signal is given. The Communist party now has in Manchuria 7,000 volunteer troops under its control, and the Nationalists have 3,000—all armed and experienced. New legions will be created rapidly as soon as the war develops. There are now from 50,000 to 70,000 regular Korean partisans in Manchuria, and the majority of the million farmers there are experienced and only waiting for the correct moment to start fighting against Japan. In 1933 we estimated that there were 200,000 armed anti-Japanese volunteers in Manchuria, including both Chinese and Koreans. In September, 1936, the Japanese reported that only 30,000 partisans existed in Korea, but this was only to encourage their troops to keep on with the "bandit suppression."

Since 1907, when the first Korean soldiers retreated into Manchuria, the Koreans there have been carrying on a long bitter anti-Japanese struggle. They will never give this up, even if favorable outside conditions do not obtain. The Japanese tactic is to split up and create bad relations between the Koreans and Chinese in Manchuria, for they are very much afraid of any concerted mass action. After 1928 the Nationalist Chinese abetted this plot by their stupid and unnecessary anti-Korean attitude—afraid to oppose the Japanese, they took out petty revenge on the Koreans by proxy. At the time of the Wanpaoshan Incident in 1931, this split widened, but such a Japanese tactic cannot have much success, for objective necessity makes the Koreans and Chinese natural allies in Manchuria. The Japanese are also trying to buy over the Koreans, to keep them quiescent, by giving them small concessions as "Japanese citizens." But the Koreans will only utilize these opportunities to strengthen themselves for future action. If they take guns from the Japanese, it will be to learn how to use them and to have them available for "the day." If they take jobs from the Japanese, it will be primarily in order to infiltrate into strategic positions, where their services can be of value when the time comes.

Every imperialist power tries to conscript the man power of its colonies to fight in its wars. The British use the Indians; the French the Indo-Chinese. But the Japanese have never previously dared to utilize any Koreans at all in their armies. When a Korean offers to fight, they only become more suspicious of his intentions. When Japan begins conscripting Koreans, you may be sure that she has reached the last extremity in her gamble for conquest. Since 1910, the Japanese have never dared have any Korean soldiers on Korean soil—or anywhere else that they could prevent it. There is no "Manchukuo" type of native soldiers in Korea.

The Basis for the Korean National Front

A new period of history in the Far East began when the Japanese occupied Manchuria on September 18, 1931. For Korea this was an important change. It was the signal for Japan to create a tight monopolistic control of the whole economy of Korea—as a part of *Japanese war economy*. Big capital came to Korea from Japan and broke the native *bourgeoisie*, which had formerly co-operated with

the Japanese, hence this class too turned against the Japanese. This did not occur quickly but gradually, and in 1935 the nationalist bourgeois politicians of Korea were the first to raise the appeal for the unity of all classes and parties against Japan. At the same time, the intensified industrialization of Korea has strengthened the potential power of the proletariat. In their hands is now a vital part of Japan's war industry—an Achilles heel at which to deal a blow against the conquerors when the time comes.

In preparation for her conquest of China and the whole Far East, Japan has tried to utilize Korea as a base from which to launch this expansion. After the conquest of Manchuria in 1931, the Japanese slogan was "Industrialize Korea." They dared have this slogan because they planned to transfer their market from Korea to Manchuria and considered Korea already safely a part of *Japanese home economy*. When General Minami became governor-general in place of General Ugaki, he called a conference in Seoul in August, 1936, to organize a new program for the intensified industrialization of Korea. All local Japanese capitalists, and a few Koreans as figure-heads, were in attendance. The conference decided to build a cotton industry in south Korea and a sheep-raising and wool industry in the north. They also planned to develop and take over all mines (including the few remaining American-owned gold mines) as rapidly as possible, which has been done.

The further plan was to build new railways—there are now almost 5,000 kilometers of railways in Korea—and to increase exports from Korea in order to get capital for this industrialization. Korea now exports to Manchuria rice, fish, sugar, ginseng, iron, rubber shoes (made with rubber from the South Seas), stockings, and a little cloth. Her principal export to Japan is rice—averaging about 9,000,000 tan a year—and lumber (for houses and paper-making), not to speak of the human labor exported, and students, especially revolutionaries.

Japan decided that Korea was to be no longer a pure colony but an industrial region for Japanese capital to exploit on somewhat the same terms as in Japan proper. In 1937 the Hayashi Cabinet in Japan designed a five-year plan for the industrial development of Korea requiring 1,400,000,000 yen in capital, compared with a similar need of 2,900,000,000 yen for Manchuria. Altogether the Hayashi

industrial program called for a total of 6,900,000,000 yen for Japan, Korea, and Manchuria.

Because of the increased pressure on Korea since 1931 and the industrialization of the country, the revolutionary power in Korea has grown rapidly for several years. The intensified Japanese control and exploitation of all classes is welding them together into a national front,² and the objective situation gives more and more relative internal power to the proletariat and dispossessed classes. This dynamic will bring about Socialist changes. There is no other solution to the national problems.

The Korean Working Class and Socialism

In the first period of the active Korean Revolution, we must solve the land problem. The Japanese have taken over much of the land near the cities, so the first step is to confiscate this and give it to the Korean people. There are only 2,000 Japanese landlord families in Korea, but the Japanese (including banks, companies, and individuals) own three-sevenths of the total land.

Our present program for Korean-owned industry is peaceful reform; we want only to confiscate Japanese property. During the first period the whole nation will sabotage the Japanese, beginning with reformism and leading on to revolutionary action.

All big industry is already monopolized under the government, which is a replica of the government in Japan, and will become more so during the war with China. It will, therefore, be relatively simple to socialize industry; all we need to do is take over the government. Once it has seized power, a proletarian force can easily confiscate and socialize the means of industrial production and maintain hegemony. By her monopolization, both of industry, communications, and the land, Japan has dialectically created the conditions for the victory of socialism in Korea. New Socialist state industry can be further developed by the confiscation of all Japanese capital and private Japanese industry now existing, which will meet with little resistance from any class of Koreans. When this is accomplished the Korean *bourgeoisie* will be too weak to struggle and create a split, as they will have no outside assistance. Good com-

² See Program of Action of the Union for the Korean National Front at end of this analysis.—N. W.

munications exist already. Japanese and Korean socialism will help each other to seize power, and will have mutually good economic relations afterward. The proximity of the U.S.S.R. is a great advantage too.

What is the condition of proletarian power in Korea? The workers' struggle began in 1919 and has developed with several zigzag rises and falls since then. We estimate the total proletariat as 1,000,000 in a population of 22,890,000.³ The industrial working class numbers about 300,000, though some are seasonal workers. Of these the 100,000 miners occupy the first salient, the 30,000 communications workers the second, and the 100,000 modern factory workers the third. Their allies include about 300,000 farm laborers. We also regard the tenantry as a strong ally—there were 1,184,422 tenant families in Korea in 1924. Now there are many more. Korea has no real reform movement. All struggle is revolutionary because of her servitude under imperialism. Hence, any small movement in Korea is multiplied many times in influence.

The first independent proletarian organization was the Proletarian Union started in Seoul in 1921. From 1921 to 1924, there were also the Seoul Young Men's League, composed of 400 different organizations and representing 50,000 members, and the "Tuesday Association," composed of 500 organizations with 60,000 members. In 1924 the League joined with the Korean Communist Youth and the Tuesday Association with the Communist party.

After the Japanese arrested 1,000 leaders in Korea in 1928, the C. P. and C. Y. had to go underground, and the Communist movement has never fully recovered since. We now have a "Communist Party Recovery League" trying to remedy the situation.

From 1926 to 1928 the Left Nationalists joined with the Communist party through the medium of the "Hsin Kan Hui," which numbered 50,000 members and 140 district branches. In 1929 the Japanese got control and broke this organization, and our recently formed League for National Liberation must re-create this.

The years from 1928 to 1935 were a preparatory period for the Korean C. P. The party now is not large, but it is strong and well organized and developing steadily. The C. P. had its highest period

³In addition there were 300,000 Korean workers in Japan in 1937 increased to over half a million since the war began; and many others in Manchuria, particularly farm day-laborers.—N. W.

from 1924 to 1928, then declined. In 1935 it began to rise again. We now estimate that one party member represents a mass power ratio of 100 men. Objectively the whole movement must come under our domination, so the size of the party at this time is not indicative. Our relations with the Japanese proletariat are improving steadily. We have over 300,000 Korean workers in Japan, all under Communist guidance, and more will be imported into Japan as labor power is needed during the war. The Korean General Labor Federation in Japan has 100,000 well-organized members. They will co-operate fully with the Japanese Communists.

There were in 1937 about 6,000 political prisoners in Korea. Under the Minami regime, suppression has increased with a Fascist technique, but this cannot last throughout the war.

Proletarian revolution was first introduced into the Orient by Koreans. Koreans became good internationalists first in the East because their whole life was bound up with Japan, China, and Soviet Russia. Imperialism creates internationalism. A healthy nationalism in self-defense grows out of this which joins with other forces easily on a common front. Korea is an internationalist country both geographically and politically. First it was a pawn between Czarist Russia, Japan, and the other great powers, and hoped for American support. Then it was influenced by the October Revolution, the Siberian anti-imperialist struggle, and the Chinese Great Revolution. Even in Siberia there are many tribes and different nations for Koreans to mix with—from Japanese to Eskimo. The first real international struggle in the Far East against imperialism was led by Koreans in Siberia and Manchuria before September 18.

We have been in the vanguard of all international Socialist and radical movements both in Japan and China since the Great War. In the Chinese Revolution from 1925-1927 the Koreans acted as secret Communist agents for the Comintern in all branches of military and political work. Thirty well-trained Korean advisers worked with the Soviet Russian advisers at that time.

The present condition is not the same as during 1926-1928, because at that time there was no base for the Japanese Revolution. Now Japan has a solid revolutionary base, which is a firm support for the Korean Revolution. Nor is the present situation the same as from 1919 to 1924 when the May Fourth Movement in China was very weak and gave no support to Korea at all. A situation not dis-

similar to that from 1925 to 1927 is developing in China today. Hence Korea has two new supports on two sides—Japan and China. The U.S.S.R. (and Soviet Siberia) is a very powerful force at present, whereas from 1919 to 1928 the U.S.S.R. was weak and recuperating from civil war and the Allied intervention, so could not decide to help the Korean movement. Japan's military aggression is bringing her into sharp conflict with America and England in the Far East, as well as with Russia. Objectively, conditions become more and more favorable for Korea.

Our primary problem is one of using wise tactics and preparation, judging correctly the moment to strike. Korea is a separate national entity, and we cannot pour our revolutionary forces "like salt into water" either into the Chinese or Japanese revolutions. We must conserve and build up our strength and fulfill our own special independent role in the world revolution.

The problem of Korean independence can be somewhat separated from that in China, but not from the Japanese Revolution, though indirectly the Chinese Revolution is very important. If the Chinese Revolution should succeed in all or in more than half China, this would change the relation of forces between Japan and Korea, and would influence Japanese social change greatly. Revolution in Japan will be difficult if there is no revolution in China. If Japan controls China, of course, it can also control Korea and Japan.

Therefore, if China has a revolutionary uprising, Korea cannot necessarily follow. If Japan has one, however, Korea must immediately join in an armed struggle, for these two together have a good chance of success. The Japanese people's front cannot develop quickly, and the Korean national front is even more suppressed, but dialectical forces of opposition are being created which will soon have a common meeting ground and move forward together. The great Japanese crisis may come during the war with China, or following it, but her economy is such that it is inevitable, and all the revolutionary elements are conserving their forces and preparing to strike at that time to guarantee success.

Present Korean Political Parties

No political party can be openly active in Korea at present. The most important is the Communist party, which has well-co-ordinated

centers in Siberia, Manchuria, and China and a devoted following among workers, farmers, petty *bourgeoisie*, and intellectuals.

Next come the Nationalists, representing the *bourgeoisie*. They have no unity but many sects. The Christian non-party elements center loosely around the *Oriental Daily News* in Seoul, edited by Li Kuang-ssu, which is not only a newspaper but a political movement.

After 1924 when a national independence party system was created to replace the Korean provisional government, the main party formed was the Kaoli Kemingtang, or Korean Revolutionary party. In north Manchuria the Kaoli Hekmingtang was simultaneously organized, while in the south the Han Yin Hui, or Korean Association, formed in 1920, continued to function as a mass Nationalist party. In Manchuria there is also a United Front party, led by the C. P., called the League to Struggle for Korean Independence.

The T'ien Tao Chao (Chundo Kyu) is also still very powerful in Korea.

In China the principal Nationalist group is the Korean National Revolutionary party, a Leftist survival from the Yi Nul Tan group in Canton in 1926, which was reorganized in Nanking in 1931 and now has about 300 members and branches in every Chinese city.

The old provisional government still exists in Shanghai also, with about 100 old men still faithful. This group has worked with Chiang Kai-shek against the Communists.

In Siberia there is only the Korean Communist party among the 800,000 Koreans there.

[In America there is still the old Korean People's Association, a Nationalist group led by Syng Man-rhee and Han Kiang-cheng, with its own newspaper, the *Korean People's Daily News*. There is also the active Sino-Korean Peoples' League, whose Washington representative, Kilsoo K. Haan, has made it his work to keep the United States government informed of the activities of Kim Yaksan's Korean Volunteer Army in China.]—N.W.

Program of Action of the Union for the Korean National Front (drawn up in July, 1936).

I. Unite together all the people of Korea who agree with the principle of Korean independence, irrespective of social, class, party, political, or religious belief, and all organizations and individuals,

men and women, old and young, in order to achieve a successful struggle for the emancipation of the whole nation.

II. Protect all native industry and commerce, and develop agriculture, at the same time opposing all Japanese capital, industry, and commerce in Korea and all forms of collaboration with such Japanese imperialist enterprises.

III. Determine, by fair arbitration between the owners and workers in national industry and commerce and between the landlords and tenants in agriculture, a minimum subsistence wage and maximum working hours for workers and a maximum rent for tenants, in the meantime ceasing class war and encouraging class co-operation during this period.

IV. Organize without restraint all workers, farmers, professionals, and wage earners and all employees of Japanese imperialism, whether in public or secret enterprises or in state administrative and legislative positions.

V. Encourage a broad reform movement to improve the economic life of the nation and to awaken the national consciousness to struggle for economic rights, in the meanwhile absolutely opposing Japanese immigration and the policy of sending Koreans to Manchuria.

VI. Encourage a broad movement to demand the rights of citizenship and protection of human rights in order to awaken the whole nation to a struggle for democracy, at the same time opposing Decree No. 7 (which is "the law for the protection of the social system," promulgated by the Japanese to suppress the Korean national movement and providing for "cultural police") and the cruel policy of taking away the people's freedom.

VII. Create and expand a movement for the development of national culture and education in order to develop the traditional national culture and absorb the new culture, in the meantime opposing the policy of deceiving the people and keeping them under the surveillance of "cultural police."

VIII. Protect the people's chosen national religions and permit them to develop freely (Christianity, Buddhism, the T'ien Tao Chao, Confucianism, and the Tang Chün Chao) and encourage these religious sects to stop quarreling and struggle together for common freedom of belief, meanwhile permitting them to unite together against the religion imposed by the Japanese as an instru-

ment of imperialism (Shinto, the T'ien Li Chao, etc.) and oppose superstitious and backward tendencies (the Tai Yi Chao, Fu T'ien Chao, Kung Yi Chao, etc.).

IX. Unite together the whole system of education, teachers with young students, and build generally all kinds of educational and cultural organizations to promote the idea of emancipation and national culture, at the same time using the method of strikes of students and teachers and all other methods to oppose the Japanese imperialist ideas pouring into the educational system in order to enslave the minds of the people.

X. Positively protect and help the movement for the equality of women, granting the freedom of marriage and divorce and opposing the laws against women's rights for the inheritance and ownership of property; give women the equal right to all occupations, to education, to hold political office, and to freely participate in social movements, opposing the Japanese law of so-called "social morality" which oppresses women.

XI. Form a union with the Chinese national anti-Japanese front and with the anti-aggressor front of the U.S.S.R., at the same time opposing Japan's advance against the U.S.S.R. and seizure of China.

XII. Definitely support the anti-Fascist people's front of Japan, and form a close relation with this.

XIII. Create a great common front between the peoples of China, the U.S.S.R., Japan, and Korea, to become the center of all the nations of the Orient directly under the oppression of Japanese imperialism, in order to organize a vast anti-aggressor and peace front in the Orient.

XIV. Make a close relation with the world peace front against the Japanese, German, Italian, and other Fascist aggressors.

XV. All Koreans abroad in other lands must agree to the following:

(1) Each and every group, party, and individual abroad, irrespective of political or religious beliefs or of occupation, shall unite under the anti-Japanese principle and take responsibility for carrying out special important duties as part of the whole national united front, according to the particular conditions in the different countries and districts of which they may be resident.

(2) All Korean workers, students, and merchants in Japan must unite together and positively participate in the Japanese anti-Fascist

people's front, at the same time uniting in close relation with the national front in their own homeland.

(3) The whole body of revolutionary Koreans in China, all groups, armed forces, and individuals, must unite together and actively assist the Chinese anti-Japanese united front, at the same time realizing their special duties as follows: (a) Within this Chinese anti-Japanese united front to organize and give revolutionary education to the forces for Korean independence; (b) in Manchuria, the Korean Revolutionary Army, the Korean Communist party, the Red partisans, and all Korean troops among the Chinese volunteers, must unite together on a common program and as a unit, keeping their separate national character within the co-operative Chinese anti-Japanese federation of armed forces, in the meantime making an effort to enlarge and strengthen these Korean armed forces; (c) those Korean hirelings who come to different parts of China as instruments of Japanese imperialism, are also under Japanese oppression (including those forced to deal in opium, prostitution, smuggling, etc. in order to earn a livelihood), and we must use a special method of leading them to turn against their Japanese imperialist employers when the time arrives.

(4) All Koreans in the U.S.S.R. must unite together to become a part of the whole united front and at the same time must realize their special duties such as the following: (a) All Koreans must receive military and political training, and at the same time organize a Korean volunteer movement for future action; (b) they must positively develop high military leaders to send to the Korean revolutionary troops moving about in China; (c) they must give material help to the Korean revolutionary movement to aid the comrades imprisoned, wounded, sacrificed, or otherwise in need.

(5) All Koreans in America and Europe and elsewhere must unite together and become a support to the Korean national united front, and must send money and do propaganda and try to assist their country through mobilizing international support and sympathy.

* * *

The Korean Revolution is peculiar in that it has been largely a revolution in exile, "across the Yalu River," with four or five centers among the two million Korean exiles in Siberia, Manchuria, and China.

There have been three general periods in its development: (1) the Nationalist period from 1919 to 1924; (2) the Communist period from 1924 to 1935; and (3) the National Front for Korean Liberation, which began in 1936.

Within these three periods we mark out six phases: first, the bourgeois Nationalist movement from 1919 to 1924, representing a unity between all classes in opposition to the Japanese; second, a brief parallel Anarchist phase from 1921 to 1922; third, a period of struggle for the hegemony of revolutionary leadership between the Nationalists and the Communists from 1924 to 1926, during which time the Communist organization and program developed; fourth, the union of the Left Nationalists with the Communists from 1926 to 1928 under the organizational leadership of the Communist party—not joined but also not opposed by the Right Nationalists; fifth, a period of political struggle for the hegemony of mass power in Korea between the Communists and the Nationalists from 1928 to 1935, revealing that the big *bourgeoisie* had lost their revolutionary character; and, sixth, the period from 1936 to the present, representing a reunion of all classes and parties in a National Front led by the proletariat and the Communist party.

I have already described the Nationalist period from 1919 to 1924 with its terrorist and Anarchist phase—March First in Korea, the Manchurian exiles, and the Korean provisional government and the terrorists in Shanghai. This Nationalist movement rose from 1919 to 1924, when its highest point was reached at the time of the Shanghai People's Delegates' Congress, which resulted in a split over questions of policy. From then on it declined, while the Communist movement developed, reaching its peak in 1928, influenced by the Chinese Great Revolution of 1925-1927, after which it also declined, broken by the reactionary Tanaka policy of suppression and the failure of the Chinese Revolution.

I have shown how the Korean Communist movement was born and nurtured within the Nationalist movement. Its cradle was in Siberia, where the old Nationalist, General Li Tung-hui, created the "Irkutsk Communist party" in 1918, before the First International was formed by Lenin, which was in 1919. This Irkutsk party was the first Communist party of any Oriental nation. Then in 1919 General Li Tung-hui and Kim Lib went to Shanghai and organized the Shanghai Korean C. P., which numbered 100 mem-

bers in that year. For six years Communist activities were directed from these two centers, individual members going into Korea secretly for their work. In 1924 the party was created in Korea proper. The first party members in Korea were all ex-Nationalist students. There were no workers among them and no merchants—all intelligentsia. The reason none had been organized there earlier was not because of suppression but because the idea had no mass following in Korea, where the Nationalist ideology still dominated. First support logically enough came from the exiles “across the Yalu River.”

When the C. P. was organized in Korea it called a People's Movement Delegates' Congress. There were 400 delegates, representing about 70,000 people. The printers were the first workers to join the party, followed by the shoemakers.

The Central Committee was in Seoul, and a Manchuria Committee under the Central was also formed. This was never broken and became very strong. It still exists.

The Peking Korean C. P., which I had helped found in 1924, was a branch of the Irkutsk party, which also had a branch in Shanghai.

In 1923 the Comintern had wanted all the rival Korean groups to unite, but this could not be realized at once. The Shanghai party was then connected with Voitinsky of the Moscow Oriental Department and had a Trotskyist tendency. It took common action with the other groups but was not recognized by the Comintern. Not until 1924 was the Shanghai party reorganized, and it still struggled with Seoul for hegemony. Each individual leader fought with the others and accused them of being spies and heretics, etc. in a rivalry for power. By 1926, however, the groups had united. The Korean “Shanghai party” had branches in many cities, with district headquarters in Shanghai, Peking, and Canton. The central headquarters was in Shanghai, where Cheng Pak was secretary.

In 1928 Cheng Pak went to Korea and prepared a Delegates' Congress. In March 1,000 were arrested in Korea. These were nearly all the people's delegates and labor leaders, not Communists, for the party then had only about 400 members in Korea. Cheng Pak was imprisoned and died there in 1929.

The heyday of the Korean party, as of the Japanese, was from 1926 to 1928. Then, as in Japan, it was suppressed. During those

years many party leaders were journalists, and the Japanese read all papers with a magnifying glass to discover which writers revealed a Communist tendency. All kinds of people then wanted to join, including women and students. It was easy to see who was a Communist in those days. They were all Bohemians—with long hair and red neckties. They wore old shoes and carefully kept them unpolished in order to appear proletarian, and carried a modern-style thick walking stick. They considered it bourgeois to shave and were all studio Bolsheviks in appearance.

It was considered very smart and fashionable to be a Communist, and the girls all admired the members greatly. Many young men joined and broadcast the fact to all the girls in the neighborhood, in order to be local heroes and win feminine admirers. These boys wrote poetry and went often to cafés and sing-song places, where all the girls fell in love with them and refused to take their money. Most of those who wore red neckties and talked loudest of revolution had been refused by the party and were not members. Of course the serious workers did not engage in such frivolity.

After 1928 this romantic period came to a sharp close. Beards still grew long, but there were no feminine admirers to look at them through the prison bars. The merchants lost their red necktie trade but gained it back in shoe polish and shaving equipment. A new period for the Korean C. P. began in 1928—a coming of age.—K.S.

Historical Notes

After the failure of the Canton Commune, Yeh T'ing retired from active work until 1938, when he was given command of the New Fourth Army in Central China, a Communist unit named after the famous "Iron-sides" Fourth Army of the Northern Expedition—N.W.

* * *

The odds against the uprising of December 10, 1927 were heavy. According to one report there were in Canton city 5,000 enemy soldiers, 1,000 policemen, and 1,000 armed gangsters, aside from the regiments across the Pearl River. Two days' march away in the West River district were about 50,000 troops of Chang Fa-kuei and Li Chi-sen. There were several Chinese and foreign gunboats on the Pearl River, also, which might be expected to intervene if necessary under the excuse of defending Shamcen, the foreign concession. According to this same report, the armed participants in the Commune did not exceed 4,200. Kim San's story places this at a higher figure, however: 2,000 in Chao Tao Tuan, 2,000 armed workers, and at least 200 Tungpei deserters, while 4,000 captured rifles were given out while he was in the Department for Arming the Workers, presumably including the 2,000 given to the workers above listed. As seen from his story, however, 2,000 Tungpei soldiers submitted to the revolutionaries without resistance.—N.W.

* * *

Because of their devotion to the revolutionary work during the Commune, many of the nurses were treated shamefully by the Reaction when it began. Some died in the streets during the White Terror. On the seventeenth, ten of these nurses were arrested in

the hospital, stripped naked, and led out into the streets for the public to see, then ordered tortured to death. Their breasts were cut off and their bodies mutilated. This was done by direct order of the Kuomintang authorities, who showed uncompromising, vengeful cruelty. The Kuomintang people were much more cruel than the soldiers. Civilians were given a free hand to kill whomever they desired, and it was they who committed the atrocities.

One doctor and several women nurses went with the Chao Tao Tuan to Hailofeng. Another doctor in the Fourth Army hospital during the Commune, named Ho Chung-min, came to Yenan in 1937 to join the Soviet Health Department.—K.S.

* * *

The password on the night of the tenth was "Paotung" or "Armed Uprising." On the eleventh it was "Su-ch'ing" or "Sprinkle Clean." On the twelfth it was "Hong Kong," which had no meaning except accidentally, as a symbol of running away to Hongkong, which many did.—K.S.

* * *

Li Pin was a good artilleryman. He had participated in the capture of the airdrome during the Commune. There were ten planes there, but only five were good. We had not a single aviator among us. The Chinese asked the Koreans to supply one, but we had nobody. Li Pin died near Shameen on the twelfth, at the age of twenty-five, while fighting with a Japanese gunboat. There were two Japanese gunboats in the Pearl River at Shameen, and on the twelfth one of them fired on our lines with machine guns. The Koreans were all very angry and rushed to the bund to fight our old enemy. Li Pin and Yang Ta-fu and another Korean comrade named Li Ying had the artillery sent up immediately, and destroyed the smokestack on the Japanese gunboat with only three shells. The Japanese got scared and lowered their flag quickly and steamed out of the river. They never came back.

Shameen is a little island in the Pearl River, only a stone's throw from the Canton Bund. It is a foreign concession, where most of the foreigners have their residences. A British warship was anchored at Shameen, and some marines landed from the ship and took up their positions behind sandbag barricades, ready to fire, but we did

not care. The Central Committee debated whether or not to occupy Shameen and decided not to molest it.

Two other Koreans who had done good work were Kim Ping-hen, a graduate of the Red Academy in Moscow, and Meng Sun-tsai. Both had been officers in the enemy Ching Wei Tuan, a newly organized city "Protection Corps" of two regiments under Chang Fa-kuei. Meng was a brigade commander. All alone, with his own political work, Meng had persuaded one whole regiment of this corps to turn over to the revolution, then Kim Ping-hen had helped him reorganize and consolidate these new recruits.

Another was a Korean named Li who had brought about the surrender of the arsenal. Chang Fa-kuei had only two companies on guard at the arsenal, of which Li was a lower officer. Li organized a secret political movement, arrested all bad elements, and led the whole two companies to join the Commune, so the arsenal was given up without a fight. Li and his men occupied a factory outside the city after this and were cut off. They held this place until the seventeenth when every man was killed.—K.S.

* * *

The Story of the Doomed Battalion at Lingnan

One of the most tragic losses was at Lingnan University. At the beginning of the Commune nobody crossed the Pearl River to attack Li Fu-lin because of the firing of the enemy gunboats. Li Fu-lin had seven regiments, but they could have been easily overmastered as they had formerly been bandits and fought only for loot, having no political consciousness. On the twelfth, 200 men, including 60 of our best Korean comrades, wanted to try to take over this position. These 200 crossed the river and occupied a position near Lingnan University. There they stayed and fought until the seventeenth. When the Chao Tao Tuan retreated to the Place of the Seventy-two Martyrs on the night of the thirteenth, the command forgot to send the order to retreat to the 200 men at Lingnan. As a result of this negligence, every single man of the 200 met his death except one small boy, who lived to tell the story. When we found that no order to retreat had been given to Lingnan, we belatedly sent two Koreans there to give them the news—but they never returned.

Pak Chin was in command of the Korean detachment at Lingnan,

and as he did not know of the general retreat, he ordered all Koreans to stand firm to the end. He was killed in the fighting. His two brothers did not go to Lingnan with Pak Chin. They escaped to Hailofeng during the retreat.

In 1929 I met the survivor of the gallant Lingnan 200, a Korean boy named An Ching. During the Commune he had been a cadet in the Chao Tao Tuan, though he was only sixteen—there were many boys in the regiment from seventeen to twenty-three. As he told me his story the tears ran down his cheeks. . . .

"On the seventeenth I was captured at Lingnan together with the rest of the Koreans. Over fifty of us Koreans and twenty or thirty Chinese were bound and taken to army headquarters for immediate execution. We were strung together with rope like a catch of fish. The Chinese were put into one room, and we fifty-odd Koreans in another. Outside the door we heard the Kuomintang commander order the soldiers to kill everyone in both rooms. The soldiers remained silent and refused to take action. Then the commander said, 'I'll give fifty cents for each man killed.' Still no answer from his men.

"The commander was furious and ordered a machine gun brought up, saying, 'I'll kill all of them myself.'

"Just then the man next to me whispered, 'Your rope has come undone. You can try to escape.'

"I had not noticed that the rope had slipped open on my arms, but it did not take me long to wriggle myself free. There was a long thin rope used to open and close the window at the top of the high room. I hurriedly climbed this, hand over hand, while all the doomed comrades below held their breath with excitement and smiled encouragement to me.

"I climbed to the roof and lay down flat to hide, then fell unconscious from weakness. From the twelfth to the seventeenth we had not eaten food. I was awakened by death cries from my Korean friends, mingled with the steady shooting of the machine gun, which the officer had taken into the room to mow down all the helpless prisoners.

"The moans of the wounded were mixed with curses that we had stayed so faithfully to the end in useless sacrifice of all our best Korean leaders, while the rest of the troops had retreated. Some cried out 'Where is Pak?' Other younger boys called out their

mothers' names. Then some Chinese came into the room and spoke. I heard a few sharp cries of pain . . . then silence. I thought the soldiers must be using their swords to hurry the end.

"The Chinese in the other room were taken out into the garden to be killed. The same officer used his machine gun to massacre them also.

"When night came I pulled the window rope out of the window and lowered myself to the ground with it. I took off all my clothes except my underwear and rubbed dirt all over myself to look like a beggar—I was famished enough to pass inspection. I escaped to the street and begged food. I couldn't speak Chinese well so pretended to be dumb to hide my identity. I was trying to find some way to cross the river when the police arrested me on the nineteenth. An hour later a little sampan came down the river with a girl rowing it. The police ordered her to stop and pick me up. They gave her twenty cents to take me away. This was a military district, and they did not want anyone to see what was happening there, so sent all beggars away. Of course, they never suspected that I was not a dumb beggar.

"I was free! I went to Sun Yat-sen University first to try to find some Korean students there. In the Medical School I found three. They gave me \$3—all they could find—and some food and clothes. Then I walked along the railway to Kowloon, and on the way some robbers stole all my clothes and money! By now I was a real beggar. When I arrived in Kowloon, the British police arrested me because I had no clothes on. I pretended to be dumb, and they sent me to a Chinese village near by. Somebody gave me clothes, and I was set free. I returned to Kowloon. I had no money to take a ship, so when a Japanese steamer came into port, I stowed away on it."—K.S.

* * *

P'eng P'ai and China's First Soviet

This little Soviet—the first in China—had been organized by P'eng P'ai and had come into being on September 9, 1927, two months before the Canton Commune.

After it was seen that the Kuomintang was irrevocably counter-revolutionary and that the only hope to continue the struggle lay in the peasant and worker movements, the Chinese Communists de-

cided upon creating Soviets as the organs for achieving the democratic revolution. The Red Army, created by Chu Teh and others during the Nanchang Uprising on August 1, from which 1,200 of the 25,000 troops survived, had marched to the south to establish a base in the whole Tungkiang region near Canton, including Hailofeng. Only 800 escaped at Swatow to join the Hailofeng Soviet, which continued the struggle. Our arrival strengthened their meager armed forces greatly. Hailofeng carried on until May 3, 1928 and did not lose morale until the last days, when the White troops showed clearly that they intended to massacre the whole population, down to the last child, if any resistance whatsoever continued.

P'eng P'ai would surely have become one of the greatest mass leaders China has ever known, had he not met an untimely death. Nobody I have met in China except Mao Tsê-tung shares equally with him that rare quality of inborn leadership. He created the Hailofeng peasant movement, and his influence spread all through the province, including Canton city. He was the first organizer of the new agrarian revolution and had led the peasant movement for ten years.

P'eng P'ai came of a very influential family in Hailofeng. He had been chief of the local Department of Education and during his term of office saw to it that the people learned many things not in the official textbooks.

P'eng was by nature a man of vision and humanitarianism, with a firm sense of justice. When he inherited his father's big landed estate, he redistributed it to the tenants—a fact of no small moral importance in encouraging the local tenants to divide the land among those who tilled it. After the purges of April 12 and 15, he began laying his plans for an armed struggle in Hailofeng, which within a few months resulted in the formation of the first Soviet.

I used to meet P'eng P'ai nearly every day in Hailofeng. He utilized his family's big, modern two-storied cement house as headquarters, and there we sometimes practiced Japanese together, as he had graduated from Waseda University in Tokyo. He was rather short in stature but full of strength and health. His face was long and un-Cantonese in appearance, with strong firm features. He had a very deep voice and stuttered a little occasionally. P'eng was not an intellectual theoretician, and the common man understood every-

thing he wrote and said, but he had always studied hard. He liked to talk over his problems freely with others and always waited for full reports before making decisions. Though he himself spoke quickly and simply, he did not demand short, quick reports from others but let them express themselves naturally.

This Soviet government was actually a "democratic dictatorship," and P'eng understood how to manage this form of government. He was a revolutionary dictator with plenary powers, but he derived these from the consent of the people. They followed his line by persuasion not by force. There was no party dictatorship, but one executive close to the people, who carried out their will. That is to say, he led the people and they followed him. He did not command but influenced people to vote for his ideas—as a democrat should. If ever one man was in control, P'eng was in control of the Hailo-feng Soviet, yet he never thought of himself in this light at all, but believed in and jealously guarded the right of majority decision.

P'eng had a staff, but it always followed him, and all the party conferences and mass meetings voted along his line, though he encouraged free discussion at all times. I remember that one day P'eng explained his principles of government to me, saying, "We must centralize all power at one given point. But if this is not based upon a foundation of mass democracy, it will be no firmer than bean-curd."

P'eng P'ai escaped to Shanghai in the autumn of 1929, where he was elected chairman of the Military Committee of the C. C. of the Chinese C. P. A Hunanese named Pai Hsün also went from Hailo-feng to Shanghai, where he became a member of the Committee. The Kuomintang promised Pai Hsün protection and money to go abroad if he betrayed, so he turned P'eng P'ai over to the police shortly after the latter's arrival. P'eng P'ai was executed immediately at the Garrison Headquarters that same autumn. He died proudly and bravely, never speaking to his captors. Others often begged for leniency or betrayed addresses to save their lives, but P'eng P'ai met his death the hero he had always been.—K.S.

The Chinese Family System and the Class Struggle

Feudal remnants were very strong. The city of Canton itself was a center of the arts of civilization, but a few steps out into the near-by countryside brought one into a society as feudal as in an old story book. The family and clan blood system was still strong. The Soviets did not break it entirely but gradually weakened it. Each clan was a patriarchal state with the elder as ruler, but inside the family system a bitter division between rich and poor relatives existed. During the armed struggle in Kwangtung, the poor and oppressed usually joined the revolution against their rich and powerful family members. In some cases, whole families, rich and poor alike, joined the revolution, while others, rich and poor inclusive, joined the counter-revolution. This was a mistake in revolutionary tactics, and the Communists should have insisted upon a class split to insure true solidarity.

In spite of any family buffers, the class struggle was very intense in Hailofeng. For many years the landlords had dispensed injustice at their own whim. When the revolutionary movement began to stir in 1925-1927, they had been very cruel, and had arrested and tortured to death a great number of people. Old feuds were deep and bitter, and the people bided their time. When the class war broke out in earnest, a few of the most rascally and cruel of the landlords who had committed former atrocities paid dearly for their deeds. The peasants publicly cut off their hands, gouged out their eyes, and mutilated their bodies before death in revenge. Unlike our leniency to the class enemy in the Canton Commune, P'eng's line was to let the people dispense justice as they saw it, provided it was the democratic will of the majority publicly executed. Until the Red Army came from Canton he had no armed force for disciplinary measures anyway, and the people were sovereign in their own right. Only 2,000 landlords altogether were killed by the people, however, while *after* the White occupation and defeat of the Soviet at least 10,000 peasants were massacred—nobody knows how many, and most of them were women, for female life was considered obnoxious at all times and a revolutionary woman was penalized doubly for daring to assert her right to freedom.

The Cantonese peasants are also superstitious, though the revolution was doing fast work in breaking this down. For instance, I

remember that when the C. Y. wanted to destroy some Buddhist idols, the poor peasants rushed out and painted them red, showing them proudly to the C. Y. delegates. "No, we don't want our Buddhas destroyed. Our gods are revolutionary and support the Soviet," they said sagely. "You must destroy only the Buddhas of the *t'u-hao*." Then they painted some of the other Buddhas white, saying that these were the Buddhas on the side of the landlords that deserved punishment.—K.S.

* * *

Twenty students were arrested in Peking during the funeral of Li Ta-chao, the founder of the Chinese Communist party. Li Ta-chao had been executed in Peking in 1928, but his body was kept in a temple until 1933.

Chang Wen-hsiung went into the cell with them, pretending to be a prisoner too, in order to spy on the students. These students were forced to sign a promise not to enter any political group in future and to oppose the Communist party. For this they were promised freedom after three days. This document was published in the newspapers. All the students had agreed to sign this repentance, and all but nine were later released, as the Judge was not a Blue Shirt and was more just in his actions. Chang Wen-hsiung, however, went in and pointed out the nine whom he had discovered to be C. P. or C. Y. members while spying on them, and these nine were not freed.

This Chang Wen-hsiung was responsible for scores of deaths and imprisonments. There was a wholesale drive in Peking at that time.

Many important men were arrested, including the whole C. P. Committee and the local fraction. Most of them were betrayed by Chang. For him to arrest ten or a thousand was all the same. The Party would never forgive him. He was worse than their bitterest class enemy, for he was a traitor. If the revolution succeeded, he would be first to be killed in revenge, so of course he wanted to see the Kuomintang stay in power. Such traitors are worse than the Kuomintang. Their cruelty is criminal in quality, not based on class hatred. They become degenerate and without any moral principles. Nothing has any meaning for them—neither their own lives nor those of others. Chang Wen-hsiung enjoyed arresting Communists, young or old, boys or girls, seeking them out with a lust for death

and destruction. He could have returned to his home and lived his own life, but his espionage work became a personal duty and a passion. Of course, he would never feel his own life to be safe until every Communist was either dead or in prison, so it was a self-defense mechanism too. He received money for this work, but did not need it as his wife was very rich and owned a match company. He liked the sense of power over human destinies and the knowledge that he could command the forces of evil at will.

This traitor from Chekiang was about thirty-five years old at that time. He had a fat stomach and full cheeks and little piglike eyes, very evil in expression. I hated his eyes. They haunted you with their sinister wickedness. His face was not open but secret in type; impassive, except for the eyes.

The other traitors usually hid shamefacedly in a room behind curtains and pointed out secretly to the Blue Shirts the C. P. or C. Y. members and the young Leftist students as they were lined up in the yard opposite. But Chang walked up openly and accused them like a gloating monster. The poor students shrank back in dismay when they realized that they had confided in this man with the little evil eyes only a few hours ago, thinking him an important party comrade and father.

Sometimes also comrades secretly reported their personal enemies or rivals to the police without compunction, in order to have them arrested and out of the way.—K.S.

Personal Chronology of Kim San

FIRST STAGE 1905-1924: STUDY

AGE

1905—March 10, born near Phyöngyang, Korea.	
Five years of primary school in home village.	7 to 11
Runs away from home at eleven.	11
Attends middle school in Phyöngyang.	12 to 15

Nationalist Period 1919-1920

1919—Joins the March First Nationalist movement in Korea.

14

Goes to school in Tokyo at Imperial University.
Returns to Phyöngyang.

Winter, runs away to Harbin hoping to go to the U.S.S.R.

Walks for one month from Fengtien (Mukden) to south Manchuria.

1920—Lives with Pastor An Tung-hsi three weeks.

February to April, attends Korean military school in Liu Ho hsien, Manchuria.

15

Teaches school at Ta-huang-ko three months.

Anarchist Period 1920-1922

Winter, goes to Shanghai where he meets the exiled national heroes of Korea and is influenced by An Ch'ang-ho and Li-Tung-hui; earns his way through school as proofreader; influenced by the Ni Yul Tan, becomes an

Anarchist; meets Wu Seng-nun, famous terrorist. AGE

1921—Winter, goes to Peking to prepare for medical school. 16

1922—Enters Peking National Medical College; is an active student leader. 17 to 20

Returns to Shanghai for brief trip where he becomes a Chinese citizen.

Marxist Study Period 1922-1924

Influenced by Kongosan monk named Kim Chung-chiang; studies Marxism in Peking from 1922 to 1924.

1924—Joins Korean Communist party. 19

SECOND STAGE 1925-1928: ACTION

Revolutionary Romantic Days

1925—Autumn, goes to Canton with 800 other Koreans to fight in the Great Revolution of 1925-1927; is leader of Korean Youth movement there from 1925 to 1927. 20 to 22

1927—December 11 to 13, participates in the three historic days of the Canton Commune; escapes to Hailofeng with the Chao Tao Tuan (Training Regiment).

1928—January to August 6, works and fights in the Hailofeng Soviet—the first in any Oriental country—until its annihilation; learns tactics from P'eng P'ai; succeeds in dangerous escape to Hongkong only to be arrested—and released. 23

September, returns to Shanghai; spends month in hospital with malaria and exhaustion from hard life in Hailofeng; reunion with old friends, Kim Chung-chiang and Wu Seng-nun; lives in French Concession in Shanghai several months.

Personal Chronology of Kim San

249

THIRD STAGE 1929-1934: UNDERGROUND LEADERSHIP

AGE

1929-1930—Is Secretary of Chinese Communist party in Peking and member of North China Orga- nization Committee.	24 to 25
1929—July, is sent on secret mission to Manchuria to organize and co-ordinate Chinese and Korean C. P. work; spends two months in Kirin Province and one month in Antung.	
1930—On return to Peking has first serious love affair. November 20, is arrested in Peking by the Chi- nese and turned over to the Japanese; sent to Korea for trial.	
1931—April 1, released in Korea and spends two months at home.	26
June, returns to Peking and finds his old com- rades do not trust him after his release.	

Intellectual Coming of Age

In despair and very ill, contemplates murdering
a man who has lied about him, then suicide,
and giving up revolutionary work; goes
through self-examination and study of first
principles and emerges strong and confident
again—says "this was a bookmark in my life
where I found my way"; is reinstated in the
party in good standing and goes back into the
mass movement work for China.

1932—Is sent to Paotingfu to carry on underground party work.	27
1933—April 26, is arrested again and sent to Korea for trial.	28
September 30, freed from prison but under ob- servation.	
1934—Returns to Peking where decides to marry the girl who has been loyal to him through all his troubles.	29

Teaches school to earn a living; goes to Shih-

chiachuang to continue revolutionary work
for the Chinese.

FOURTH STAGE 1935—TO THE PRESENT: BACK TO THE KOREAN REVOLUTION

1935—Goes to Shanghai to reorganize Korean revolutionary groups and parties into an internal national front and a common front with China against Japan.

1936—August, is sent by Korean Communist and Nationalist groups as delegates to the Chinese Soviets in Pao-an.

1937—Teaches at the Anti-Japanese Military and Political Academy in Yenan, where the author meets him and writes down his life story during the summer.

1938-1939—Several hundred Korean Communists and Nationalists organize the International Brigade in Hankow to fight with the Chinese armies against Japan, led by Kim Yak-san, the famous ex-terrorist; at same time the Koreans in Manchuria reorganize partisan warfare, one of their most important leaders being Wu Seng-nun (political commissar over 7,000 Korean partisans), the closest friend of Kim San, who plans to join him in leading the Korean volunteers in Manchuria.

Principal Personalities in *Song of Ariran*

An Ch'ang-ho—Korean Nationalist political leader whom Kim San met in Shanghai in 1920, the second greatest personal influence in his life.

Kim Chung-chiang (a nom-de-plume)—Korean writer and political leader, one of Kim San's two best comrades and the most important personal influence and teacher in his life. This is the "Kim" referred to in the book frequently.

Kim Yak-san—No. 1 Korean terrorist and leader of the Yi Nul Tan Nationalist wing, who organized the International Brigade in China in 1938.

Pak Chin and his brothers—Korean Communists and pioneers from Siberia, whom Kim San met in Canton in 1926. Pak Chin was killed in the Canton Commune. The two brothers went to Hailofeng, then to Manchuria where they were killed by the Japanese in 1933.

Li Kuang-ssu—Korean Nationalist leader and writer, now editor of the *Oriental Daily News* in Seoul. He and An Ch'ang-ho form the most important Nationalist pair in Korean politics.

Li Tung-hui, General—Commander in Chief of the Korean Army in 1910; premier of the Korean Provisional Government and founder of the Korean Irkutsk Communist party in Siberia in 1918.

Liu-ling—Kim San's "first great love" in Peking in 1929.

Li, Miss—Kim San's near-romance in Shanghai in 1935.

P'eng P'ai—famous Chinese leader of the Hailofeng Soviet, the third greatest personal influence in Kim San's life.

Wu Seng-nun--Korean No. 2 terrorist, who escaped to Europe after attempting to assassinate Baron Tanaka; he became Kim San's best friend during Hailofeng. This is the "Wu" frequently mentioned in the book. He is now leading the Korean partisans in Manchuria.

Glossary

Atsembop—Korean breakfast.

Chenakbop—Korean supper.

Chengshim—Korean midday meal.

Chin—a Chinese measure of weight corresponding to the pound but equivalent to sixteen ounces.

Cho, or chobu—Korean unit of land measurement equal to 245 acres.

Chung Yung—the middle way, Confucius' doctrine of the mean.

C. P.—Communist party abbreviation.

C. Y.—abbreviation for the Communist Youth organization.

Hsiao mi—millet, the staple food of Manchuria and North China.

Hsien—the unit into which a Chinese province is divided; comparable to a county.

Hutung—a narrow street or alleyway (Chinese).

K'ang—a raised dais made of mud, along the width of a room, used as a bed in houses in north China and Manchuria.

Kaoliang—a tall-growing cereal like maize (Chinese).

Kuei—devil, or ghost of ill omen (Chinese and Korean term).

Kung yu—a type of cheap rooming house in Peking.

Li (pronounced *ri* in Korean)—the unit for distance, approximately one-third of an English mile.

Li hai—spirited, of courageous fiery disposition, like the Cantonese and Hunanese in China.

Mansei—“ten thousand years,” the Korean term for “hurrah” meaning the same as “*banzai*” in Japanese, and “*wan sui*” in Chinese.

Ma-ma-hu-hu—a Chinese term meaning carelessness and easy-going negligence.

Glossary

Min tuan—mercenary militia hired by the landlords in China to keep peace and order.

Mou (mu)—the Chinese land measure equivalent to about one-sixth of an acre.

Pai ka'erh wine—a strong alcoholic drink made from kaoliang (Chinese).

Ronin—a Japanese term for feudal followers, which has recently been corrupted in China and Korea to mean irresponsible rascals who follow the Japanese army, usually to loot and kill or seize personal property. Many are opium traffickers.

Tofu—soybean curd (Chinese).

T'u hao—literally “local rascal”; a term of opprobrium used by poor Chinese peasants to designate a hated landlord.

Wan Sui—literally “Ten Thousand Years,” meaning the slogan “Long Live.”

Index

"American Democracy" group, 29, 31, 50, 230
Anarchist Federation, 59
An Ch'ang-ho, 50, 54-56, 66, 68
An Ching, 240-241
Antung, xv, 162
An Tung-hsi and his daughter, 44, 46-47, 68
An Tung-kun, 16
"April 15" in Canton, 88-89
Ariran, Song of, 6-7, 115, 160, 165
"Armed Demonstration of 200 Bombs," 63
Black Youth League, 59
Blue Shirts, Chinese, 185, 189-191, 193, 194
Borodin, 86
Browder, Earl, 86
Buddhist priests, 24, 74-75
California, Korean movement in, 55
Canton Commune, 89-90, 91-105, 128, 129
Chang T'ai-lei, 92, 100, 101, 102, 104
Chang Wen-hsiung, 189-191, 194, 245-246
Chao Tao Tuan, 90-93, 102-104, 106, 111, 115-121
Chao Ying, 42, 47
Chê K'ê Tan, 58
Cheng Chi-yuan, 107, 122
Cheng Pak, 235
Chiang Kai-shek, 87, 88, 89, 97, 187, 212
Chinese family system, 244, 245
Chosen Student Association, Peking, 72
Christianity, 15, 19, 22, 23, 24, 26, 46
Chundo Kyo (see T'ien Tao Chao)
Comintern, 53, 235
Communism, in China (see Canton Commune, Hailofeng, Li Li-san, Peking, Kaoyang Uprising, Red Army), 170-172, 187, 209
Confucius, 51, 140, 231
Doomed Battalion at Lingnan, 239-241.
Formosans, 86, 87, 104, 220
Friends of Korean Independence movement, 58

Ginseng, 124, 125, 225
 Goethe, 178
 Great Revolution, Chinese, 79-90

Hailofeng Soviet, 106-123, 241
 "Han," 132, 168, 174-175
 Hegel, 24, 70, 74
 Heng Sa Tan, 54
 Ho Lung, 110, 117
 Hongkew Park Bombing, 60
 Hongkong, (1928) 124-125
 Hsin Tsai-ho, 59
 Hsu Chao-chêng, 97
 Hsu Kuang-yung, 92, 102
 Huang Ping-chuan, 115

Ito, Prince, 16

Japan, Earthquake, 36, 37
 Japanese: Communists, 36, 145; police methods, 156-165, 195-199

Kaoyang uprising, 183-184
 Kilsoo K. Haan, 230
 Kim Chung-chiang, 54, 74-76, 81, 84-86, 102, 127-129, 133-134, 203
 Kim Koo, 218
 Kim Lib, 53
 Kim Yak-san, 61-62, 81, 133, 217
 Kim Yen, 66
 King Shan, xviii, 66
 "K.K." (Korean Communists), 81, 82, 83, 84
 Korea: family income, 14; type of food, 14; newspapers, 27; political prisoners, 9; industry, 225-226
 Korean Anarchists (see Yi Nul Tan) 57-65
 Korean Army, 28-29.
 Korean Army of Independence, 44-47, 52, 80; capture of Hunch'un, 47

Korean Communism, 35, 52-53, 60, 72-76, 79-84, 140-145, 208-210, 223, 227-229, 234-235
 Korean exiles, 7; in Japan, 36, 220; in Manchuria, 220; in Shanghai, 49
 Korean Independence, Declaration of, 22, 25
Korean Independence News, 27, 54, 55
 Korean League for National Liberation, 209, 211
 Korean National Front, 210, 217
 Korean National Independence Party, 12, 81, 230
 Korean Nationalists (see specific parties and events; March First; — exiles; — Provisional Government; — Army of Independence; — volunteers in Manchuria; Independence parties; — National Front, etc.) Nationalist period, 29, 234; in Manchuria, 143-144.
 Korean People's Delegates Congress, Shanghai, 53; Korea, 235
 Korean Provisional Government, 48, 49, 52, 53, 230.
 Korean Revolutionary Young Men's League, 81-82, 159, 160
 Korean Social Science Research Society, 73
 Korean Students: in Tokyo, 33-39; in Peking, 72-76
 Korean Student Union, Peking, 73
 Korean working class, 220, 226
 Korean volunteers, in Manchuria, 29, 144, 223; in Canton, 80; in China, 217
 Kropotkin, 40
 Kuomintang, 38, 39, 79, 104, 108, 157, 171, 209, 238

League of Nations, 20, 21

League of Oriental Nations, 86
Lenin, 52, 72, 76, 214
Li Chun-am, 64
Li Chung-chun, 218
Li Kuang-ssu, 54-56
Li Li-san, 170-171
Li, Miss, 204-207
Li Pin, 238
Li Ta-chao, 136, 245
Li Tung-hui, General, 15, 29, 51-53
Liu-ling, 135-139, 147-151, 167
Lo Liu-mei, 88-89
London, Jack, 178

Manchuria (see Korean exiles),
Korean volunteers in, xv, 220;
bandits in, 42; Communists in,
142-146; Korean Nationalists in,
142-143
Mann, Thomas, 86
Mao Tsé-tung, 242
March First Nationalist Movement, 8, 19-26
Martin (German chemist), 58, 63
Massacres of Koreans: in Japan,
36-38; in Manchuria, 47; in Canton, 240
May Fourth Movement in Peking,
29-30

Nankai University, 66
Neumann, Heinz, 94, 100
Northern Expedition, 87-88

Oriental Daily News, 14, 56

Pak Chin and brothers, 82-83, 93,
130-131, 239-240
Pak Kun, 32-33, 34
Pan-Asiatic policy, 38
Pao-an, 211

P'eng P'ai, 54, 90, 107, 110, 112,
122, 123, 241-243
Peking, Communist activities in,
72-76, 168-172
Peking National Medical College,
131, 159, 173
Phyöngyang, 11, 166

Red Army, Chinese, 92, 98, 108,
117, 187, 199
Revolution Magazine, Peking, 75
Rhee Syngman, 49, 50
Rousseau, 69
Russo-Japanese War, 11

Saito, Governor-General, 27, 62
"Sao" (Irish terrorist), 63
"Siberia-Manchuria" group, 50,
52, 81
Siberia Korean People's Association, 52
Siberia, Koreans in, 220, 222
Sinclair, Upton, 179
Snow, Edgar, 212, 217, 218
Sun Ki-Cheng, xvii
Sun Pyeng-heui, 24
Sun Yat-sen, 56, 79

Tanaka, attempted assassination
of, 63-64
Terrorism, 57-65
Thirty-three Men, 24
T'ien Tao Chao, 23, 24, 230
Ting Kung-mo, 115, 143
Tokyo, 32-37
Tolstoy, 61, 76-78, 124
Trotskyists, 171
Tsai Ting-k'ai, 110, 111
Tsueh Nam-sun, 24
Turgenev, 61

U.S.S.R., 222, 223, 229
U.S.S.R. consuls, death of, 105

Whampoa Academy, 79, 82
Wilson, President Woodrow, 20-21
Wuhan Government, 87, 89
Wuhan Military and Political
Academy, 90
Wu Seng-nun, 61-65, 91, 102, 106,
114, 116, 121, 128, 134
Wu Ting, 212

Yalu River, xv, 3, 41, 162, 223
Yang Ta-fu, 91, 95
Yeh T'ing, 91, 92, 94, 102, 117,
237
Yeh Yung, 92, 102, 115, 120
Yenan, xiii, 211, 212
Yi Nul Tan, 58-60, 63, 80-81, 84
Yün Pong-gil, 60

